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True Stories from Real Life

The Little Tad

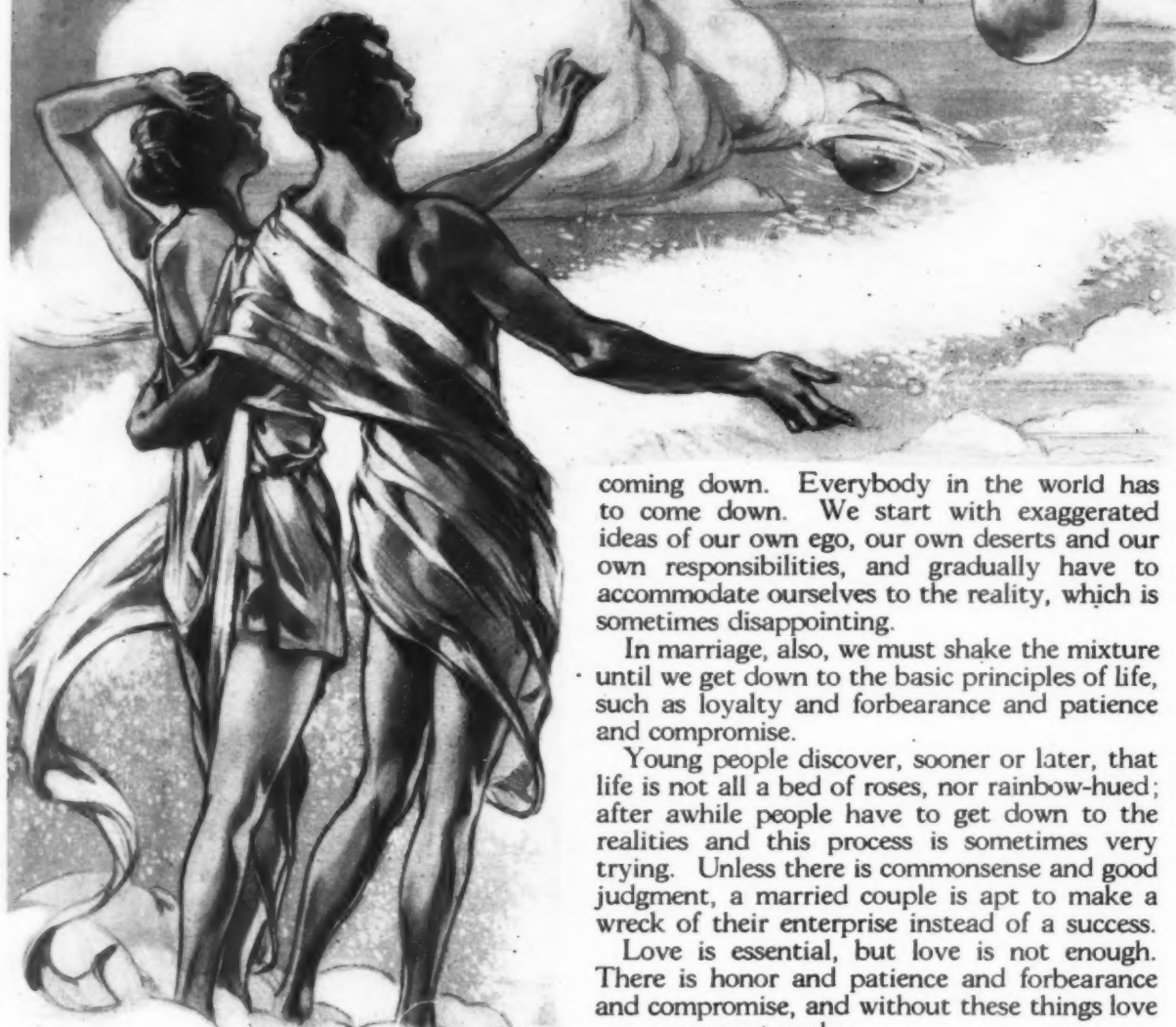
By HARRY LEE

GOT him from the Orphans' Home.
Little, big-eyed spindlin' tad;
Didn't mind his folks at all,
Right off called us 'Mom' an' 'Dad'—
Didn't know what Chris'mas meant!
Can you beat it? Hadn't heard
Of the *Reindeer* or the *Sleigh*
Or the *Chimney*—
Not a word!

That first Chris'mas! Man alive!
When he hung his stockin', he
Acted like he kindo thought
We wuz joshin'! Couldn't be
A *Santy Claus*—an' while he slep'
Didn't Mom an' me work hard!
Tree all frost an' candles lit,
Little, green-fenced,
Gle'nin' yard!

When he woke an' saw it all!
Mom says till the day she dies
She'll remember how he looked,
With the *Wonder* in his eyes!
We never knew what Chris'mas meant,
Always made us surto sad
Thinkin' what we missed or lost,
Till we took—
The Little Tad!

"Their Second Wind"



MR. CHESTERTON says that the success of every marriage depends upon people getting their second wind.

The dangerous year of marriage is the first year. Then people are getting acquainted and there is liable to be a clash of ideals.

Most people, when they get married, are not in love with the other party so much as they are in love with love. They are infatuated with their own ideals and they must be weaned from these and grow to respect and honor their companion.

There is need for married people to keep in mind the difference between giving up and

coming down. Everybody in the world has to come down. We start with exaggerated ideas of our own ego, our own deserts and our own responsibilities, and gradually have to accommodate ourselves to the reality, which is sometimes disappointing.

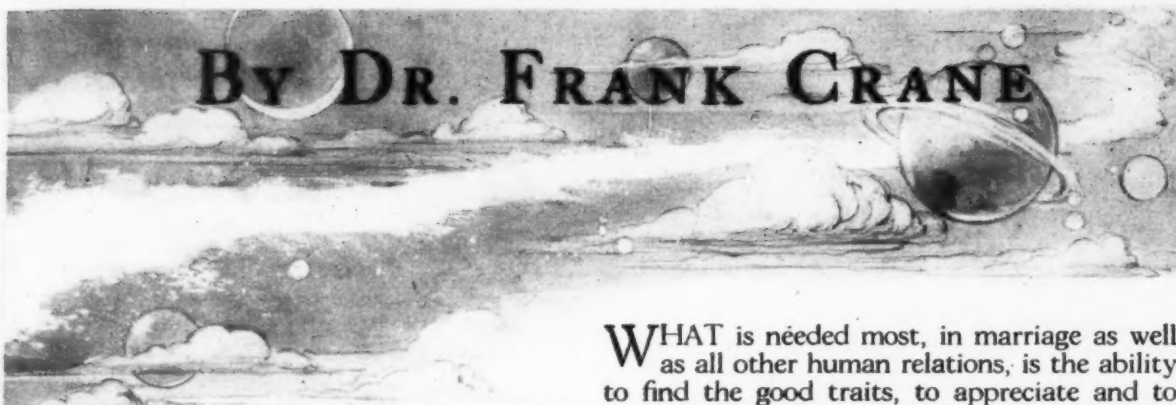
In marriage, also, we must shake the mixture until we get down to the basic principles of life, such as loyalty and forbearance and patience and compromise.

Young people discover, sooner or later, that life is not all a bed of roses, nor rainbow-hued; after awhile people have to get down to the realities and this process is sometimes very trying. Unless there is commonsense and good judgment, a married couple is apt to make a wreck of their enterprise instead of a success.

Love is essential, but love is not enough. There is honor and patience and forbearance and compromise, and without these things love cannot endure.

WE SHOULD also keep in mind the temporary nature of all emotions. Life is rhythmical. Eventually we descend from the great heights of rapture and must walk along the common valleys of commonsense.

CRAVATT



Another thing is that we cannot always see as we do on the heights. We often have to go quite a distance by dead reckoning and travel in the night-time by the lights which we saw by day. There is always the reward of peace and contentment for those who are faithful and true; and there is always the reward of disillusion and dissatisfaction for those who are unfaithful.

You may rest assured that if we stick to the true principles that underlie all life we shall find our second wind.

Everybody knows that a race is not won by those who start out with the full flush of enthusiasm, but by those who are able to get through on their second wind. This is much more reliable.

THE second wind in marriage involves, beside the adjustment to realities, the discovery of good and lovable traits in one's partner. If we look for them, the probability is that we shall find them. In the finding of them much can be done to alleviate what would otherwise be an unbearable situation.

Patience, perseverance and loyalty to principle can uncover many things and render the second state of a married couple more happy than the first, one of pink hue and enthusiasm.

Someone has said that the trouble with most people is that they have too much wishbone and not enough backbone. This may easily be true in marriage. Everyone has his limitations. It is very easy for anyone to sit down and imagine things that the other ought to be and is not, to pick flaws and to find fault.

WHAT is needed most, in marriage as well as all other human relations, is the ability to find the good traits, to appreciate and to understand. This only comes by experience and often by sorrow. Those who remain faithful through the years will have their own rewards, and the best rewards come only to those who are faithful.

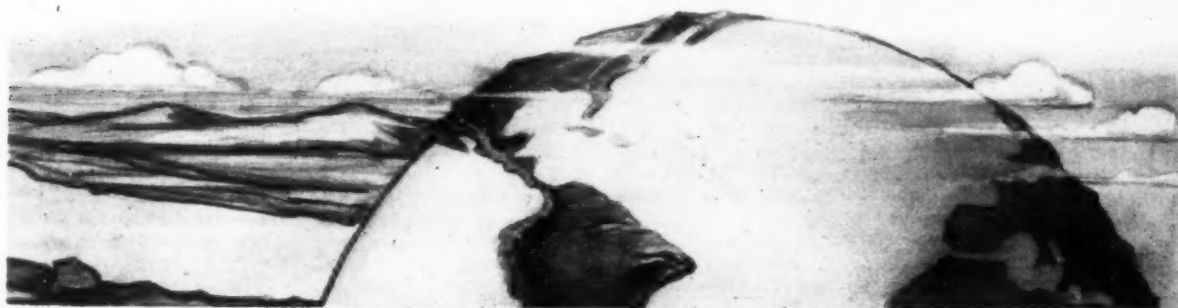
After all, successful marriage requires the same things as a successful life. It is not enough to begin well; it is necessary to go on well and to finish well. Just as there is many a youth who gives bright promise of things that are never realized, so there is many a married couple who at first are very affectionate, but who do not wear well.

There is a time in every life when the enthusiasm wears out. Life is rhythmic. We cannot always stay on top of the mountain, but must spend much of our time plodding along in the valley.

There comes a time to all of us when inspiration fails, and to conduct ourselves well we must call up our resources of courage and loyalty and perseverance. If these are plentiful, and we go on in the right way, the inspiration will come again at its appointed period.

IN EVERY marriage, as in every life, there are wayward impulses to be curbed, wayward emotions to be disciplined, and unpleasant habits to be pruned.

The very things that give force and liveliness to one's personality are the things that need disciplining. And out of this discipline, out of these forces that are disciplined rather, comes a better and stronger enthusiasm which is known as our second wind. This lasts longer and is more dependable than the first.



Can I TRUST *My* Daughter?

*Written by a
Worried Father*

A Song

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not wher.
Are full of trouble and full of care—
To stay at home is best.*

*Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in the nest.
O'er all that flutter their wings to fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky—
To stay at home is best.*

I ADMIT that is rather a terrible question for a man to have to ask himself, and it may be that what I really mean is, "Can I trust my daughter to trust herself?" Either way, it is a question to put gray hairs in a man's head, and I don't doubt that millions of fathers all over the country are asking themselves the same thing without, perhaps, quite daring to put the question into words.

It may be, too, that it is a question that has no answer, for it seems very often that whether I *can* trust my daughter or not, in the end I must.

I am not a brilliant man, but I still manage to make a fairly good income, and the people who pay me my salary seem to think that I have a great deal of common-sense. In fact, that is why they pay it to me. And without having read any of the books I hear about,





I took a glass of the stuff while the children were dancing . . . It had a kick like a mule!

undertaking to tell parents how to raise their children, my wife and I have worked out certain theories about it which we believed could not go wrong.

We decided, when our daughter was born, that we would make ourselves not only her parents, but her friends. And to do that we have brought her up in an atmosphere of perfect trust, based on love. We did not want to be creatures of another world, handing her down laws and rules which she must obey or be punished for not obeying. We preferred to take the position of friendly advisers, guides, to whom she might always come when in trouble of any sort.

For sixteen years we have carried out that idea, honestly and conscientiously, and now, at the end of that time, we suddenly find that the daughter we thought we knew so well we scarcely know at all. Is it any wonder we are bewildered?

SOMEONE had told us—a doctor who is also a friend—that children's characters are formed in early youth, and become pretty well fixed by the age of twelve or fourteen. And character, of course, is the one and only weapon with which anybody can hope to face the facts, the temptations, the tragedies of life. So my wife and I bent all our energies to giving our daughter that priceless possession—character. We figured that there were two ways in which to do

this—one, by example, the other, by precept, by training.

It is useless, for example, to tell a child to be honest and then lie to it. So we decided to be absolutely truthful with her in even the littlest things, so that she, on the other hand, would be truthful with us—and with the world. We did our best to set her a good example in all the little ways of life, so that she would come to adopt those ways herself. And at the same time we taught, or had her taught, those broad moral laws which the wisdom of the ages has taught us men and women must observe if they are to go straight. While not church-going people ourselves, we encouraged the child in the idea of going to Sunday school, to church, even though we knew her reasons for wanting to go came primarily from a desire to be with her boy and girl friends.

We believed, and still believe, that the religious training she got was good for her. But we did not set ourselves up as angels. My wife would have smoked, had she cared for it, and we did not hesitate to serve cocktails at our table when occasion demanded it. Yet I know I can truthfully say that my daughter has never seen an intoxicated man or woman in our home.

Things moved smoothly and well until our girl had reached the age of fourteen, and we felt at that time that we had a daughter of whom we could justly feel proud—a fine, handsome, out-of-door girl whom I would

trust with my life—upon whom I would stake all.

Why, then, after a lapse of less than two years, am I unable to feel that way any longer? It is because a new element has come into the equation—the element of sex.

WHAT are the facts? Every man knows that, in normal circumstances, his impulses are pretty well under control. He goes his way in life, meeting many women without being more than vaguely conscious of their appeal to him. Usually he does not think of it at all.

But let that same man—and we might as well be quite honest about it—pass into an atmosphere of cigarette smoke and raw liquor, of languorous music and the close contacts of the modern dance, and that man, if he be honest, will admit that he is likely to be deeply stirred. He will find that the conventional bars between liberty and license are more or less swept away, and that he is capable, under a very slight impulse, of doing things that he would never think of doing in his normal, well-regulated existence.

Well, if a man of twenty-five, or thirty, or forty, with all the strength of character which comes with age, can do such things under such circumstances, what about a

her self-control. "Don't worry," she will say. "I know when to stop." So does the drunkard—none better—but at the point when he should stop he usually does not want to. We all of us know when to stop, but—why take such desperate chances to prove it.

Most parents will claim that their daughters don't do these things. That was what my wife and I thought. We had heard of parties at which boys, little more than children, carried their flasks and got drunk. Girls, too, who drank raw gin from such flasks, and staggered home with lips bitten crimson by some other child's mad kisses—but we thought of such cases as isolated ones. We never connected our own child with such things. And then—we found out that we were wrong.

FIRST, it was smoking. We had never said anything to her about it, except to suggest that it was on hygienic grounds rather than a bad habit. Somehow, a father, idealizing his sweet and wholesome young daughter, rather shudders at the thought of her going through life with yellowed fingers and a tobacco breath. But one evening, when some of the young people were chatting on the porch, and a boy of seventeen handed around his cigarette case, my wife and I rather gasped to see our

How These Two Stories Came to be Written

A FRIEND of mine, a father, talked to me the other day of his worries about his daughter. He said she was the sweetest, the best daughter in the world, yet he was anxious. It was largely because of the influences at work on any young girl these days—the drinking, the smoking, the petting parties and all.

Then some relatives in a small town wrote to me and asked me to look up a girl who had left home and come to New York. I did. She told me why she had left home—"because Mother was so suspicious of me and kept picking at me all the time."

These two conversations happened within a week of each other. So I went to the father of the young girl and then to the girl who had left home and asked them to write for SMART SET just the reasons why they acted as they did. Perhaps it will help a lot of parents and their daughters to "get together."—THE EDITOR.

girl or boy of sixteen? What are they going to do, with half a pint of raw gin behind their eagerly kissing lips? That is the question the father keeps asking himself.

It is very easy to say, "Oh—my daughter is different." But why is she? All the wayward girls that every man has met have been somebody's daughters.

Right here people will say that the younger generation is more honest. I, for one, believe in their honesty. But honesty, like many other conventional things of training, can be curiously warped by such things as emotional excitement and alcohol.

FOR a long time many of our churches have taught that sex impulses are sinful, and that no decent girl would be guilty of them. That, of course, is utter nonsense. Young people are powder magazines. It requires but a spark to set them off—to bring about a devastating explosion. I hold no brief for mid-Victorian prudery, but I do object to children of fourteen and fifteen and sixteen playing with fire. And that is exactly what the young people of today are doing—playing with a fire that in the least unguarded moment may flare up and consume them.

The modern girl, admitting all this, prides herself on

daughter take one, as the other girls did, and smoke it with the coolness of a veteran.

Of course we said nothing about it—she was under no promise not to smoke—and certainly it was no sin. But it told us something which up to then we had not realized, that our girl had a life of her own of which we were now no longer a part.

Well, that is as it should be, we said. She is a human being, responsible to herself for her actions. We can trust her implicitly. So we did not interfere with what appeared to be a natural development.

The next shock came a few evenings later. The same young crowd, daughters and sons of neighbors, all nice enough people, were gathered at the house for an impromptu dance. Our girl went into the kitchen and made a large pitcher of what we supposed was orangeade. Without the least thought of spying on them in any way, but solely because it was a hot evening and I was thirsty, I took a glass of the stuff myself while the children were dancing.

It had a kick like a mule—I learned afterwards that nearly a quart of gin had gone into it—and the young fellow whom I asked about it, the son of one of my best friends, admitted [Turn to page 112]

What This Girl Has To Say About

Suspicious Parents

*"Why
Can't
Young
People
Be Let
Alone?"*

By a Modern Daughter



I AM not quite seventeen, although I look a lot older, and I left home a year ago because I simply couldn't stand the way I was being treated and spied on by my parents. I'm sorry I left—but I can't go back. I suppose I owe my parents a lot for providing me with all the comforts of home for sixteen years, but that doesn't seem to me any good reason why I should try to live my life according to a lot of moth-eaten mottoes that have been out of date for years. Or so I think.

Things at home got pretty complicated, that last year. Dad wasn't so bad, but Mother was suspicious of absolutely everything I did, always snooping around watching me as though she wanted to catch me at something. Didn't trust me at all. When it got so bad I couldn't stand it I just walked out. Now I'm desperately lonesome. But it is too late to go back.

I think if parents would put themselves in their children's positions once in awhile, especially their daughters', they might see things differently. But what is a girl to do who finds that she and her parents don't talk the same language? How are they ever going to get anywhere? When they handed me out those copy-book maxims and told me they were the rules of the game, I objected for two reasons: One was that I thought some of them darned poor rules. And the other was that I knew, if I *did* follow them, I'd be just as popular as a jazz band at a funeral.

The situation with me was like this: I was born and raised in a small town, and I suppose I got the same sort of training that most girls get these days—went to public school, with a year in High, and church every Sunday.

EVERYTHING was all right until the boys got to coming around to see me and take me out, but after that it was awful. Mother was terribly straight-laced and didn't approve of drinking, which I heard was because Dad was a good deal of a sport in his younger days. So she nearly threw a fit when I came home from a little party one night and she smelled liquor on my breath. It was a frightful scene.

I hadn't been what you'd call really drinking. Not the way some of the boys and girls I went with did. I'd only had one sip out of a flask, and not a very big sip at that, because the stuff nearly gagged me. The trick we girls—some of us—learned, was to go through the motions of taking a big gulp out of a boy's flask without really swallowing any of the stuff at all. They'd have been sore, of course, if we had refused to drink with them—they would have thought we were trying to play safe or something and spoil the party. Almost all girls start by doing things just to keep from being spoil-sports.

That night—I was just sixteen [Turn to page 112]



I Meet My Rival

"Hook, line and sinker!" Billy exclaimed, when he saw Dave's look as he escorted Helen to a table.

ONE day Lily Crummer, my chum, and I were on our way downtown to shop, and at the corner of Tenth and Market we were nearly run down by a big limousine that turned sharp at about thirty-five an hour. Both Lily and I managed to jump back in time to save the hospital from an unexpected treat, but our dresses were ruined by the oil and water splashed on us by the tire from the gutter.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, genuinely horrified at what I had seen.

"That fool ought to have his license taken away!" Lily spluttered furiously, gazing tearfully at her ruined muslin. Mine was a yellow organdie, fresh from the dressmaker, and was in a worse condition than even Lily's, for the mud had splattered from my waist to my ankles.

"The way the cops let chauffeurs get away with murder in this town is something awful," Lily continued, vainly trying to wipe the spots from her dress with her handkerchief.

"Awful, is right!" I agreed sweetly, much to Lily's surprise, for she knew that my temper is of the explosive kind and generally takes some time to cool off. But I was thinking of what I had seen and not of what Lily had been saying.

A limousine, properly washed and polished, makes an

excellent mirror, its plate glass windows reflecting things perfectly. I had caught a reflection of my face as I was in the act of springing back from the speeding automobile. And my mirrored expression had reminded me of Aunt Nancy Turnbull—Aunt Vinegar, to us nieces and nephews.

NOW while I have never won any beauty prizes, I'm not difficult to look at. I have brown hair, cut boy fashion, a good straight nose, brown eyes, a well-proportioned mouth and nice teeth, and a dimpled chin that is neither too sharp nor too round.

Judge my surprise, therefore, when I realized that for one fleeting instant I had borne an unmistakable resemblance to Aunt Vinegar. In a flash I said good-by to Lily, on the plea of rushing to change my dress.

But instead I hopped on a cross-town car and rode out to Grandma Turnbull's.

Grandma lives in an old-fashioned house in the old-fashioned part of town, one of those three-story brick affairs, with a trellised porch at the rear and a big brick walled yard filled with every variety of old-fashioned flowers. And Grandma, though she is seventy-five if a day, spends most of her time in a rocker on the back porch.

"Hello, Grandma," I said from the open doorway

*How I
Learned The
Truth About
Aunt Vinegar
In Time
To Play
Grandma
Turnbull's
Game.*



"Good afternoon, Jessie," Grandma replied, offering me a cool cheek that was as smooth and as soft as a baby's.

"I thought I'd run over and sit for a spell," I said, taking off my hat and hanging it over the back of the spare rocker. "It's real nice after the rain, isn't it?"

"It is that, dearie," Grandma replied, rocking gently and looking at me over the gold rims of her spectacles. "Got any gossip for an old woman?"

"None that's fit for you to hear, Grandma."

Grandma laughed delightedly, for she admired us impudent youngsters, though she pretended the opposite.

"You young people of today are terrible!" she exclaimed in mock horror. "Though just between ourselves, Jessie Turnbull, you'll have to go a long way before you can shock an old woman like me. Some of us grandmothers may be flat tires, but we aren't all dumb-bells."

"Why Grandma Turnbull!"

"Yep! We sit here and we doze, but what goes in one ear doesn't go out the other; which is more than most of you young people can say. What happened to your dress?"

"Got splashed with muddy water at the corner of Tenth and Market," I answered, with a rueful glance at my ruined organdie. "I brushed off some of the mud,

but it will have to go in the tub and then the color will run. I think all chauffeurs ought to be lynched."

"That they ought, dearie!" Grandma agreed, heartily. "It's a real pretty dress, too. You're a right pretty girl, Jessie. You ought to get married. I was married when I was seventeen. Good gracious! How long ago that was!"

"It was a crime to marry that young," I said, for I was just twenty-one and thought a girl of seventeen old enough to be weaned but not old enough for anything else. "I'll bet Grandpa Turnbull was afraid to let you out of his sight for the first year or two," I added, teasingly.

"He was, and that's a fact," Grandpa replied with a pleased chuckle. "But all joking aside, what's troubling you, child?"

I WAS so startled by her abrupt question that I blushed hotly.

"You've had a row with someone and have come to your old Granny for comfort. Come, 'fess up."

"No."

"Then you're in love again. I'll bet my bottom dollar!"

"N-o-o-o."

"Jessie Turnbull, you're nothing more or less than a short-haired little liar."

"I ain't anything of the sort," I retorted, furiously. "I wouldn't marry John Barrymore if he was to ask me on his bended knees. I hate men."

"Oh-ho! So that's the trouble. Who is he and what has he been doing, Jessie?"

I blushed again and fell to regarding the mud stains on my new organdie. I had come to Grandma Turnbull for a definite purpose, and wondered if it were not wiser to confide outright in the dear old lady; but sober second thought told me not to. Grandma could think what she pleased, but I had no intention of allowing anyone to hold a post mortem over me in case of failure.

"Grandma," I asked, finally, "why did Aunt Nancy never get married?"

"Good lord! child, why do you want to know that? What has poor Vinegar to do with your trouble?"

"Nothing. I was just wondering. She wasn't ugly—or anything—was she, I mean when she was my age?"

UGLY? Well, I should say not! Poor Vinegar was good-looking—all my children were good-looking—and popular. But she wasn't clever about men. I used to say to her: 'Nancy', I'd say, 'for goodness sake learn a little sense! A man has got to be treated like a baby. Give him what he wants, even if you haven't got it to give. When he's in love he thinks his little girlie an angel, so for heaven's sake be an angel and don't let him guess what a little hell-cat you are until after you've got him hooked good and tight'."

Here Grandma smiled ruefully.

"But no! Nancy wouldn't listen to her old mother, and look what happened. Every man she was engaged to—and she was engaged to six or seven in the long run—shied off before she had him properly locked. And why did they shy off? For no other reason than because Nancy wouldn't take the trouble to hide the fact that she had the devil's own temper under all her cat-wouldn't-lick-cream exterior. She was too independent to keep her true character a secret until after the wedding—and now look at her!"

I was silent after that, but I caught Grandma looking at me over her gold-rimmed spectacles.

"There are times when you remind me of her," Jessie, she said. "Not your coloring, for she was fair, not dark—but something about the expression of your lips and the way you wrinkle your forehead when things displease you. I hope you won't prove stupid and let men see you have a temper of your own, like Nancy did. For I am afraid you're far too pretty and full of pep to keep out of trouble in this wicked, wicked world forever and ever, Jessie, darling."

Which shows that a girl, even an up-to-the-minute girl with shingled hair and a jazz disposition, can learn something from an old woman. Grandma Turnbull may be seventy-five, but her wits are still hitting on all eight cylinders, and don't you forget it!

But having learned what I had come to find, I said good-by to Grandma Turnbull and took the first trolley home, where I promptly sought counsel in the mirror of my dressing table. What I saw there almost reassured

me. I practiced looking agreeable; then I frowned to see the effects of the wrinkles between my eyebrows; then I drew down the corners of my mouth to show bad temper. Then I frankly laughed at myself.

"I do believe Grandma Turnbull was right!" I whispered, as I dusted my nose with a powder puff.

But the brown eyes that faced me in the mirror at a



Men are terrible when it comes to a new face and a new way of putting on rouge.

distance of eighteen inches suddenly grew serious; then as suddenly they changed color, became baby-blue under blond eyebrows. The straight-bridged, delicately chiseled nose shortened; the generously curved mouth narrowed and became thin-lipped; the brown curl above the smooth brow turned to golden—a hint of peroxide golden.

You see, I was mentally visualizing my enemy, the girl who was my rival.

BUT I guess I have left out the most important part of my story—I mean my relations with Dave Reynolds and Helen Wetherby. Perhaps I can explain things better by telling what happened at the Country Club the night after my visit to Grandma Turnbull.

Saturday night is dance night at the Country Club. Ours is a little community on the edge of a manufacturing town in New Jersey. We aren't screaming rich, but we manage to drive our own cars and install our own

radios, and our cocktails have been known to make husbands kiss their own wives in parked automobiles; and we arrange to be all one happy family on Saturday nights. That is why I knew I could find someone to eat dinner with me, now that Dave Reynolds was no longer available. By great good fortune I found Billy Rodgers unattached and told him he was elected.



I had to scheme to show up little angel-face in her true colors quick.

"Elected to what?"

"Elected to sign my dinner check."

Billy and I have known each other since kindergarten days, and we have been the best of good fellows and never anything else. We can kiss as coolly in private as we can in public, which is saying a good deal. Billy assured me that my check would be properly initialed.

"It's an act of charity to feed the widowed," he said when we had found a table in a corner of the club dining room, "and you certainly are a widow if ever there was one. You should have dragged Dave to a minister while the dragging was good. The early bird, you know, and all that."

"Sure I know—much better than you do," I answered, mildly. "Have you seen Mrs. Wetherby?"

"What Mrs. Wetherby?"

"Don't be stupid. The Mrs. Wetherby. The beautiful Helen's fond and well-corsetted parent."

"Whadda y'mean—well-corsetted?" he said after me. "Perfect forty-four in a well-boned thirty-eight for short stouts. Surely you've seen her?"

Billy threw back his head and laughed a good hearty laugh.

Seen her? Well, I should think I have seen her. She came in the bank this morning to get a check cashed. The old man didn't know her from the Queen of Sheba, y'understand, and asks what she wants. 'I want this check cashed,' says she. It was a check on a Philadelphia bank signed by her husband. The old man asks where she's staying, and she says, 'I'm visiting Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Horatio Thompson,' just like that. 'Well, Madam, if you'll go back and get Mrs. Thompson to endorse this check, we'll be glad to cash it,' the old man was as polite as can be.

"At that she blew up like she was a can of gasoline and the old man had touched a match to her," Billy roared. "A regular old war horse, if ever I saw one. They say she's going to stay with the Thompsons until she makes sure that Daughter has landed her fish. Hard on the Thompsons, though! How in heck did she ever come to have such an angel-faced child as baby Helen?"

DON'T ask me—ask Mr. Wetherby," I answered, thoughtfully. "And speaking of angels, Billy, yonder comes Helen in the door with Dave Reynolds."

I spoke lightly, but my heart was sinking faster than a bank balance on the first of January. Helen Wetherby had appeared in town a few weeks before as the guest of her old school chum, Alice Thompson, and from the first had created a sensation. She was that rarest of rare birds, a perfect five-foot-two blonde, one of the kind that is written about but seldom encountered in real life; and she had taken Dave Reynolds from me with scarcely an effort. Of course, being a visiting girl had something to do with it; for men are terrible when it comes to a new face and a new way of putting on rouge. But the affair between Dave and myself really was serious. We had passed from the kissing, twosing stage of young people out for a good time, into the thrilling, panting stage. And though Dave hadn't come right out and asked me to be his wife, he was tottering on the verge.

And then along comes Helen Wetherby with her baby-blue eyes and golden hair, and Dave goes plumb off the reservation.

IF DAVE had been my husband, I could have grinned and borne it; but he wasn't my husband—wasn't even engaged in the legal sense of that term—and was free to do what he pleased, which was to fall heels over head in love with Helen Wetherby. Even Billy Rodgers knew what had happened when he saw Dave's look as he escorted Helen to a table against the opposite wall. "Hook, line and sinker!" Billy exclaimed under his breath. Then he looked at me with genuine concern. "You poor kid!" he said with real feeling. "Give me half a word, and I'll find an excuse to punch his head before the night is over."

I couldn't explain to Billy, because he was a man and stupid, that punching Dave Reynolds' head wouldn't give me any satisfaction. There was only one thing I



"You fool!" she shrieked. "Take that! And that!" . . . striking the astonished Dave square in the eye.

wanted, and that was to get Dave back again—for I knew he still loved me as much as ever, even though he thought he didn't. And in getting Dave back I would automatically achieve the next dearest wish of my heart—namely a small blonde scalp to hang at my girdle.

You see, I am confessing this openly and without shame, for I know that the girls who read this will understand and sympathize fully. We wouldn't be women if we didn't all stick together; and every real woman knows that a rival who is better looking than she is ought to be scalped, skinned and hung up to dry on the back porch. And I make no secret of the fact that Helen Wetherby was far and away the best looking girl I had ever seen. If she looked that way to me, what must she not have looked to Dave Reynolds! Just by sitting quietly at a table and nibbling some chicken salad, she made every other girl in the room feel second rate. That's how good looking she was! And Dave knew it and fairly swelled with pride of future ownership. I saw in his eye that he meant to propose before the night was over, and that knowledge made me harden my heart and turn to Billy Rodgers.

"Billy, will you promise to do me a favor without asking the whys and wherefores?"

"Sure thing," Billy answered, lightly.

"No matter what it is?"

"Shoot!"

"Billy, you're a dear!" I exclaimed, giving his hand

a hard, quick squeeze. "You know where my roadster is parked?"

"Yep! What about it? You aren't going home before the dance, are you? I thought you had more sand. You ought to stay and show Dave and that dizzy blonde of his that there are other fish in the sea besides poor fish."

"You'll see whether I've got sand before the night is over," I said meaningly. "But I want your help when the time comes for action. Five minutes after the last dance when the guests are getting ready to leave for home, I want you to go and get my—"

THE rest I whispered into Billy's large and receptive ear. He nodded compliance, though manifestly more than a bit puzzled. Being a mere man, he could not guess the plan that had been forming in my brain for the past twelve hours, and I thought it useless to enlighten him. Instead, I danced the first dance with him as lightly and as blithely as though I had not a care in the world, and allowed Jimmy Parrish to cut in before the dance was half over with Billy's muttered questions still unanswered. I was thinking of something Grandma Turnbull once had told me.

"Most mothers are what their daughters will be at the same age," Grandma had said, apropos of nothing in particular. "A bad tempered woman of forty-five will have a tempered daughter of [Turn to page 90]

*This Is My Story.
It Will Lay Before
You The Truth of
What I Have Been.*

"I don't think Miss Woollen likes my voice very much, but some people do," she said.



May I Come *to* You?

*I Am Pleading My Case Alone.
You, I Know, Will Understand.*

My Dear One:

I COULDN'T talk to you as I wanted to when we were together. I couldn't tell you all the things which it is your right to know.

It isn't necessary for me to tell you all the heartaches that went with my earlier years—nor would you care to know them all in detail. I have played the game of life square—as I met it. You know something of my marriage to Fanny and its outcome. You know that I fought my way through the hell that was France; that Death and I were partners in those long months which purged my soul as surely as fire purges metal.

Then I met *you*—and you set up in me a new longing

for a life which would harmonize with the sweet thoughts you alone brought into being.

So I am writing that you may know my innermost thoughts—so that you may weigh my motives and my actions in the minutest detail. I want you to know *me* as I am, with no thought of hiding anything.

We have met—we know each other. Now when you have considered everything you may render a verdict which will be final and irrevocable. I throw myself upon your mercy, your happiness will be mine and your will—my will.

Southern France was a land of beauty when at last we sailed for the U. S. A., but few of us had any deep

regret in our hearts at leaving her. We wanted to go home.

We had ten days on shipboard before we caught sight of Sandy Hook; and even after docking I wasn't a free man. There would be at least two weeks of red tape at Camp Merritt before I should be demobilized.

I hadn't written a soul that I was coming, but the news about the date of my outfit's arrival was evidently no secret, for I found a telegram from Kitty Moran, one of my best pals of the war zone. She welcomed me home and invited me to dine the next night in New York at the Biltmore. "You must come," she added. "Very special reason."

I didn't need any such extra inducement, for I liked Kitty and would be glad to have a pow-wow with her. I knew I should be able to get off, so I wired "Many thanks. Delighted. Eight o'clock."

I was prompt at the rendezvous—the Biltmore lobby—but Kitty was ahead of me. A good-looking fellow was with her, a Cavalry man. She introduced him as Captain Tom Emmett and explained that they had met in Paris soon after we saw each other there.

"We're just nuts enough to think we'll be married some day," she laughed, and Emmett grinned at her adoringly. While I was trying to say all the right things, Kitty broke in.

"Don't be afraid you're invited to play chaperon for us two! There'll be another girl. Here she comes now!"

I turned, following the direction of her eyes, which snapped with excitement—and there was Elsa Milner walking towards us: Elsa, as handsome as ever, and very striking in a low-cut black frock that set off her white skin and peculiar, fair hair.

JUST for a second or two I felt a bit knocked over by the surprise, which I hoped wasn't being sprung on Elsa as well as on me. I braced up again in an instant, however, and I don't think I had really caved in at the knees! As for Elsa, I needn't have worried about her. She was calm as a May morning, quite prepared to meet me, and saying, as if there'd never been any "late unpleasantness:"

"I'm so glad to see you back, safe and sound, Jerry, after all this time."

Gee! She was calling me "Jerry!" I took the cue and called her "Elsa," wondering as I did so where her British baronet was.

"Let's go up," said Kitty. "Tom engaged our table for eight o'clock. I'm starved as usual and wild to begin dancing. You must be dance-mad, too, Jerry, after all that beastly dull time of waiting over there between the Armistice and now."

It hadn't been exactly dull; but I didn't say so.

We'd no sooner had caviare, followed by some pink Russian soup dolled with cream on top, when Kitty said, "Let's all dance!"

ARE you glad to see me again, Jerry!" asked Elsa as we glided out onto the floor.

"Of course I am," I replied, with that cordial manner one puts on with engaged girls, if they show signs of flirting. "When are you going to be married, Elsa!"

"Haven't you heard the news!" she asked.

"Only about your engagement."

"Eric was killed in Belgium, a month before the Armistice."

"Hard luck!" I said. "I'm very sorry, Elsa, very sorry, indeed."

It seemed queer to be sympathizing with the girl on the death of her lover while we waltzed. But she showed no sign of being upset, or wishing

to stop. And of course she wouldn't have come if she hadn't felt like dancing.

"You don't bear me any grudge for getting engaged, I hope?" she went on after a pause in the music. "Your divorce seemed an awfully long way off."

"Of course not," I assured her. "Anyway, I won't be around here long. I intend to make tracks for Reno as soon as I can make a start."

"I supposed," Elsa suggested, "that your great hurry was because—because you wanted to marry—someone."

"I want to be free," I said non-committally.

WELL, as it happens, you don't need to go all the way to Reno in order to be free," Elsa's voice sounded breathless; but that might have been from dancing. Before I could ask what she meant, the music stopped again.

At the end of the next course at dinner, her favorite fox-trot was being played, and she herself proposed that we should have it together.

"Don't you really know that your wife has—what they call 'entered suit' for divorce against you?" Elsa began without wasting a second.



A step or two behind her walked a slender girl in khaki.

I all but got out of time with the music, but managed to save myself.

"I certainly did not know!" I said. "How do you know it?"

"Why, a person I know in New Jersey sent me a newspaper clipping. She's suing you—for deserting her."

"Good God!" I couldn't help exclaiming. "Deserting her!" So it was "desertion" to fight for your country, and not come back till you get your orders from G. H. Q.

"Of course! It's only a trick, you poor boy," purred Elsa. "She must be a horrid woman, though I hear she's a beauty."

"Who told you that?" I snapped back. "The same person who sent you the New Jersey paper?"

Elsa hesitated a second or two, and then said: "Yes."

YOU'RE mighty kind to tell me all this," I said, perhaps a little stiffly. "I don't see my future very far ahead yet, but I do see that I'm going to make a bee line for Reno just the same.

"Why—why—if your wife has started things here? It's no *disgrace* to be divorced for desertion, especially when you didn't desert."

"That's just it," I answered. "It isn't that I'd mind Fanny getting the divorce from me, instead of the other way round. But she hasn't a chance of success on the ground of desertion. And for incompatibility, Reno's the best and quickest short-cut."

We didn't dance again. She let me take her back to the table. We danced together later on, but when I began to speak about something—anything—Elsa stopped me, saying:

"Let's not talk! Maybe you'll remember, I never liked to talk when I danced."

I WAS at Camp Merritt for two weeks. While there, I received a letter in a handwriting I'd never seen before, and signed by a name I didn't know—"Gertrude Everett." This unknown lady informed me that she was a friend of my wife. She was the war-widow with whom Fanny had stayed in New York.

The poor girl is just getting over an operation for appendicitis (the lady wrote). She's in Jersey City at a sanatorium, because she had the attack there, and couldn't be moved back to New York. I go to see her every few days. She has had legal instructions now that she can't win her divorce against you on the ground of desertion, so she is going to let it drop.

Fanny tells me that you wrote her from Washington, before you sailed for France last year, making some financial suggestions, and mentioned what you meant to do when the war was over. She didn't answer the letter, but she seems to have brooded a good deal over the situation, and all the time she was with me her health wasn't good. Probably that is why she yielded so easily to this appendix trouble. The doctor said she must have been in a bad state for some months.

Poor Fanny decided that she couldn't stand having you divorce her, and put a stigma like that on her for life, so she decided to sue you. But she didn't seek advice of the right sort from people who know about these things. If she had been wiser she would have learned what to do, before it was too late. But she has asked me to write you and say she will forget and forgive if you want to come back to her. I trust you will see your way to do this, as she is very miserable, and has had to spend a good deal more money than she can afford.

Well, I didn't "see my way." I would have blown my brains out rather than go back to Fanny and the old cat-and-dog existence. It was like her not to write, and to sneak over to Jersey, in the hope that she could make out a case against me for desertion.

I wrote to Mrs. Everett, and insisted that for both our sakes, Fanny and I must part. But if my wife liked to go out to Nevada and divorce me, I was entirely willing she should do it. My only stipulations were, that it *should* be Nevada, where the business could go through in just half the time it would take anywhere else. And that she should start as soon as she was well enough.

As for money, I said I



It was as if she were hidden by an eclipse of the moon!



I stood up, which seemed to surprise the school teacher . . . She was not used to so much ceremony from the male boarders.

regretted to hear that she was hard up. I had pretty well cleaned myself out for her before going to France. But I had a thousand dollars I could let her have towards her doctors' bills, and on receipt of a note from Fanny herself assuring me that she was in need of it, I would send a cheque to the sanatorium in Jersey City.

Two days later the note came.

If you are in such a hurry to get rid of me at any price, go to Reno. I shall not be strong enough to travel for a long time. I am in great need of money. *Your wife, Fanny.*

The handwriting was firm, and didn't look at all like that of an invalid. However, I sent the cheque, which left me so flat, that about all I could do was to travel West and pay a hotel bill out there for a few days till I could get work of some sort. Someone from my old engineering firm could doubtless give me a letter of introduction.

Without delay I bought my ticket straight through to

Reno, and at an unearthly hour in the morning dropped off the train at that Mecca of disgruntled married people.

I had never been so far West before, and I shall never forget my feelings as the train pulled into the station.

A few other people had got off, and hurried without a glance at me.

IN THE pale, sad dawn which made the sky look gray-white, I could see distant hills and mountains. But instead of seeming objects of beauty in the landscape, they looked like walls that shut me into a prison. Here I would have to stay for six months—six times thirty-one days!

"Hell!" I said to myself, and scuttled out of the station as quickly as I could. The sooner I registered my name at a Reno hotel and "established a residence," the sooner the six months would come to an end. I was in a mood to feel that every minute counted.

I had been told about the Golden Hotel, so I went there and took one of their cheapest [Turn to page 102]

New Films for the New Year



BETTY BRONSON has been touched with that magic wand of Wonderland. She was chosen for the rôle of "Peter Pan" in the new film version. And she seems to fit in the story of "the boy who wouldn't grow up," with bold, bad pirates and crocodiles and children with gauzy wings who fly through Never Never Land. The new film will save one of the finest fairy-tales in the English language for all time. *Peter Pan* steals the children away from home—then fights the pirates and brings them safely back.

Photo by Eugene Robert Ritchie



DORIS KENYON in her new film production, "If I Marry Again," plays the rôle of a woman who fights a man on his own ground by coming down to his moral standard—but who learns she may triumph more gloriously by holding to the tenets of true womanhood. It is one of those real life situations which make for unusual interest in pictures.

Photo by Edwin Bauer Hesser





LOIS WILSON'S new picture "North of 36" carries all the thrills of the old West. She owns a ranch, and there's a robbery, and an Indian attack; but she manages to pull through and to fall in love. It is one of those intensely picturesque dramas that are so popular.

Photo by Walter Frederick Sealy



BESSIE LOVE is featured in the new picture "The Lost World." It is a strange and gripping story of the heart of Africa. Paula, the daughter of a missing explorer, joins a party of scientists which runs into apemen and unknown monsters. After a thrilling escape from a *brontosaurus* the party gets back to London—but not soon enough to escape a love affair that more than repaid for all hardships!

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser





"No, no," he said, "I like to drink it—when I can pay for it. But the soup's got to be my limit tonight."

The Morals of Mabel

*The True Story of a Girl Who Writes Us It's Too Late For
Her to Have Anything Except Memories . . . But Is It?*

AS a connoisseur of art, I know a lot about cabaret singing. But if any of the crowd down at Silver's Café had seen me in the Knabe Galleries last winter, trotting around like a high-chested dowager with a lorgnette in one hand and a catalogue in the other, they would have sure given me the razz. Maybe they would have sent me to Bellevue for observation. The idea of me, Mabel Marony, going in for Art with a capital A would have struck them funny.

Yet there I was, as large as life. What's more, I bought one of those pictures that the critics were raving about. It was just a little bit of a picture in black and white; it looked as if the artist might have drawn it in a telephone booth while he was waiting for his call—but it set me back one-hundred and twenty-five dollars.

When the salesman at the Galleries first told me the

price, I kicked a little. For I really couldn't afford it.

"But this is an authentic Jennifer," he explained. "Arthur Jennifer now devotes himself exclusively to oil painting. Consequently his pen drawings have become very rare. I venture to say that in five years you would be able to sell this sketch for double its present price."

"But I'm not buying it to sell," I told him. "I'm buying it to keep—and to look at." I guess he could see by my eyes that I was determined to have that picture. Anyhow, he wouldn't compromise, so I paid the full price—more than I can earn for three weeks' singing at Silver's.

That salesman must have thought I was one of these newly-rich women who take their culture by prescription, because he kept pointing to the artist's signature in the corner and assuring me that it was an authentic Jennifer.

Well, I didn't need any autograph to tell me that. I knew that picture was the real thing as soon as I saw it, because it was a picture of the old twisted tree in Fort Washington Park where Arthur Jennifer and I used to sit. I'd have recognized that tree among a million. Lightning or something must have struck it when it was young, because it grew horizontally instead of straight up and down.

You could sit on the trunk of it as easily as if you were sitting on a park bench, and that was what Arthur Jennifer and I used to do by the hour—looking across the river at the Palisades and talking about what we were going to do when our luck changed.

In the picture you can see a glimpse of the river through the branches of the tree. Whenever I look at it I feel about nineteen years old again, and if I keep on looking at it long enough I always get the weeps, because it makes me want Arthur so much. I can't have him, and it's too late for anything except memories.

Still, I'm glad I have that picture, even if it doesn't make me scream with joy every time I look at it.

Perhaps sitting on a park bench isn't your idea of a wonderful time—but a lot depends upon who sits on the other end of the bench. I realize now that the happiest hours of my life were the ones I spent with Arthur at

Fort Washington Park. He was studying at the National Academy, and doing catalogue illustrating to keep alive. I was taking singing lessons from old Monsieur Petiot, paying for them by waiting on table in Madame Petiot's restaurant on West Fourth Street. We both were working hard, wearing last year's clothes, and dining frugally. But the worse the world treated us, the more we seemed to get out of life.

They say Arthur Jennifer receives as high as twenty thousand dollars for a single portrait now. I knew him when one thin dime was all he had.

THE first time I ever saw him was in Madame Petiot's restaurant. To me he was merely a quiet, dark-haired young man who ordered a bowl of soup. I served him without paying any particular attention to him, for I was anxious to be off to my singing.

It wasn't until I had filled his glass with water for the fourth time that I really took a good look at him; the reason I looked was because I wondered where all that water was going. Then I discovered what he had done. There was a bottle of tomato catsup on the table, and in order to make his solitary bowl of soup last longer he had dumped a quantity of this catsup into it. The result was that he had a nice mess of soup, but it was seasoned



At that instant Phyllis flung open the door—her eyes red from weeping.

strong enough to delight the heart of a Mexican toreador.

Every time he swallowed a spoonful of it, the tears came to his eyes and he reached for the water.

It was an old trick of the restaurant dead-beats, like pocketing lump-sugar, but I could see he wasn't used to it. He downed the stuff like a little man, though, watching Madame Petiot out of the corner of his eye.

He was hungry, there was no doubt about that. I felt kind of sorry for him, and finally I took his empty water-glass and filled it up with cool fresh milk.

"Here," I said, "lay off the *chili con carne*, and drink this."

The way he acted, you'd have thought the glass of milk was poison. "No, no," he said, edging away from it. "Thank you just the same, but I—I'd rather not."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you like milk?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I like to drink it—when I can pay for it. But this soup's got to be my limit tonight." Then he smiled, and as soon as I saw that smile I knew he was no ordinary person.

"Pay nothing!" I whispered to him so that Madame Petiot couldn't hear. "This is on the house."

Well, would you believe it, he wouldn't take that milk or anything else I offered him, and I found out later that the catsup-soup concoction had been his only meal that day.

AFTER we got acquainted, he came to the restaurant almost every evening, and many a time I could have slipped him something extra to eat without the Madame being any the wiser, but he wouldn't stand for it. He said if he couldn't pay for what he ate, he'd go without—and he did, more than once.

We became good friends; both of us were lonely and ambitious and hard up, which gave us a lot of interests in common.

Then, first thing we knew, we were more than friends. Arthur said he loved me, and asked me if I loved him. I said I did. Which was all fair enough, except that neither of us had any money to get married on.

It meant postponing and hoping, for although Arthur was an artist and associated with the real Bohemians, this common-law business didn't look good to him; loving meant marrying eventually, as far as he was concerned.

Arthur Jennifer was the most decent man I ever knew, and I've known all kinds.

One evening when I met him after work, he was very excited, and he showed me a letter with a foreign-looking stamp on it. It was from a friend of his who had gone to Paris the year before. This friend (I have forgotten his name, but I still hate him) was writing to invite Arthur to spend a year abroad with him, with all expenses paid.

It was too good an offer to turn down; it meant an opportunity to study under the greatest masters.

"Lucky boy!" I cried, squeezing his hand. "I wish I had a friend like that."

He smiled for an instant; then his face grew serious. "Do you realize what it means, though?" he asked. "It means that we won't see each other for a whole year, that there will be thousands of miles between us."



"I never want to see him again!" she sobbed.

"And probably you'll come home with a French girl on your arm," I added mockingly.

Arthur was in no mood for joking. "You know that there will never be anyone in the world for me except you. I am going over there to work, and I will work all the harder if I know that you will be waiting for me when I come back. Mabel, promise me that you will wait."

I agreed, and we sealed the promise with a kiss.

BUT a year is a long time when you're young. About six months after Arthur went to France, old Petiot got me a job in the chorus of a burlesque show on Fourteenth Street. And right away the manager of the show began paying especial attention to me.

I had a fair voice; I was not a Galli-Curci, but Petiot had trained me well. Louie Lessek, the manager, pretended to be stuck on my singing, and I believed him. As a matter of fact, there were at least a dozen girls in the company who could outclass me when it came to singing, but the way Lessek acted you'd have thought he was P. T. Barnum and I was Jenny Lind.

Actually I did make a hit with Lessek, but I soon found out that it wasn't my voice he cared about. I was only nineteen then, and though I'd never been further away from the city than Yonkers, there was a look about me that made you think of fresh milk, new-mown hay, and clean gingham. My eyes were bright, my cheeks needed no rouge, and I had a mass of auburn hair which was all my own.

I wasn't as innocent as I looked, but I was fool enough to believe the lies that Lessek told me about myself. At his suggestion I changed my name from Mabel Marony to Maybelle de Maroni, and he filled me so full of bunk about my future that I expected Oscar Hammerstein to drop around almost any afternoon with a contract in his pocket. Lessek even gave me a solo number in the second act.

WITH a dazzling operatic career ahead of me, the prospect of becoming the wife of a half-starved artist wasn't any too inviting. Every evening after the show, Lessek used to take me out to supper. Usually we went to some flashy Broadway café with bright lights, loud music, and dancing; but occasionally we would drop into one of those little, intimate restaurants on the side streets where lights are low, voices subdued, and food costly.

It was all quite different from sitting in a desolate park with Arthur Jennifer.

I was thrilled, intoxicated, by this new way of living. Lessek was giving me lessons in luxury, deliberately training me to demand all those things Arthur could not offer me. He was generous, he was flattering, and when one night in the seclusion of a cab he slipped his arm about my waist and kissed me, I didn't have the heart to call him down as I should have done. Arthur Jennifer was far, far away.

Often an entire day would pass when no thought of him would enter my mind. I came to dread the regular arrival of his letters, because it was harder and harder to answer them. Their tone was as affectionate as ever, and I could not decide whether to lie to him and keep him happy, or to tell him the truth and hurt him.

The upshot of it was that I followed the course of least resistance and didn't do either. It occurred to me that perhaps he was merely writing to me through a sense of duty and that if I stopped writing, he would stop. So I simply didn't write.

FOR a month after I made this decision, his letters continued as usual—cheerful, detailed accounts of his work in a Montmartre studio he had rented, his sketching trips along the banks of the Seine, and particularly his plans for us when he returned to this country.

But the cheerful tone of his letters changed as he failed to hear from me. At first he was puzzled at my silence, then petulant, then worried. He implored me to write, assured me of his undying faithfulness, begged me to tell him what he had done to displease me.

At length I received the following cablegram:

AM WORRIED SICK. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU DEAREST. CABLE IMMEDIATELY MY EXPENSE. WILL SAIL AT ONCE IF NEEDED. ARTHUR.

When this message arrived, I realized that the time had come for me to act. I didn't want Arthur chasing clear over to this country simply to get the cold shoulder. His actual presence would complicate matters, and I felt that it would be easier to end the affair by correspondence.

THERE was no doubt in my mind that the affair ought to be ended. I knew Arthur's ideas of domestic happiness, and they didn't fit into the future which I had planned for myself. Lessek had promised me a leading part in his next production, and I was confident that in only a few years the name of Maybelle de Maroni would be written in electric lights against the sky of Broadway.

So I cabled Arthur a reply that was calculated to soothe him and prepare him for the final blow:

ALL O. K. LETTER FOLLOWS. MABEL.

Then I rolled up my sleeves, drowned my conscience in a couple of highballs, and settled down to do the dirty work. This is what I wrote:

Dear Arthur:

I'm half-way hoping that after you read this letter you'll be so mad at me that you won't ever want to hear my name again. I would rather have you hate me than keep on giving me a love that I can't return. And I can't give you the love that you deserve, Arthur. That's a fact.

Mr. Lessek has offered me the lead in his new musical show and he says that it is only a step to something better. Perhaps this sounds conceited, but I think I've had enough success during the past six months to justify me in devoting myself entirely to my theatrical work. To me it is more than a means of making a living; it is life itself. To throw

away this opportunity and become a domestic drudge for any man—it would be unbearable, Arthur. If I married you, we both would be miserable, for we each have our share of artistic temperament.

I know I seem hard-hearted, but let me make a prediction: someday you will marry a nice, conventional little hausfrau and live happily ever after. And when you are happiest, think occasionally of

Your erstwhile sweetheart, Mabel M.

That was the letter I sent across the seas to Arthur Jennifer. The sad part of it was that I believed it myself. When my conscience gave me a twinge during the days and nights that followed, I reminded myself that Arthur was in Paris, and from what I had heard about Paris it was the best place in the world to mend a broken heart. Then, too, I was busy with rehearsals for the new production in which Lessek had promised to star me, so that I had little time for remorseful thoughts.

But although I had broken with Arthur, I could not bring myself to cast away all memories of him. There was a little silver locket which, according to all the laws of etiquette, I should have returned to him when our engagement was broken. But I did not send it back to

How About a Letter?

WE want your approval. We want you to tell your friends about OUR magazine—yours and mine. And every month we want you to write us a letter telling us which stories you like best. Tell us just what you think of the magazine as a whole. Your criticism will help us to make it better.

We will give twenty-five dollars for the best letter about the January issue; ten dollars for the second best, and five dollars for the third best. All letters must be in this office by noon, January fifteenth. Prizes will be awarded February 1st, 1925. The Editors will be the judges.



"It's a nice little picture," said Phyllis, "but I shan't need it. I have the man himself!"

him; I kept it—in the bottom of my trunk. The locket had no intrinsic value, but it contained a picture of Arthur Jennifer as he looked when I loved him.

One Sunday afternoon, about a week after I had sent my fateful message to Arthur, I received a telephone call from Lessek.

"I got a surprise for you, Mabel," he said. "You know Maurice B—, the big producer? Well, he dropped into our show the other evening, scouting for new material. You caught his eye first thing. He thinks you got great possibilities, and he wants to meet you, so I told him I might bring you around to his office this afternoon. Want to go?"

"Do I?" I gasped. "Why, I'd rather meet B— than St.

Peter himself! But listen, Louie, supposing he wants to sign me up for something? There's my contract with your company—"

"Forget it, girlic," interrupted Lessek gallantly. "If B— wants you, I'll tear up that contract with my own hands. I wouldn't stand in your way when you got a chance like that. Get your glad rags on and I'll stop for you in about half an hour."

"Good old Louie!" I thought. "He's a brick not to hold me to my contract when a better opportunity comes along. Not many managers would be so generous." Busily I made myself as beautiful as possible. In my mind's eye already I saw myself occupying the center of the stage in the mammoth B— theatre on Broadway.

When Lessek arrived with a cab, I was as excited and flustered as a schoolgirl over her first "date."

"Gee!" I cried enthusiastically, "I certainly owe a lot to you, Louie. You've been mighty good to me."

FOR answer, he drew me to him, and kissed me. "Don't muss me up," I protested, laughing. "I want to look my best for Mr. B—."

"All right then, let's go," he replied impatiently, and giving an order to the cabby, we drove down one of the narrow streets in the Forties.

"I supposed Mr. B— had a grander office than this," I remarked somewhat disappointedly, as we stopped in front of a dingy brownstone building in the shadow of the "L."

"A guy like him can live anywhere," explained Lessek. "He's one of these here geniuses. Style don't count with him."

"Well, I hope he likes my clothes, anyhow," I replied, smoothing the front of my dress with a hand that trembled a little. I actually had a touch of stage-fright at the prospect of entering the presence of the famous B—. It was, I felt,

a turning-point in my career. If he smiled, it meant success; if he frowned, it meant failure.

"I'm scared," I confessed. "Do you suppose he'll like me, Louie?"

"If he don't, he'll show damn poor judgment," grinned Lessek. He placed his arm familiarly about my shoulders, and together we entered the building. I was grateful for his protection; unattractive as he was physically, my heart warmed to him at that moment.

The hall was dark, but Lessek seemed to know his

and in one corner was a large divan. The other furniture consisted of a buffet, a piano lamp, and a few chairs. It struck me as an odd office.

"Sit down," said Lessek, motioning me to the divan. "I guess we're kind of early. He ain't here yet. Let's see what he's got in stock."

In troubled silence I watched him take from the buffet a fat black bottle and a couple of glasses. I wasn't liquor-shy even in those days, but this didn't seem to me quite right on such an occasion as this.

"I don't think you ought to do that, Louie. Mr. B— might not like it."

"Oh, he won't care," chuckled Lessek. "He told me to make myself at home any time I dropped in. Better have one." He extended a half-filled glass toward me.

Against my better judgment I accepted it; I was still nervous about the impending arrival of Mr. B—, and I felt the need of a bracer.

I don't know what it was, but it was a bracer, and then some. Though I got it down, for a minute I wasn't at all sure that it was going to stay down.

Lessek laughed and drained his own glass. "Hot stuff, girlie! My friend's a good judge of liquor, ain't he?"

"I don't know," I replied with a shudder, "but I wish he'd hurry up and come. Are you sure he expected us this afternoon, Louie?"

"Sure, sure," nodded Lessek, picking up the bottle.

HIS tone was soothing, and a delicious languor filled me as I settled back on the divan to wait. The room seemed to grow darker. Involuntarily my eyes closed, and I must have dozed off for a moment, because the next thing I was conscious of was a large, warm hand on my knee.

Opening my eyes, I saw Louie Lessek bending over me. His flabby face was flushed, and there was an unnatural glitter in his deep-set eyes. "Mabel," he whispered, embracing me with clumsy fervor, "you sure are a nice little armful!"

"Don't!" I cried in disgust. "Louie, behave yourself. Mr. B— may come in here any minute!"

Lessek shook his head and smiled mockingly. "No, he won't. In the first place, that door is locked. In the second place, there ain't any Mr. B—. Not in this joint, anyhow."

I stared at him, unable to speak.

"It was just a stall, girlie," he continued in a wheedling voice. "I knew you wasn't the sort that would come here of your own accord. So I had to fix up a story, see?" he grinned.

[Turn to page 82]



"An authentic Jennifer," the man explained. Why, I knew Arthur Jennifer when he didn't have a dime!

way perfectly. "Wait, aren't you going to knock?" I asked, as he put his hand on the knob of the door.

"Hell, no B— and me are old friends. You just follow me, girlie."

I found myself in a small but sumptuously furnished room. Heavy curtains hung over the single window,

The Miserable Rich

By John A. Moroso

Right, Mary Copely Thaw.

They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in the balance, and hire a goldsmith; and he maketh it a god; they fall down, yea they worship.

Isaiah.

Below, Harry K. Thaw at his lunacy trial last year.



Above, Harry K. Thaw at his trial eighteen years ago.



WE WERE traveling from Washington to Richmond. The young man opposite me was very wealthy and I was so poor at that time that it was seldom I could afford a package of ready-made cigarettes. I had to roll my own and be careful not to spill any of the tobacco.

But if there was a happier mortal on earth than myself in those early days of hard newspaper grubbing, I very much doubt. The other chap was Frank Jay Gould. He had a wife and two children and millions of dollars. He had just been informed that his wife was beginning suit for divorce.

"If we didn't have so much money," Mr. Gould said sadly, "we might be happy." Real feeling was in his voice and words.

His wife was rich in her own right. Either of them could buy anything in the world except happiness. The divorce was granted. They found other mates and got other divorces. Through all the years, this brief and tragic little interview has stuck in my memory. Frank Gould did his best to attain a degree of contentment and failed. He lives in Paris today and finds interest in his racing stable and the gay life, perhaps. Through the courts of the United States the entire family is in litigation over the Gould money, brother against brother, sister against sister.

Jay Gould, the founder of the fortune that is estimated at one hundred million dollars, started life in a Connecticut village, earning fifty cents a day by milking cows. He educated himself, saved every penny he could and got into Wall Street where he proved to be the most

successful speculator of his day. And now four generations of Goulds are still fighting over the money.

What is it about great wealth that causes so much unhappiness? Why cannot a man with vast estates, yachts, town and country houses and many servants, be as happy as one with only a cottage and an acre?

WHEN I knew Frank Gould he had bought into the public utilities of various Virginia cities and was, it seemed, intent upon making a useful man of himself. His first wife was Margaret Kelly. She had her own fortune. With the divorce Virginia saw little more of Frank. He took to the high lights again and married Edith Kelly, a pretty chorus girl. One evening at the time I was a publicity man for some of his properties—I was in conference with him and his counsel in his Fifth Avenue home. There I met Mrs. Gould Number two. She entered the magnificent library, with its hidden lights casting no shadow, a cigarette drooping from her lips. She and some of her friends had dropped in at her home after the theatre and supper.



It seemed strange to meet formally the mistress of a splendid home in such a way. But I was hopelessly old-fashioned. She gave us a mildly curious glance and strolled off, her pretty head wreathed in smoke. We continued our task.

She kept much in the newspapers with alleged escapades and suits. She was divorced in Paris and after that the rich young man married Florence La Caze. He may be still married to her.



Above, James R. Stillman and his son James R. Stillman, Jr.

Left, Anna Gould (Duchess de Tallyrand Perrigord) and her daughter Helen Violet.

Frank's sister Anna opened up her campaign in the pursuit of happiness with marriage to the fortune hunter Count Boni de Castellane. Anna had an income of a million a year. French money lenders financed the Count's suit. It was a great wedding. New York revelled in it. The little Count, known on the Boulevards as "Powder Puff," came of an ancient noble family. That was enough. Rich New York was wild over marrying into old nobility. The old nobility was broke and willing to sell its titles. She finally had to give him \$200,000 flat and an income of \$30,000 a year to get rid of him. He was a great spender and even the enormous fortune of the onetime country boy who milked cows could not stand the strain. "Powder Puff" is even now suing for more after many years.

IT IS a significant fact that most of the miseries of the rich, chronicled in the divorce and civil courts of Europe and this country, fall upon the second generation. The fortune builders, by their very struggles and their humble beginnings, had been able to find character, the chief quality of which is restraint. The fortune wasters have been born with golden spoons in their mouths and have had youths of idleness and luxury and indulgence to handicap them.

What a terrible cry came from Clarence Darrow in the Chicago trial of the rich Loeb and Leopold boys! Begging for their lives, asking that they should not be sent to the gallows, he exclaimed: "Their parents were to blame!"

Both of the boys were brilliant in scholarship, both were undoubtedly endowed to [Turn to page 110]

His calm voice went on and on. . . while my heart turned to ice in my breast.



I Am Afraid

A True Story Every Woman Should Remember.

TONIGHT Jack and I gave a party. All our old cronies came to our pretty house and frolicked in the happy-go-lucky manner we love them to adopt under our roof. Jack was in great spirits. He looked adorably handsome, and I laughed and danced and kept the fun going all the evening.

But later I drew the covers high over my head in sudden terror when I remembered how my heart burned with bitter hatred tonight. How that moment at the supper table left me cold and weak.

Life has been so good. My husband—how meaningless words seem when I try to tell of my husband. So dear and clever and altogether lovable. Although he is young for success, it is already his, and our income grows like a snowball rolling down a hill. Our whole scale of living fits into our resources like a small and elegant picture in a large and gracious frame. All my women friends envy my utter freedom from any worry over bills, though my house and my clothes are so lovely.

He is such a boy, this man of mine. His eyes spill their laughter over life and make it good and sweet and clean. His hair lies so smoothly, that I could not keep my hands from it when other people are by unless I knew how he loathes public caresses in his shy boy's way. His

skin is fine and smooth, with the fresh color of a girl. In all his dear body he carries the story of his clean and vigorous living.

He is such a boy—yet he is a man too. When the flame of his clean, fine love burns high, it carries me into a very heaven of ecstasy. Before he came, love had been to me a thing of the senses only, and no joke was so funny as the joke about love. Now I know that love, real love, is a miracle in its beautiful blending of spirit and body, when the body is but the medium that carries the soul to a bliss no words of mine can picture. I know from their careless talk that most women have never even tasted this utter bliss. They wander through life earthbound—as I did till three short years ago.

AS I lie awake tonight, I remember that first meeting with my dear boy. Our hearts seemed to run together while our clumsy minds were still fumbling over words of introduction. It came so swiftly, our love, as real love often does. Just two hearts that recognize one another and two lives that flow together and then can never separate, any more than these two rivers that meet beneath my window could be disentangled and put back in their separate beds in the north and the south.

Love and happiness are surely the greatest gifts of life. One has no choice but to be good and pure when every moment, waking or sleeping, is full of joy.

I remember that just at the very beginning I had a fleeting horror of myself—to think that no prescience of coming joy had kept me worthy of it. But all that passed swiftly. The past dropped behind a dark curtain of oblivion and the bright light of the future drew me forward unafraid. I felt so good. No dark shadow and no dark thought could ever mar the perfection of this wonderful new world that love had created for me.

WE WERE married. It was like a dream then, but now it all comes back—that glorious summer day in the big old garden back of Aunt Mildred's house. All the people I knew were loving me and wishing me well.

Then the swift flight of the motor into the dusk and over the winding roads to the city, where the bridal rooms were waiting for us in the big hotel. They were luxurious and lovely, but a hovel on the hillside or a grassy slope beneath the stars would have been just as heavenly to me that night when my husband first took me in his arms.

My heaven lasted and grew more wonderful. I forgot all the past and all the future and lived gloriously in each passing day, until my beauty became a thing to marvel at.

Then one day fear came stalking by and laid its icy hand on my heart. It cast its ugly shadow at my feet to dog my every movement. Two years and nine months of heaven—then hell let loose in all its fury. These last three months have made me old of heart and mind, though my face is as fair as ever. I must keep it fair and unmarred as long as I live. Dear God, I must. My dear love must not note the change and wonder—no, there must be no change for him to see. Even though every moment of my living is to be an agony, I will hide it all from him and keep him in Heaven to the end.

GUY, the man I hate, went away the year before my marriage and he has been away on his engineering work ever since—till now. Guy lived in the big stone house, across the lawn from our big stone house ever since I was a baby. Guy married my cousin Madge, but Madge was just a pretty fool and he divorced her. Then he became more intimate than ever in our house. We were both intrigued with the talk of freedom that bewitched our generation, and Guy was disillusioned.

We thought we were in love—or did we only pretend to each other, to dignify the passion that came to flout the barriers that hemmed me in? How bitterly I resented those barriers of old-fashioned restriction in my home. When Guy tempted me, the black devil that dwells in every undisciplined heart took possession of me.

Guy tempted me, yet he was not an evil man; only lonely and unhappy and bitter, and too ready to pull others down with him into the sea of dead dreams. He insisted that all we did was right and natural and never to be regretted. I think he really believed all he said. He vowed that his teaching would stand me in good stead when I got out into the world. So we made our secret a fascinating game, the real zest of which for me lay in the deception I could practice on the strict parents who held me in such tight rein. Just two silly children playing with fire—yet fire burns deeply no matter how young and foolish we are.

When Guy went away, we parted calmly. We both knew then that we were not in love, but we agreed to be good friends. Guy advised me to marry soon and marry well, saying he meant to do the same himself.

He had been gone for a year before I met my dearest. Except for those few bitter moments of remorse at the very beginning, I forgot Guy. I forgot him so utterly

that I truly did not think of him after my marriage.

Then one day while I poured tea for a party at the golf club, Guy came up to me and begged a cup. He had come back to town and was taking up his old life among his old friends. He had married, and I gave a dinner in honor of his bride within a week of their return.

I felt no shock that day. That old life seemed too far



If only my husband did not trust me so! How dare

away for any reality. It was if the past had never been.

But after dinner we danced, and it was then that I learned what it means to be afraid. When Guy's arms were around me, I remembered. In his unconscious face I could see no sign that he remembered too; his calm voice went on and on with the story of his wandering, while my heart turned to ice in my breast. The black devil was still alive somewhere. He stirred, and into my veins poured just a drop of the old thrill that had bewitched a foolish girl long ago. It did not

bewitch me now. It made me faint and sick with horror of myself.

Afterwards when we sat on the wide balcony with the stars shining in the black sky above us, my husband drew me close and kissed me tenderly, those lovely little kisses

have such memories, such deep and intimate memories, of another mate still living. It makes my sweet girl dearer than ever when I think what others miss."

He kissed me again and we went in together, his arm around me. That night I lay till dawn and faced my fear. I knew that it had come to dwell with me as part of myself forever — for all the things I had forgotten came floating back into my mind. When I looked at my husband asleep on the pillow beside me, I could see a fair head as well as a dark one, and I drew the covers up and lay shivering in terror.

THAT was three months ago. Guy and his wife go everywhere. For me to be unfriendly with my old chum would cause the very comment I dread. So we dance and talk and laugh together. Guy is a gentleman. He sees how happy I am, for I have not let my world see any shadow on my radiant joy. Guy tells me how fine my husband is — and never by word or look does he seem to deliberately remind me of our old secret.

Yet our old life had so much in common that references to it are inevitable; when he talks of things that Jack does not know, my fear grows on me. He ~~must~~ remember. What is Guy thinking of behind those perfect manners? My mind goes

queer and I read allusions into his every word.

Tonight, for instance, he spoke of the beautiful old carved chest that was one of the rare treasures of the attic where we played as children; there as man and woman we stole for secret hours. My hatred of him flared up almost beyond control — how dare he speak of that place; how dare he have those memories of me that only Jack should have!

Oh, Jack; oh Jack, my heart is breaking. If only you did not trust me so, if only there were one tiny shadow



this man have those memories of me that only Jack should have!

that go straight to the heart of a woman and are remembered long after the passionate kiss is forgotten.

"Oh, little sweetheart," he said, "thank God that you are all mine and only mine. I could not bear any secrets between us."

"Secrets, lover dear," said I in a low voice, though the icy hand pressed closer on my sick heart.

"Guy and his bride made me think of it, I suppose. They have both been married before. There can be little real delight and glamour in a honeymoon when both



I am afraid I will not be able to beat down this devastating flame of hate.

on your belief in me! For this—faith—I cannot stand.

But in my husband's mind there is not one shadow of doubt but that I have always been as modest and sweet as he has made me. Guy was not like that. Guy laughed and made me feel sophisticated; he made me feel that all women were like me back of their pretences.

Tonight when Guy held me close to teach me that intricate new step, was he daring me to feel what I used to feel—yet could kill myself for feeling—that stir of the blood and nerves that I want to keep only for my Jack? I hate Guy and I love Jack. Yet my body does not forget. Will it never forget?

Jack and I have our own way of serving supper, and many of my friends are beginning to copy the sort of buffet we originated. No sandwiches and cloying sweets, but a percolator of bubbling coffee and a toaster with the loaf and the gleaming knife waiting on the board. A cold joint and a cold fowl and savory relishes—and everybody takes what they like, the way they like it.

TONIGHT Guy voted for a club sandwich and made the toast, telling me to cut chicken and tomato and put the rashers to broil in the electric grill.

His face gave no sign—but has [Turn to page 110]

*Can You
Help
Me To
Decide
What
Is The
Right
Thing
For Me
To Do?*

My Buddy's Wife



"I want you to stay here, Jimmy. You have the right now. You are my husband before the world."

What Happened Before:

IN THE night shadows of the Argonne woods, while the Boche guns bayed overhead, two buddies fought side by side—Bill Mullaney and the Jimmy who tells this story. On Bill's lips fell always the name of one woman like a prayer, that of Mary, his sweetheart wife. And Jimmy, who had no loved one waiting for him at home, found his own dreams filled by the radiant vision of a slim goldenrod girl he had never seen.

"If they get me, Buddy," were Bill's last words as he went over the top, "you go back to Mary and Ma. They'll be all alone in the world."

Well, a shell "got" Bill. And months later Jimmy was on his way to a little Iowa farm to keep the pact with his dead buddy.

There a scene of dire stress and poverty awaited him. Bill's insurance money had never come, and old Mother Mullaney, broken by ill health and her son's absence, was fast losing her reason. With the thought only of keeping faith with his friend, Jimmy offered to stay on and work the farm for the two helpless women.

But the shadow of death soon fell on the farmhouse, and Mother Mullaney's last wish was to see Mary and her son restored to one another again. With the strength of the delirious, the dying woman half pushed

the stricken Mary into Jim's arms.

Like a spray of limp goldenrod she yielded to his embrace, her eyes beseeching him to play the game.

THE fragrance of Mary's lips touched mine for a fleeting second—a second that I will remember in eternity. We both drew back and away at the sound of a moan from Mrs. Mullaney, now crumpling to the floor.

I lifted her to the old horsehair couch. She lay very white and still for a few seconds. Then an agitation came upon her sick, tired body. A glance at her glazing eyes, and Mary looked to me anxiously—the dread question unasked on her lips.

"Yes," I said, half under my breath, "she's dying. I'm afraid there's nothing we can do, Mary. Doctor Summerfield could never be brought back in time."

Mary only nodded her golden head, her slender hands flying to her face as she fell to her knees beside the couch. I had seen death too many times not to know its signs, and so I knelt with Mary while a life passed out of our presence.

"Bill b-oy—Mary gi—" the words rattled in the dying throat as I caught the stiffening hands in their last gesture.

For many long seconds the parlor was filled with awed silence that belongs only to death. It was Mary who broke the silence with soft sobbing as she got up from her knees. I followed her, my hands groping through the rose dimness to tell her what I could not trust to words.

"Jimmy," she said at last, "tell me what to do."

"The most important thing is for you to get some sleep, Mary," I said gently. I knew she must get as much rest as possible before the ordeal of the next day.

Then her hands came together nervously and she wrung them hard. I could only stand there in silence and wait for her to speak.

"This is my first experience with death, Jimmy. I—I'm afraid—nervous of the dark upstairs—" She raised wet eyes.

"But you must sleep, Mary. You are worn out. Keep your lamp lighted and go to sleep, please," I begged.

"Come up with me then," she asked, fighting hard to control the twitching of her lips.

All the way up those dark stairs she shivered and shuddered against me—a little child after what she had been through. We found our way to her room and there I lighted the kerosene lamp.

As we stood there, I could not hide from her sad eyes my overwhelming desire to suffer with her; to share the cross that was crushing her young shoulders down and down. I guess it is always that way when a man loves. He cannot stand the sight of suffering in the woman he loves without showing his own true feelings. So it was



He came on tip-toes—and a great lump lodged in my throat. For a few

for this reason that I turned suddenly from the vision of Mary and went down to the parlor—where I took up my watch with the dead.

IT WAS a sad, pathetic little ceremony. In the bright bitter cold of a late December day we followed behind the wagon-hearse in a stringy little line of farm buggies. A priest from a nearby town had conducted services in the parlor, and at the grave he read the words of comfort that religion offers to those whose loved ones pass on before them.

In the tiny graveyard where winter winds sighed through the lanes of gaunt cold trees, Mary Mullaney leaned on the arm of Doctor Summerfield and watched them give Bill's mother back to the earth. Not a sound



throbbing seconds Mary swayed like a spray of September goldenrod.

passed her lips. She was too cried-out for sobs and tears. Standing back in the little ring of bowed people, I raised my eyes time and again to watch her. Knives kept twisting in my heart all the while. She seemed so young and tender to have been bruised so hard by life. And now she was all alone in the world with no ties to sustain her except the memory of a man!

Doctor Summerfield took her home in his carriage and I followed in the one drawn by Ned. When I put the horse away and entered the house, I found the good doctor standing alone in the parlor, his back turned to the open fire.

"I sent her to bed, Jimmy. Poor girl! She's almost done for. We must be careful with Mary. She's the kind that are hopeless when they break. Just go down

and down. But the break hasn't come yet. We must hold her to the road, boy," he said.

"We must, Doctor," I returned.

A SILENCE fell between us for some time. Doctor Summerfield was thinking deeply. So was I. Though we spoke no word of it, our minds were close upon the same subject. A problem had arisen in Mrs. Mullaney's death, and now stalked its way across the future of Mary and I, and our plans. No longer could we carry out our first decision. I could not live in Mary's house. What were we to do?

"I wouldn't dare let her stay here alone," murmured the doctor at last, his words identical with my thoughts at the moment.

"I can go away," I began. But he cut me short.

"Then the farm would go to pieces. She cannot afford to hire anyone to run it. No, the thing to do is for you to stay, Jimmy, at any cost. It would be better for Mary to go away. Maybe she can teach again."

"If only I had some money," I groaned.

"My boy, I am wishing the same thing. But a country doctor's riches are not much more than those of a church mouse. I must clear a mortgage next month—"

"I had to mortgage this place for Mrs. Mullaney's funeral expenses," I said, remembering the seventy-five dollar transaction with the undertaker.

"Yes. I was afraid you would have to do that," he rejoined in a low voice.

ONCE more silence settled between us. But it was suddenly broken by a muffled exclamation.

"Jimmy—I have a solution. The barn out there! It has a living room overhead. You could fix yourself fairly comfortably up there. Mary could stay here in the house and prepare your meals. Under these circumstances neither of you would have to leave the farm!"

Later, with Mary, we went over the doctor's idea. She listened with that same far-away look in her eyes. But somehow as the doctor talked I made myself believe that her face lighted a trifle and that the corners of her mouth lost a little of their droop.

"I'm glad I will not have to go away. I—dreaded the thought of it. I'm glad Jimmy will not have to leave. I could not have stayed on alone," she said, her shoulders shuddering as if at phantom fears.

A strange sensation swept over me at these words. Then Mary already looked upon me as a part of her future—her life! She recognized in me help, protection. This thought brought an inexplicably poignant happiness into the hour that was heavy and sad for us all. It was something, after all, to have a girl like Mary



She listened with that same far-away look in her eyes. "I'm glad Jimmy will not have to leave," she said. "I could not have stayed on alone."

depending on me—looking to me for a man's protection.

My room in the barn was a cold place, but there was warmth for me in the gleaming of Mary's bedroom light through the night spaces; there was warmth also in the memory of the hours we had been spending together since Mrs. Mullaney's death—the times when we sat down to meals together, or talked about the farm in front of the fire that I always kept ablaze so that Mary might not feel the pinch of winter.

It was now the night of the seventh day of my residence in the barn. I stood at the one window, my face glued against the cold glass while a great longing filled my heart—a longing that I knew was wrong for me to recognize. For it was the yearning of my heart for the girl whose light gleamed golden like herself through the dark outside.

You will blame me, perhaps, for the vain love that burned like fine fire in my heart for the widow of my friend. You will say that I forgot all too quickly that though Bill slept in Argonne woods, he was still the

man of her heart. But even if you blame me, I must answer that I did not forget . . . that I kept faith except in the secret of my heart, where there was no one to hurt except myself. Mary didn't know I cared. The world around us did not know. I alone carried the knowledge of my true feelings for her, and I carried it in spite of every effort a man can make to ignore the pleadings of his heart.

"My God!" I would cry half-aloud to myself. "Why was I brought back—for this!"

BUT the next day something happened that was in a way an answer to the question why I was brought back from France to face this strangest of all situations on a desolate Iowa farm. Even my vain longing for Mary was stilled for awhile by the grave happening that resulted in her allowing me to occupy the little red barn adjoining her house. Of course my one thought from the first had been to offer Mary all the help and protection in my power during her time [Turn to page 94]

The End of

The

Story?

There

Really

Isn't

Any!

Mary
Pettes



Mary *and the* Judge

JUDGE BASCOMBE was a good man. You know how it is—some people seem to carry an individual mental flavor, a moral trademark, that becomes their identification tag in the public mind. The Judge was one of those people. His identification tag was that he was good. His friends, and also those people who knew him only by reputation, placed him beyond reproach.

The lawyers of the city fairly bowed down before him because of his knowledge of the law. The women placed him on a pedestal because he was so good, a man above the herd. It was generally known by everybody that he never swore, that he was regular in church attendance, and that even the minor temptations of life, such as smoking or dancing, were alien to him.

But the Judge, good man that he was, must wait. He does not come into this story till later, oh much later, when much water had run under the bridge for Mary. Until all the haphazard threads that wove her romance were brought to his loom for justice.

And now let us consider Mary.

MARY began life in a convent in Santa Monica. She was not born there, of course, but somewhere in the social stratum of cheap theatrical circles way back East. But she woke to womanhood and living there, when she was just turned fifteen and her world was still surrounded by the gray walls of the nuns' home.

There was nothing gray about Mary. She was glowing, vivid. Eyes, black with slow fire in their depths,



They were the first kisses Mary ever had . . . "You will never let me go, will you?" she asked.

large, heavy-lashed. Hair of jet, curled softly about her dimpled, childish face. There may have been the pink of wild roses in her face once, but that must have been before she grew old at fifteen—before she met Chandler. Her lips were delicately turned, their only imperfection being a too great sensitiveness, too much emotion. Clinging, tender—and no brains at all.

That was the Mary I saw when I was a "sob sister" on a San Francisco paper, and was sent to court to review her case. This is her story:

At fifteen she met Chandler, son of the prominent family of North, and heir to millions—the idol of his mother's heart. Mary, who had been unusually good and industrious for weeks, had been given permission to attend a tea at the home of an old family friend—a cousin, I believe, of her third stepmother's. Did I say that her mother had died in Mary's infancy and that since then her father, a jovial, love-the-world sort of

actor, had taken three later wives? It was his fourth spouse whose cousin invited Mary to tea, and it was there the girl met Chandler.

THEIR meeting was cataclysmic. In the time it takes to find a window seat somewhat withdrawn from the crowd, they were alone in a world of their own. "And what do you like best in the world?" he asked her.

"You, you, you," her heart cried, but with a demure, dimpling smile, Mary went fishing after the manner of maids.

"Riding in automobiles," she said. "Only, of course, I don't get much chance at the convent. Do you like to ride, too?"

"I'll say so. I've got a grand little car, call it the Doodlebug. It's *some* speeder. Like to go out in it sometime?"

"I'd love to. But—oh, dear, I just know the Sisters won't let me."

"I'll get Mother to ask them," replied Chandler.

"She's got lots of pull, the Mater has, and she'll do anything for me. How'd you like to go next week?"

"O-oh, I'd adore it. But I'm afraid—"

"You needn't be. They'll let you go. I'll get Mother to ask you to spend the day with us, and then you and I can go for a spin in the Doodlebug. How will that be?"

"Wonderful. You won't forget, will you?" shyly.

"No chance. You'll get your invitation soon."

And Chandler was as good as his word. It was not difficult for Mrs. North, *the* Mrs. North, to get consent from the Mother Superior for a day's visit of little Mary Pettes. Magnificent in jewels and furs, Mrs. North herself called at the convent for the girl, and with magnificent kindness entertained her till Chandler arrived at the house from his club.

TO THE child of fifteen, Mrs. North was elegance and authority personified. Perhaps more sophisticated eyes than

Mary's might have quailed before her grandeur, that obvious opulence. Those over-critical ones might have sought for some suggestion of soul behind her granite countenance. Yet even Mrs. North was governed by a great emotion, a passion that thrust gnarled, ungraceful roots into the heart of her son and held him to her side. His father was gone—a feeble man whose powers of resistance had given way years before. But his going had brought compensation in the undisputed control of his many millions.

At twenty-nine, Chandler was still his mother's beloved boy of the deep-blue eyes and curly hair: The depths of his eyes may have been frozen by selfishness, and dissipation may have drawn lines a bit too heavily across his face, yet his mother never complained. Certainly Mary did not.

From the first moment she adored him, and he seemed to reciprocate. He got his mother to communicate with

the convent to have Mary's visit prolonged to a week. Mrs. North told the nuns she wanted to take the child on a trip in her yacht. And no one in Santa Monica, certainly no one in an institution open to large donations, could ever say no to Mrs. North. Mary was allowed to stay for the trip.

WHAT a voyage of infinite delight and wonder it was to Mary! The yacht, a masterpiece in speed and grace, took her breath away. Its completeness, its innumerable luxuries, seemed nothing short of miraculous to her. To be served incomparable meals with a grandeur that nearly prevented her eating at all; to loll upon the deck under shelter of gay awnings while Yushaida, the Jap, brought a priceless tea service and Chandler made it his business to see that she had just the right amount of cream and sugar; to pass long, enchanted evenings there on the shimmering bosom of the sea, Chandler at her elbow, Mrs. North worlds away in the saloon reading—all of it spelled magic for Mary.

They coasted south to San Diego and then, with white gulls circling and dipping above them, they turned in the direction of Catalina Island. As long as they were not homeward bound, Mary did not care where they sailed. It was all one to her, Catalina, San Diego, the surging surface of the sea—or heaven.

They found a lonely bay toward the far end of the island. It was blue as sapphire, and held in the bare brown arms of the hills that rose high above it. Beyond this cove the channel swelled and whirled with ceaseless energy, but within its limits all was quiet, the water a mirror for the encircling cliffs. Above in the serene sky, even the clouds seemed stationary, great white clouds that in no way impaired the dazzling California sunshine.

MRS. NORTH liked the bay and announced that they would pass the day there. The children could swim, she said, while she lounged on deck and enjoyed a late novel. A wardrobe closet in her stateroom, that seemed to Mary a magic trunk full of inexhaustible supplies, provided a smart red bathing suit for the occasion. There had been other things in that closet, simple yachting clothes that Mrs. North told her were kept on hand for unexpected guests, but the red bathing suit was best of all in Mary's eyes.

She donned it, and was in the water with incredible speed. Chandler was waiting to show her how to swim—and finally to pilot her to an out-jutting rock round which little salt waves spit and splashed.

She sat there trying to steady her breath which would come in great gasps as the result of

swimming. Salt drops glistened on her bare, white shoulders, a fragile scrap of seaweed clung to one arm, accentuating the creamy purity of her skin. Sunshine fell round her like a glorifying robe, but it paled before the light in her dark eyes as they turned on Chandler and clung to his so near her own.

"Mary," he murmured suddenly, "I love you."

The little waves spit and splashed against her bare legs. The sun began to bite at her skin. But she was unconscious of the cold water or the burning sun. Beneath the red bathing suit her fifteen-year-old heart was pounding madly. Never in all her life had Mary Pettes heard those words from man or woman.

"Chandler—do—are you sure? What does love mean?"

"I'll teach you, Mary."

"When?"

"Oh—right away. We will get married and then we'll have each other forever."

"O-oh, Chandler!"



They were just two young things alone in a gorgeous, jolly old world.

"But Mary——"

"Yes?"

"I don't know as Mother will like it, you know."

"Why wouldn't she?"

"Well, Mother didn't want me to—er, that is—I'm all she has, you know, Mary. Don't want to make her sore, and all that."

"Would she disinherit you, like wicked mothers in story books, if you married against her wishes?"

Chandler smiled, but not such a smile as the over-critical might like. To them it would have seemed a chilling, blighting smile.

"She can't," he said, and there was in his tone the same spirit that made his smile. "My father left me five millions in my own right. Mother

Mary hardly knew how she had managed to feed and clothe herself and the baby for the past two years . . . Only sheer desperation drove her on.



has as much again, but she can't touch mine," he ended.

"That's a lot of money, isn't it?" she asked, round-eyed.

"Enough for you and me to sail clear round the world with. How'd you like, Babykins, to go round the world with me? We'd sail the far deserted seas. We'd climb up mountain peaks and hunt the sunrise there. We'd hide ourselves in great, dark, green forests and wait for the moon to filter down and find us."

"O-oh—but—your mother would care?"

The man of twenty-nine looked deep down into the eyes of the girl of fifteen and a flush swept his face and neck. His hands closed till the knuckles showed white.

"She will care. But we'll do it anyway. Mary, don't tell her about this today. We'll keep it our secret and when we get back to the land we'll run away."

"Would we dare?"

"I'd dare anything for you, sweetheart. We'd have to run away from the convent even if Mother didn't care, because I am a Protestant and they wouldn't want you to marry me. Remember, don't tell Mother though. We'll plan our elopement tonight after Mother turns in."

He caught a small, soft hand and crushed it fiercely in his. Then, forgetful of the proud yacht riding the waves nearby, he caught the girl to him and pressed eager kisses on her mouth. They were the first kisses Mary Pettes had ever had. When he released her there were tears slipping down her black lashes.

"I can't stand it, Chandler. It frightens me. Oh, please kiss me again." And then, "You will never let me go, will you?"

"Not for this world or the next," he pledged her, but the only witnesses were the wind and the waves—aside from Mary, of course, and who'd take her testimony on such a pledge?

TO THEIR surprise and delight Mrs. North discovered their secret—not a difficult one to guess—and approved their plans, even promising to help them arrange the marriage without the knowledge of the convent authorities. The wedding would be at her house, but as she had to leave Santa Monica on business the next week, the children would have to wait until her return. However, when she came back, she would borrow

Mary from the convent again, the wedding could be solemnized at the North mansion, and the two could then depart for their honeymoon.

It was a breathless moonlight night that their elopement took place. Mary's head was in a whirl. There had been the tremendous excitement of getting away from the convent without giving [Turn to page 96]

I'm 35

*I'm
Still a
Chorus
Girl, and
I'm
Just
Wondering!*



I AM thirty-five years old. And I'm frightened. It's mostly because I just saw a Coney Island bus down the street with an old "shill" in it. Mabel O'Leary is her name. She was Maybelle Merrivale on the stage. God help me, if I come to that. But I'm getting old, and I'm afraid.

For a man, of course, the thirty-five year mark is an indicator of the first flush of the prime of life. But for a woman, unless she is in a home and protected by family ties and surrounded by comfort and care and love, her thirty-fifth birthday is a fearsome index finger pointing out *middle age*!

I am still a pretty woman and I am still a "trim sixteen." But I am getting old. (I'm so tired of it all!) Five years ago things were so different. Good heavens, when I think about it! Five years ago the world was wonderful for me. Jim was alive and we were planning to build a house on Staten Island with my earnings and his.

I just hate to look at my face! . . . There are crowsfeet around my eyes and hard lines that pull down the corners of my mouth.

You see, five years ago I was a "Follies" beauty; and would you believe it, my pictures in the "roto" sections of the Sunday newspapers were featured as "glorifying the American girl!" My salary was fifty-five dollars a week. Jim made eighty-five dollars a week selling insurance, but some weeks it wasn't so good. We had saved almost a thousand dollars between us. And then in 1917 Jim and his brother went to war, and I kept working and saving.

Jim's mother was still alive—an old woman who lived way out in Kansas, near Coffeyville. His older brother supported her. When she heard about Jim and me, she was "off" me from the start because she knew I was in the show business. Gosh, I wanted her to like me and I

wrote a letter one day, but her answer was funny and stiff and formal. It sent a chill down my spine.

All that was changed two years later—on the day the casualty list came in with Jim's name among the missing. I thought then that I'd die from a broken heart.

THE tragedy all happened the week before the Armistice, when the show business was booming and we girls—at least those that were any good at all—could get almost anything we asked for. The night I heard about Jim I didn't get to the theatre at all. I couldn't work for a week. It numbed me all over; I couldn't eat nor sleep, I was so terribly crushed by it all. It was as if a steamroller had gone over me and left me a flattened out corpse along the roadside! Oh gee, I wanted to die too!

Gertie, a pal of mine from the "Follies," made me brace up and go back to the show. I thought of course my week's absence meant the "can," but the stage manager was sympathetic when he heard about Jim. As a matter of fact, everybody was sympathetic in those days. I guess it was because the war and the killing and the heartbreaks were still close at hand. Makes me almost laugh how it's all changed in the last three or four years. As far as I can see the war might never have been fought for all most people care. They're *that* hard-boiled.

When I telegraphed Jim's mother about his name on the Missing List, she answered and told me about her wire from the War Department and said there was no hope. She was all broken up about it too and very sweet to me. She sent me her love and said she was sorry. And then a week later she wired that her older boy was low with influenza at his training camp and was not expected to live; and that she was going to make the trip East to see him and that she had a lot of debts and would need some ready cash after she got here.

WELL, without stopping to think it over, I promised her the whole roll—the nine hundred and seventy-dollars that Jim and I had saved for the house. Later when she came through New York I saw her—poor old soul. She got to the hospital too late to see her boy before he died. I cried like a kid when she told me about it and gave her the money in one big wad. My job was still good then till the end of the season; and she thought I had plenty of cash when she saw the glad rags that I wore. Gee, I guess she thought I was rolling in coin when she lapped my cloth-of-gold costume in the "Follies."

At the end of that run they offered me a job on the road, but traveling is fierce on a chorus salary and I can't save anything on a bet. It all trickles out some way or other—in hotels and meals and rooming houses. Oh, I tried it two bum years and I know. I was determined to stick in New York, and when I didn't make the "Follies," I waited around for a fall musical show.

Gertie blamed it all on peroxide, but it wasn't so much that, as that the work that had begun to show on me. I'm a natural blonde—ash-blond; and the last year in the "Follies" they said my hair didn't take the lights as it ought to, and needed brightening up a little.

So I began with a peroxide rinse. At the end of the engagement it was a lovely fluffy yellow. I was stuck on the new shampoo because it brought out the gold so nicely, but before the summer was over, Good Lord, I was a





STARTING P
42ND ST.
AT
BROADWAY
6TH AV

She sits there all day to
attract other passengers
... Mabel as a "shill"!
That's why I'm frightened.

regular straw color! I didn't mind it at night, but in the daytime it gave me the creeps. It looked like a doll's wig with the marcel in it and it made my face seem hard, like Mabel O'Leary's used to look before she let hers go gray.

I hadn't noticed the little sagging lines, before then, that were coming under my eyes, nor the drawn lines around my mouth. They just seemed to appear all of a sudden as my hair turned a bright canary color. I tried massage and cold creams and mud facials. Maybe they worked. I don't know. When I got to the theatre at night the lines were gone and I looked young again, but in the morning they were always there. I used to reach for a mirror and take a careful look as soon as I woke up. It got on my nerves after awhile and left me feeling so blue that I finally had to cut it out.

The musical comedy I landed in was a flop. I got two weeks salary after putting in four weeks at rehearsal. The management was darned decent to me. They gave me a specialty number—I worked hard on

it—a little jazz-jig that I did by myself and good enough for a "hand."

The disappointment of it all, for it was my first chance to step out of the chorus line-up, made me sick. I stayed in my room for weeks and never even tried to look for a job.

THEN one of Gertie's "Johnnie's" put me in right with the "backer" of a new revue. I was never crazy about "Johns" myself. Oh, I went out with them once in awhile for a supper or lunch, when some of the other girls were along. But after Jim's death I never could take any real interest in them. I used to try to kid them along; then all of a sudden it would seem so stupid and foolish and dull, and of course as soon as I lost interest in them they didn't give a hang about me. Men are that way mostly, I find. If they think you're a dead one, you're cold turkey.

But Gertie's John was white and a regular fellow. The revue job he landed for me lasted two whole years. Gertie married her John before the show closed and went to live in the country. But I stuck it out to the very end. I missed Gertie of course, because we had always palled together. Still the old pay envelope was coming in every Saturday night, and I was saving a little bit as I went along, so I had nothing to complain of.

I tried to step out about that time, with a boy friend named Phil. But I couldn't take any real interest in him. He was a nice enough kid all right, but we just didn't hit it off. That was all. Though I guess he liked me well enough—too much, I'm afraid, from the way he talked "bungalows" and "babies" and "cunning little suburbs only a short ride from town." I gave him the air just to be kind and he didn't appreciate it, said some rotten things that weren't true, called me a "gold-digger," accused me of "stringing him along." Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime. I had only tried to be decent.

I WAS down on my luck the next September. The "backer"—same one Gertie's John introduced to me, who put up the cash for the musical revue that had kept me in work for a couple of years—went broke all of a sudden and the new production was called off.

I hadn't looked for a job for so long that I had forgotten how tough it was, going around to the agents and to the managers' offices all dolled up and trying to look my best, keeping a sweet smile on my face when the girl at the desk hit me between the eyes with a snippy, "Nothing today." And going back and back and back again to the same old agencies, although I was ashamed of myself for doing it and my heart ached and my feet ached and I kept smiling all the time.

I stuck it out for seven weeks that fall, nearly losing my mind with the turn-downs I got every day. Then one morning I read a newspaper ad: "Chorus girls wanted between the ages of 18 and 25. Must be beautiful. No girls with bobbed hair need apply."

"Just the thing," I decided. "Thank heavens, I never fell for a bob."

ALL that morning I steamed my black velvet dress over the bathtub until it was almost presentable to put on. It looked swell at night with my yellow hair, although I wasn't sure it'd get by in the daylight. Anyhow I took a chance. The velvet dress and the small black hat were the best duds I had. I kept mud on my face for an hour. Honest, I thought it was going to crack! But some of the old pink and white color came back again when I took it off—even if I did have to touch up my cheeks with "girlish" rouge and use my cerise lipstick. I shaded my eyes with blue and beaded the lashes just a trifle. When it was all done I took a

good look at the effect. Gertie wasn't there to tell me so I had to depend on my own judgment. In the long mirror that stood in the hall where I boarded, I was dead sure I didn't look a day over twenty-five.

I took the "L" down to the theatre and walked over from the Thirty-eighth Street Station. But half a block before I got there I saw the girls lined up who had come in answer to the ad. The crowd strung way down the street. So I pushed in with the others. There were a lot of young kids, most of them in high school. Some stenographers, but darned few professionals among them. The high school youngsters had their mothers along as chaperons.

After waiting an hour and a half on the sidewalk, the management finally let us into the theatre. It was a perfect bedlam in there. The young producer who was putting on the show went running around with his stage manager trying to weed out the girls, but they all kept shoving and pushing, wanting to get up to him first. At last he made us get in line and walk by him. He just glanced at me when I paraded past, and glued his eyes on an apple-cheeked little kid walking in back of me.

WE WAITED around in groups when it was all over; then the stage manager came along and took the names and addresses of the likely looking chorus girls. I was still standing next to the rosy-cheeked kid. The stage manager took her name and address. Then he looked at me.

"What are you?" he said.

"Pony," I told him.

He grinned and turned around to the producer. Then I heard him spring a dirty crack in a loud whisper so everyone around could hear.

"Pony! Ha! Ha! Ha! That war horse!"

The girls standing around me giggled. I thought I'd drop through the floor. My throat choked up so I



Poor old soul—without stopping to think I gave her the whole roll Jim and I had saved for a house.

couldn't say a word and the tears came to my eyes in spite of all I did to hold them back. They streaked the mascara on my eyelashes until the black streamed down my face. I could hardly control myself as I turned to run for the door.

Then I heard the producer's voice.

"Ankles O. K.," he said. "Good figure. Can you dance?"

It was almost a minute before I realized he was talking to me. And my voice was shaky when I tried to tell him what my past experience had been.

"Right," he snapped briskly when I finished. "Report at the theatre at eleven tomorrow."

But I couldn't thank him because I choked up again—with happiness, thank God, and not with shame!

THAT job is the last I've had in the show business. This summer when they began selecting choruses I didn't find anything for a couple of months. Then I answered a model ad for size sixteens. It was the rush season and they took me on and I've been modeling ever since. It doesn't pay so much money but it keeps me from thinking about the agencies and the turn-downs I'd get if I was spending the day looking for another job on the stage.

I'm living over in the little town on Staten Island where Jim and I once planned to build our house. It's nice and cool out there in the evenings and it keeps the buyers away. I don't know why more of the girls who do modeling don't live out of town—except that the trip is fierce every morning and worse when I'm tired at night. But it has one grand advantage. When a fresh buyer talks about dinner I tell him sweetly that I'm afraid to go home alone.

"That's all right, kid," he says. "I'll take you home in a taxi."

"But I live way out on the other end of Staten Island—almost a two-hour trip," I tell him. [Turn to page 105]

Girls Broadway Talks About



FRANCES HOWARD is captivating New York audiences as the impudent but extremely likable flapper daughter in "The Best People." This is regarded as one of the season's most successful comedies. Its plot has to do with the adventures of a supposedly typical American family of wealth.

Photo by Nicholas Muray



SYLVIA FIELD plays the outstanding feminine rôle in "Cock o' the Roost." Beneath the frequent laughs of this Broadway success are some compelling truths—for instance, the doctrine of Jerry Hayward, who preaches that the only real devil in life is the personal fear that nestles close to the heart of everyone — the fear of age, of death, of what people will say.


Photo by Nicholas Muray



MMARGARET SHACKLEFORD, in "My Son," plays the part of the daughter of a wealthy family summering in the Cape Cod region. She falls in love with the son of a Portuguese store-keeper, and then things begin to happen. If the blood of the New Englanders is pure — so is that of the Portuguese — despite all that irate parents may say to the contrary.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe





LEYLA GEORGIE portrays the only feminine character in "What Price Glory." The play mirrors bits of Marine Corps trench life in the World War. It is a play without sentiment. It is grim, tragic realism, and yet is one of the most successful attractions on Broadway.

Photo by Nicholas Hag

What I Had To Learn When I Found Myself

Suddenly Rich

*It Wasn't
So Much
The Folks
I Met
But—
My Butler
Knew
Too Much!*



I did look pretty . . . He was so courteous that I felt I was really at the court of Louis the Sixteenth.

MY FATHER was a boss-painter, and a good one, too. They all said no one could equal him on mixing paints, for he seemed to have an appreciation of color. He might have gotten further along in his profession if he hadn't always been wanting to paint fancy signs which he never sold. But he loved it. Since I've grown older I've come to realize that there was a good deal of the artist in my father and those

fantastic, unsold signs of his were a natural result.

My mother was a telephone operator. Father had met her while he was painting the building in which she worked. She was pretty, I can tell you, with lovely hair and a pink-and-white complexion. They were very happy together. There were just the four of us—Father, Mother, Jeanette, my little sister, and myself—and our home was the happiest place in the world.

Then came a black day. He was only sick two days—pneumonia. My father died.

There was some life insurance, of course, but only a few thousand dollars. That wouldn't last long. Mother's face grew suddenly old. Sometimes she would hold me close to her and say:

"My poor little girl."

Now I know what was in her heart when she did that, for she knew that I had gone to school for the last year and that work was ahead of me.

But she did not have to tell me that. The idea came to me one night right out of a sound sleep. I was awakened by hearing my mother walking the floor in the

next room. What was she worrying about? But there is only one real worry to a family in our circumstances. Money. How we were to live, that was the question.

Then it dawned on me that I would go to work. From now on I would be the man of the family. I burst out into a cold perspiration thinking about it.

Until morning I lay there, thinking what I could do. Mother had often said I couldn't be a telephone operator. And I couldn't take the time to go to business college. I had to get on the job and get on it quickly.

When morning came and the sun was shining through my window, I got up and walked straight to the mirror. I looked at myself and without any pride or vanity I decided that I was pretty. The movies!

AT NINE o'clock that morning I was at the big studio in the front ranks of the line of waiting girls, who had come to the same conclusion about their personal appearances that I had. Without delay I was taken on that day as an extra and went home to my mother with a five-dollar bill in my hand.

I can see the dear soul now as I put the money in her hand. Her eyes filled and she held me close to her and stroked my hair as she whispered: "My poor little girl."

I was often called to fill in, and one day I ran all the way from the subway to our flat, burst into the door

and shouted: "Mother, Mother, I've got a regular job! Thirty-five a week!"

How happy we were! No more worry now about the day when the man came to collect the rent.

Then I started in and found out what real work is. If any girl thinks it is an easy job in the movies let her try it. There are long days in the studio—which, by the way, is red-hot in summer and freezing cold in winter—when you wait from nine o'clock in the morning and until perhaps five in the afternoon before the director calls you.

And what's worse, you are perhaps all trussed up in a colonial costume, with your waist pinched in to eighteen

inches and your every rib aching as the bones of the tight bodice hold you in like a vice. Then standing around first on one foot and then the other, with your feet wedged into tight satin slippers that burn like instruments of torture. At those times I always used to think of the girl who told the shoe clerk that she wore a three, but an eight fitted her better. Oh, for an eight in those days!

THEN one day he walked into the studio. I did look pretty, I must admit. I was one of the ladies in waiting to Marie Antoinette, and the white wig was becoming.

He spoke to me and was so courteous and deferential that felt I really was at Versailles at the court of Louis the Six-

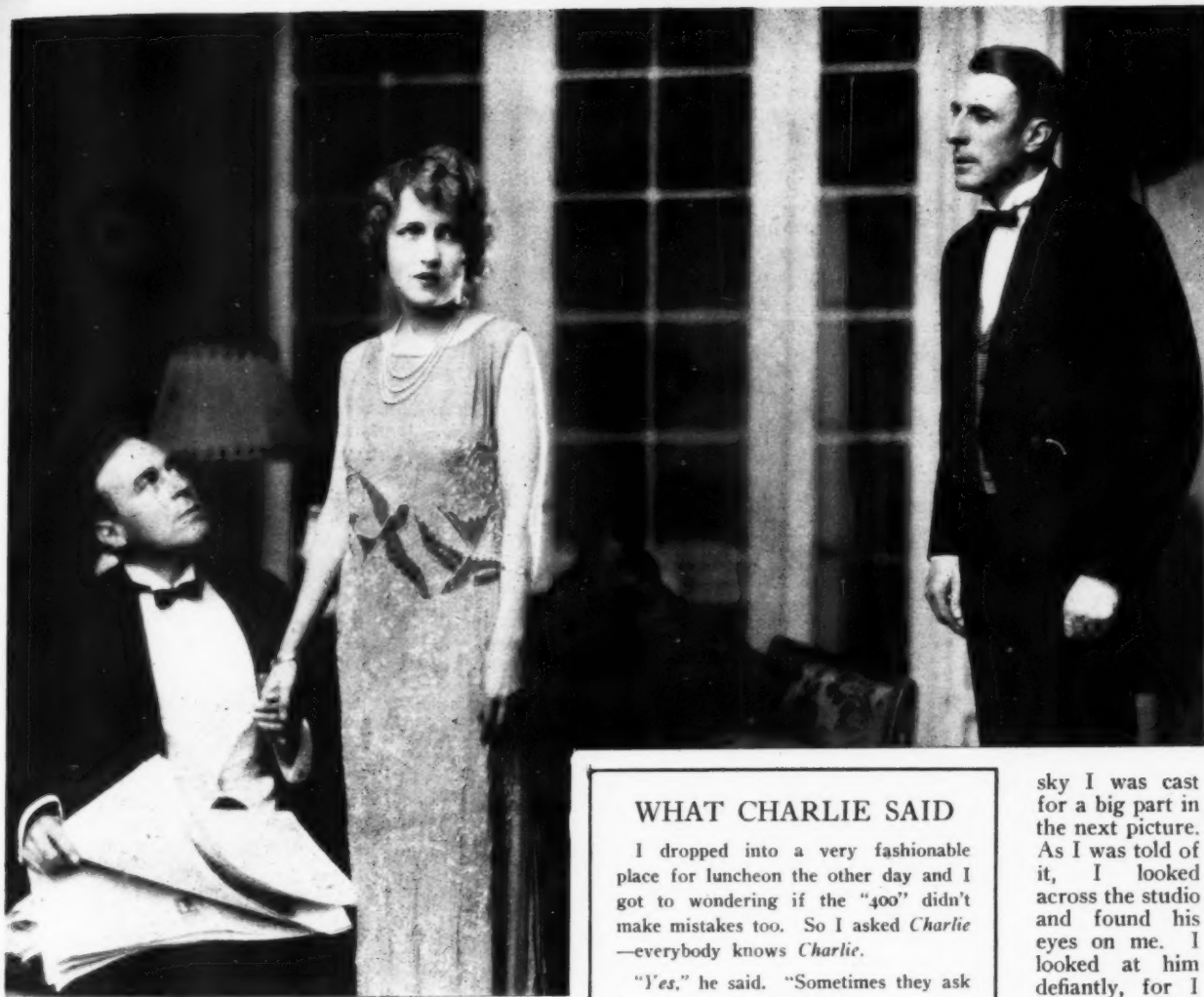
teenth. So proud did this unknown man make me feel, that when I walked onto the set I acted my part so well that the director complimented me and gave me a secondary part in the next picture.

I saw him several times after that. He was a younger member of the legal firm which represented the company for which I worked. They said he was a "whirlwind before a jury." I thought he was very handsome, but a little too old. In those days my idea of a Prince Charming was a half-back at Yale, with a mysterious fraternity pin on his waistcoat. I'd heard the girls talk about such fellows.

Pretty soon he started coming very regularly to the



Cartoon by T. F. Powers (Reprinted by Courtesy of N. Y. Journal.)



"Your orders, madam?" Jefferies would ask in his beautiful English voice . . . Those orders—would I ever get away from them?

studio. "They must be having a lot of lawsuits," I thought to myself. But when he began driving me home—of course our meetings always happened accidentally at the gate—then I realized that it was not law suits which brought him to the studio. It was a love suit.

When he asked me to go out to dinner with him, I told my mother.

"Is he a married man, dear?" she asked.

"Why, I hadn't thought of it, Mother. I don't know," I replied.

"Then you'd better not go, Rose," said Mother.

I was disappointed. I liked the idea of that Rolls-Royce, and I wanted to see what one of the big restaurants was like.

As his persistence increased, I began to feel his power over me. He was a "whirlwind" before a jury, was he? Well, I'd show him he wasn't a whirlwind as far as I was concerned—for I had discovered that he was a married man. He might as well have been a murderer as a married man after my talk with my mother. Yet even so I must admit it was hard for me to resist going out with him.

Then something happened. Right out of the clear

WHAT CHARLIE SAID

I dropped into a very fashionable place for luncheon the other day and I got to wondering if the "400" didn't make mistakes too. So I asked *Charlie*—everybody knows *Charlie*.

"Yes," he said. "Sometimes they ask for a table near the door.

"Sometimes they call me 'Captain.'

"Sometimes they even use the wrong fork—

"But it's easy to tell them from the new rich, because the '400' are very quiet and easy to serve. Real people never make themselves conspicuous."

THE EDITOR.

sky I was cast for a big part in the next picture. As I was told of it, I looked across the studio and found his eyes on me. I looked at him defiantly, for I knew I was not up to that part. I hadn't been in the business long enough, and I hadn't the experience.

So that's the way he was working, was he? Well, I'd show him. And I was kind of frightened too,

when his brown eyes looked right through me.

That night I left the studio and went home, discouraged.

"I've lost my job, Mother," I sobbed. I couldn't tell her the truth—that I was fleeing from a married man who was using his influence to have me promoted.

At the look of terror that crossed her face, I bucked up and said, "I'll go to the United tomorrow. I'm sure to get work there."

Then he began calling on me. I didn't want him; I wouldn't answer the bell if mother were out. If she was in I'd beg her to say I was out.

I got another job—but not as good as my other, and harder work. I was getting very tired. And how he did worry us!—so much so that one morning I was

afraid I might weaken the next time he called on me. Every time he came now it was harder to turn him down—not that it was anything emotional, but I just wanted a little relief from the drudgery, a ride in the car, or a “swell meal,” as I used to put it in those days. Besides I didn’t know what it all might lead to, and I was frightened.

So one morning in desperation, I said:

“Mother, let’s move. We can move nearer the studio. And don’t let’s leave any address. Then Mr. Cornell won’t be able to find me. We might find a cheaper flat, too.”

“Very well, dear,” said Mother. “I’ll look for one today.”

You see, mother always did everything I said for I was the man of the house now. I was proud to be the bread-winner and turn over my pay envelope to Mother unopened every Saturday night. But sometimes it was very hard.

I don’t think I was as pretty as when I started out in the world to earn a living. Now I looked worn and tired, and there was no thrill in life to stimulate me or make my eyes glow. It was just drudgery. As I went to sleep in my ears would ring the eternal, “Ready! Lights! Music! Shoot!” in the director’s nervous high-pitched voice.

My looks worried me, too, and that didn’t help any. I’d have to snap out of it some way.

When we moved, there was no more worry about Mr. Cornell.

BUT Mother for some reason or other hadn’t forgotten him. One evening as she was reading the paper, she quoted, “Cornell wins Bloodgood case.”

Then she sighed and said, “Too bad he was married, Rose.”

“I didn’t want him,” I tried to say coldly. Certainly this man meant nothing to me.

“That’s all right, dear. But if he weren’t married you would have been a foolish girl not to have encouraged him. I don’t like to see you working like this. Jeanette is coming along now. She will soon be through business college, then I could get back with the telephone company.”

What was my mother thinking of? Me—marry a man I didn’t love? I still held my dream of the half-back at Yale with a fraternity pin—and proms, football games, regattas, moonlit walks, canoes, and crushed to a broad breast by steel muscles hardened from pulling an oar on the crew.

But Mother was practical, wise, far-seeing. A judge of character.

“Cornell’s wife is dead!” gasped Mother one evening as she clutched the paper tightly in her hand and drew me nearer to the light.

“Famous lawyer’s wife dies after short illness. Recent hints of impending divorce,” she read. “What do you think of that? Too bad you’re not back with the Artograph.”

I was too tired to say anything. Lately I was so

depressed and worn-out that my only reaction to that notice was a coffin, a hearse and a grave. Poor soul’s out of her troubles, was my only thought about his wife’s death.

A few months after that I came home, looking like the last end of a misspent life. I’d thrown my clothes on, and even some of the grease-paint was still about my eyes. I dragged myself up the four flights, put the key in the door and slouched in.

THERE he was in the living room talking as cozily to Mother as you please.

I never knew, but I always suspected that it was my mother who had told him where we lived. I resented it then, but now I am so thankful. Her mother’s intuition directed her properly, and it won for her daughter what she knew was best.

In three months I was Mrs. Edward Rayson Cornell—practically railroaded into it, by my mother and the “whirlwind before a jury.” I was swept into that driving current and off to Europe on my wedding-trip before I knew what it was all about. All because I was tired and twenty years old.

It wasn’t so bad while we were traveling. Everything was new and we moved about constantly. The only thing that annoyed me was the restaurants.

“What would you like to order, darling?” my husband would ask. I honestly did not know what to order. It always embarrassed me, and I got around it by saying:

“Oh, you order. Surprise me.” I learned from him how to order in public and I watched him like a hawk to see which knife and which fork he used.

How those menus did confuse me. At first, I couldn’t think of a thing but beefsteak and French fried potatoes.

But soon I learned to look over the “Entrées.” I discovered “chicken-hash, en bordure,” “eggs Benedictine”

with that delicious Hollondaise sauce, and a mixed grill—the tender little lamb chop cuddled among a tomato, mushroom, kidney, bacon and sausage.

They soon became my favorite luncheon dishes, with hearts of lettuce with Russian dressing. I think I liked the Russian dressing on account of its beautiful pink color. Then I became bold and changed the dressing to Roquefort. I was making remarkable discoveries in the realm of French cooking.

Dinners were difficult. But soon I fell easily into selecting soup or oysters, perhaps broiled chicken or one of the dishes marked “Ready.” Then a sweet—that meant dessert—and I loved chocolate ice-cream. I soon stopped saying “small black” for after-dinner coffee and “demi-tasse” rolled off my tongue as if we had always had “coffee in the drawing-room” at home.

Supper. At first when I went out to supper with my husband, I was always torn between a club-sandwich or fruit salad. That had been the thing we ordered when we went out to supper in the old studio days with a “beau.”

But after watching Ed it didn’t take me long to order lobster à la Newburg—again the [Turn to page 100]

FASHION “DON’TS”

By Buchanan

Fashion Editor of Harper’s Bazar

DON’T wear fancy gloves, with embroidered cuffs and fancy stitching on the backs.

Don’t wear elaborate shoes. French mannequins wear them, but ladies don’t.

Don’t have everything you wear demanding attention. If you wear a large string of new smart artificial pearls, wear a very simple frock and hat.

Don’t wear a fancy dangling veil.

Don’t wear your skirts at half mast, even if it is the mode, unless you are very sure your personal architecture permits of it. Then think twice.

Don’t wear a fur coat, day in and day out, in all temperatures, just because it is winter.

Don’t wear pale flesh colored stockings if your skin is dark. Try to have your face and hands and stockings all the same tone.

In general, don’t wear “snappy” clothes. Select the simplest cut and best fabric you can find. Study your Harper’s Bazar religiously every month, select the type of costume complete that suits you best and then go and get it, if it’s your last act.

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*"Cornell's wife is dead!"
gasped Mother one eve-
ning, drawing me nearer
to the light.*



Here's Real



We Made Our Marriage An Aid To Success

MAX served in the war, and within less than a year after his discharge, he was sent to a sanitarium diagnosed as tubercular. It was during the time between his discharge and his being sent to the hospital that we met and fell in love. I use "fell" appropriately, for we certainly did; it was a complete tumble.

His being sent to the hospital was a severe blow to us, but Max is an Irishman with as cheerful a disposition as anyone can have, and with a determination that is unconquerable. That made him win in his fight to get well. He made a business of getting well; and he did.

We were not engaged when he was sent to the hospital. But after a visit with me and a return visit from me, we decided that Love would help him conquer his disease, so we became betrothed.

After his discharge from the hospital he was due to receive training from the Veterans' Bureau, and he wanted his higher degree from Harvard. I was working in the War Department in Washington, D. C., and with a little maneuvering I was transferred to Boston. With Max in Harvard and me working, we just knew we could make a go of it. So we planned our marriage.

Max was penniless with the exception of the compensation he received from the Government, but we were going to see it through. Surely if we could make a go of it for three years, after that I would not have to work and we could have a comfortable home in some

college town where Max would be a professor in the college.

Our plans were made; I was transferred. Two weeks after I landed in Boston I received notice that my name was among those to be dropped from the Civil Service roll. There we were again.

I must stop at this point of the story and introduce some new characters. Max had always been a favorite with the Red Cross secretaries wherever he had been. He helped them with their office work. He even taught classes in the soldiers' hospitals. Max went to his Red

Cross friends—two of them—and told them the whole story and asked what they thought we should do.

"Go through with it, and we'll help you," was the hearty response from each of them. One of the Red Cross women from a hospital near Boston asked as a special privilege that she be given full charge of all the plans for the marriage. Through her the New England Chapter of the Red Cross asked to give us the wedding

cake. We had no relatives anywhere near Boston, and the Red Cross ladies were our salvation.

At the time we were married I was out of work. Max didn't have enough money to pay the necessary bills for even the simplest of ceremonies. I paid them! We were married. Our God was Love and we worshipped at His throne.

A few days after the wedding—for we did have a real wedding—I got a good position in Boston. Once more we felt that things were [Turn to page 111]

*Aren't you getting to feel
the spirit of the new
SMART SET?*

*Do you wonder that we
are growing?*

Inspiration



We Are Building Again From What Seemed a Hopeless Wreck

I WONDER how many grown-ups there are who have not, at some time, come to the forks in the road—when there was little time for decision, and one way or the other must be chosen.

My problem, like the mythical monster, was triple-headed.

I found myself facing all at the same time, poverty, ruined health, and wrecked love.

I had been married seven joy-filled, contented years, happy because my husband and I had been real pals in all of our affairs: on our wedding day we had pooled our savings and started a joint bank account. We were red-blooded young people, loving fun, fond of athletics and the great outdoors, thrifty, industrious, and full of plans that began to materialize as we worked.

At first we had only two small housekeeping rooms that offered little home atmosphere. There was of course no room for flowers or garden, chickens or animals, except Scrub, the old stray cat that elected to stay with us. Because of my zeal for us to get ahead faster and own our own home, I decided to go back to the schoolroom. I had taught before marriage, and my certificate was still valid.

Our bank account began to rise, likewise our hopes. Ambitious to learn music, which I had been denied in childhood, I bought a piano on the instalment plan and added an hour's daily practice to my other duties.

As I became better acquainted in the town I was included in some social clubs, and the school selected me

as president of the Parent-Teachers Association. For extra money I contributed the society news of the local newspaper, and gave some time to charity work. You see, my life was pretty well filled.

The public school teachers were expected to take active part in church and Sunday School work—which I did. In addition to this, I yielded to the requests of some friends to teach their children music, so my time and energy were taxed to the limit.

About this time, the wild-catting of some producers resulted in an oil boom in our little town, transforming it almost over night into a place of metropolitan activity. Business hummed, salaries as well as rents soared high.

We bought a pretty bungalow, and my enthusiasm to keep it spotless kept me unceasingly busy while at home. I verily personified the pictured ad on the can of Dutch Cleanser. Just then if I had taken a self-inventory, I would have discovered that I was overstocked with demands on my strength, and under-supplied with recreation. There was no time for the tennis games, the swimming, or the long walks that Phil and I had formerly taken. For exercise I let the sweeping and household duties suffice, together with the hurried dash for the school-house.

MY HUSBAND had worked up with his company, which was a large tool and supply concern, until he was made manager over all the branch houses in that part of the country.

[Turn to page 109]

Did you write that story on the subject of "My Big Problem?" Maybe we can solve it for you.

*I Thought
It Was a
Matter of
Merely
Handling*

White Powder



Around her soft brown eyes were faint lines

MOST people talk in terms of utter contempt about "cocaine-fiends" and "cocaine-runners." I did myself until the twelfth of September, 1919. On that date I delivered a small package intrusted to me in Paris by a man who said that a returning American officer would not be searched—and that he would give me a thousand francs to take a package to a friend of his in America.

The friend met me at the dock, and just ten minutes later I learned to say "heroin" instead of "cocaine." A month after that, I started back across the Atlantic on my first trip as a professional heroin-runner.

I am not writing this to defend myself. After what has happened, I should be rather in the position of a culprit who makes excuses for himself after he has been sentenced and has served his time. I cannot even say that I did not know, for everyone has heard of the

horrors of the drug habit. I simply did not realize those horrors then, but I have realized them since!

After army life, I was rather at a loose end. I had no relatives, no job to come back to. Without going into the matter deeply, I will simply say that I snapped up the attractively worded offer of the attractive gentleman in Hoboken to whom I had delivered the original package. I was to travel back and forth about once every three months on the ostensible business of my employer—an importer. After my first-class fare and living expenses were paid, I would have a salary of a hundred dollars a week. A packet would be delivered to me in Paris and I was to deliver it to my employer in America. That was all. The importer had nothing to do with my method of getting past the Customs, for it was tacitly understood that any accidents were to be on my own head.

On my side, I had nothing to do with the thousands

*It Was Only After He Had Crossed The Ocean
a Score of Times And Had Finally Fallen in
Love, That He Understood—Then An
Amazing Thing Happened.*



that only her morning dose of drugs would remove.

and thousands of tragedies my smuggling would entail—or so I thought.

Even considering the risk involved, it was a simple job. I smuggled both heroin and morphine-sulphate in bulk, never in bottles. Bottles are liable to break or rattle. And besides, the glass, which is worth nothing, occupies space which could be filled by drugs worth thousands of dollars.

A very little heroin is worth a great deal of money, as I found on my third trip over, when I was nearly caught and had to throw a package away. This package was nothing more or less than an ordinary pocket-flask containing heroin worth eight thousand dollars. I was on the dock before I realized that if there was one thing the Customs officers were sure to examine, it was a flask.

It was my first bonehead play—if we except my

entering the devilish trade at all—and might easily have been my last for from ten to fifteen years; but I managed to sling the bottle over the edge of the dock. My employer missed it, of course, and was furious. A very close check was kept on me, for I was carrying stuff more precious than diamonds—often as much as forty thousand dollars' worth.

MY METHODS of carrying it were numerous and ingenious. I used to spend my off-time in Paris thinking up new ways to slip my cargo of death past the guards. Once I brought over a life-size plaster bust of Dante, which a Customs officer admired for some minutes before passing it as of no dutiable value. If he had happened to drop it, he would have found it just about thirty thousand dollars' worth of value.

The bust was, of course, hollow and contained my entire consignment for that trip. Both cocaine and morphine are very light, which enables them to be carried in many receptacles unsuited to heavier substances. I have, for instance, used hollow walking-sticks, ordinary fountain pens, hollow heels on my shoes, cigarette packets steamed open, emptied and refilled with the drug and then resealed; children's toys that I was bringing home for my "nephews"—and many other ways.

Once I was an amateur photographer, with bottles of photographic chemicals—one white powder looks very like another.

On another occasion, I was a rifleman with two hundred rounds of ammunition—the powder in the cartridges being morphine.

It seemed like a fascinating game. For two years I played it, too busy and too excited to think much of anything else.

Then, during a lay-off which I had to take for fear the Customs people would think I was traveling too regularly, I met Nadine.

SHE was a dancer in a cabaret. One of her duties was to go among the tables where patrons sat sipping their cocktails from tea-cups, and sit with anyone who seemed to desire it. Once as she sat at my table, laughing, she took an uninvited sip out of my coffee-cup. She seemed very much surprised to find it contained coffee.

"Oh," she exclaimed, lighting a cigarette, "maybe you don't know the magic word?"

"For whisky?" I asked. "No, and I don't want to learn it."

"You don't?" Her surprised eyes met mine.

"No; and I don't think you want to teach it to me," I said slowly.

For a moment she kept up the gay brazen stare which was part of her stock-in-trade. Then, blushing under the paint, she dropped her eyes and rose from the table.

"Maybe I don't," she said, in a low voice, and started back toward the dance floor, where the orchestra was beginning to blare forth the jazz for her next dance. I saw the manager, a tall, fair-haired man with a narrow, vicious face, step up to her and expostulate, probably about her behavior with me. It was this, and the fact that during her dance I thought she glanced at me imploringly, that I waited for her outside the cabaret when her last turn was finished.

"Excuse me," I began.

SHE turned away, as if to avoid me, but I heard her whisper, "Not here; follow me."

I followed her to the Times Square subway station, and took the seat next her in a Bronx local. Opposite us sat a horrible old woman in the last stages of drug addiction. I can see her now, sitting there bleared, trembling, half-unconscious, clawing at invisible cobwebs on her face. It seems to me that the vision of her comes

back to me much more clearly now than I saw her then. All my attention was fixed on the little brown-haired, brown-eyed, red-lipped, tired-looking girl at my side. Even allowing for professional manner, I could hardly believe that she was the same girl who had seemed so carefree and bold earlier in the evening.

"You shouldn't have spoken to me," she said.

"I know; but if it comes to that, you spoke to me first," I smiled. "And then—I meant no harm."

She looked at me searchingly as I said the last words, and then dropped her eyes in the way she had done when we discussed the "magic word."

"I know that," she whispered, "but——"

"Well?"

"But why——"

"Because I like you," I said. "That's all."

Perhaps I was understating the case; perhaps I loved her then. At any rate, I had not known her a week before I was desperately devoted to her. I used to meet her on a corner near the cabaret—for some reason she would never let me go inside again—then have something to eat with her at Childs', and part from her at the door of her rooming-house at One Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street. She had to sleep all morning, but sometimes in the afternoons we would walk together.

At first, I had gone into the affair very carelessly, but as I came to realize the character and the purity of Nadine, there began to fall across the path of my



"You think you got a nice, pure little angel kid, don't you? Well, she's nothing but a——" I struck him full in the mouth.

romance the black shadow of my trade.

At first, I did not realize that it was shame and remorse that was beginning to exact its toll; I simply wondered if it would be right to marry when the slightest false step might hand me a Sing-Sing divorce; and to my shame let it be said that I was inclined to stick to the easy money rather than to Nadine.

I WAS still undecided, when I met Nadine one evening on the usual corner. I was startled by the sudden appearance behind her of the cabaret manager, apparently speechless with fury.

"So this is the guy you're gyping me for, is it?" he snarled, coming close to the girl. After one glance of contempt at me, he ignored me altogether.

"Don't, Jake," she cried, as he gripped her arm. "He's only a friend."

"Friend, hell; I've been watching you," he said, "and if you try any monkey tricks with me, you know what's going to happen to you."

Doubtless he considered himself safe because of his superior height and his heavier build; but I stepped up to him and tore his hand from Nadine's arm. We were standing face to face now.

"Keep your hands to yourself," I said.

"You better get the hell out of here, buddy," he gritted. "You think you got a nice, pure little angel kid, don't you! Well, she's a damn liar, she's nothing but a——"

"No, no!" screamed Nadine, and at the same moment, before he could get the word out, I struck him full in the mouth with all the force of my well-trained muscles.

He staggered back, and a lamp-post kept him from falling. Then, with a growl of rage, he leaped at me again. This time I caught him square on the point of the jaw, and he fell again, but he didn't come back. He wasn't knocked out, but the yellow streak of his kind kept him down.

"Go on, then," he said, spitting blood. "Take her. I've got a string that'll bring her back quick enough. I can tell you."

This was the second remark that night that might have enlightened me, but I was in no mood for trifles. Only on our way home in a taxi, when I discovered Nadine trembling violently and apparently on the verge of nervous collapse, was I moved to wonder. My arm



As I snatched the phial from her, I noticed two little nicks on the glass . . . It was my employer's trade-mark!

was around her for the first time; her head was on my shoulder, and for the first time I kissed her.

"Why, darling!" I said. "What's the matter? Surely you aren't upset about losing your job with that beast?"

As she made no answer, I suddenly seemed to see the way clear before me. "You needn't worry about any jobs anymore," I said. "Tomorrow you're marrying me."

Suddenly, violently, she wrenched herself free and crouched, sobbing, in the corner of the seat.

"No, no!" she gasped, as if terrified. "Not that. I can't."

A cold terror clutched my heart.

"Nadine, Nadine," I cried, "you don't mean——"

"No," she moaned, "I am a good girl, but——"

"But what?" I asked.

THERE was no answer. As we flashed by a street lamp I saw her raise her handkerchief to her face, as if to stifle the tears, and I did not press for an answer. Perhaps a minute passed in silence, and then, to my intense surprise, she spoke in a comparatively calm voice.

"Oh, nothing," she said, almost carelessly.

"But, Nadine——"

The car drew up in front of her [Turn to page 80]

*I
Traded
Gold
for
Tinsel,
and
Found
The*



His clear eyes were fixed on me with an expression I couldn't read . . .

Lonesomest

A SURPRISING STORY OF
THE GREAT WHITE WAY

I'M WRITING this at night in my own room. The windows are open, and through them comes the confused roar of a great city—trolley-cars, the rumble of elevated trains, the shrieks of speeding motor-cars, the thrum of jazz-music in a nearby roof-garden.

It's very charming, this room of mine far above the street, on the twelfth floor of a huge apartment house on upper Broadway. The view at night is something that I never grow tired of.

Far below, black and shining in the rain, is the street. It glitters with thousands of moving lights, and the sidewalks are thronged, for it is the theatre hour. People are hurrying in one direction—southward—toward a fairyland of brightness, of shimmering, changing colored lights. Over the dark roof-tops I can see Longacre Square as a deep canyon of flaming brilliancy that casts a yellow glow on the sky above it. It is too far away for me to see it clearly, but I know that in that roaring

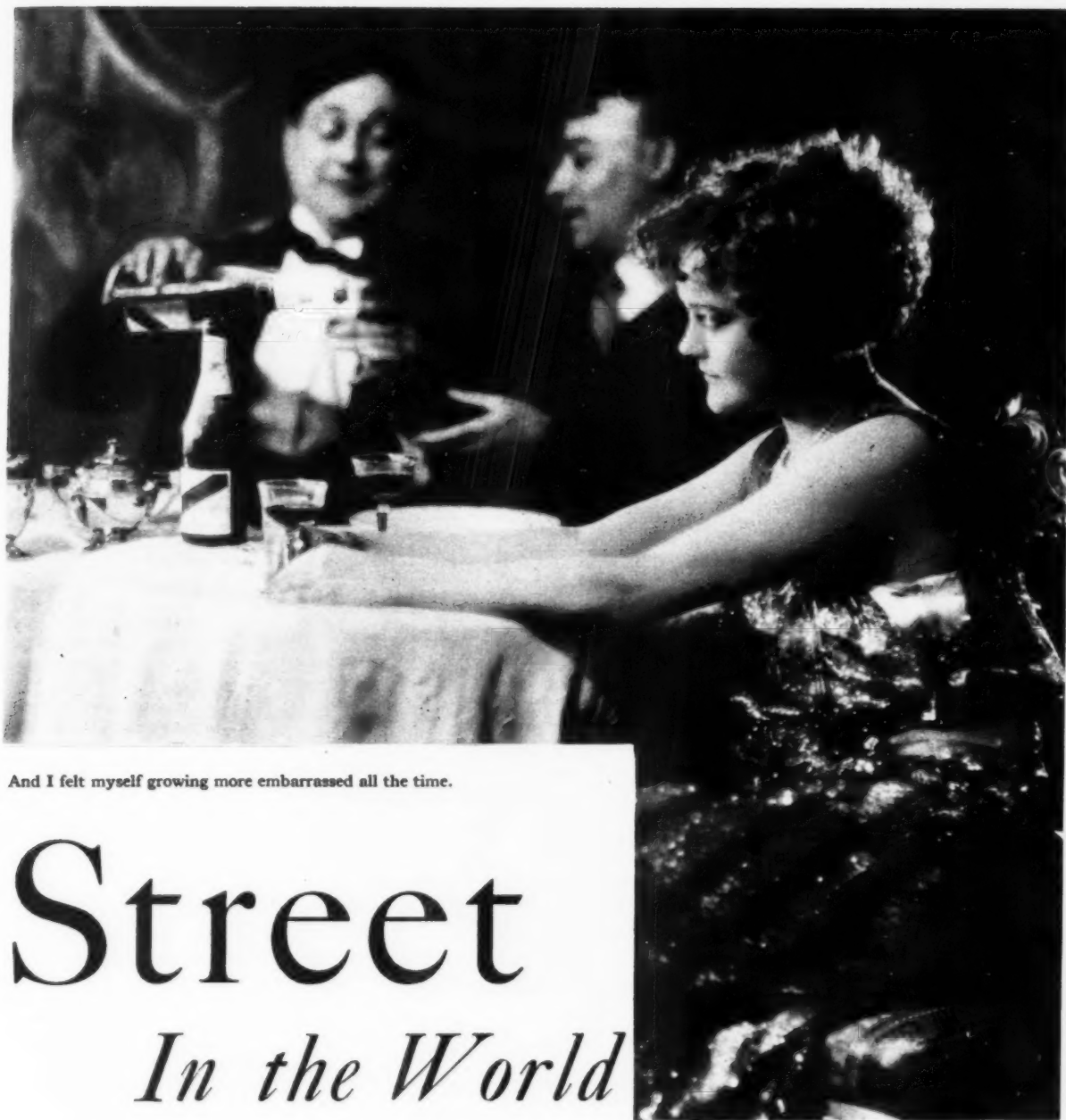
chasm it is as bright as the brightest day. Light-hearted, happy people crowd it; it is the world's playground.

Then I only have to close my eyes to see a quite different picture.

Pineville—the village where I was born. It is shaded with great trees. There are a few dismal gas-lamps. No one is in sight, except perhaps a few lovers strolling in the darkness. If an automobile passes, the people on the porches say, "Wonder who that is? It might be Billy Jones. Maybe his wife's sick—and he's going to the doctor's."

Pineville—and Broadway! Often in this room of mine, I have thought of the contrast between them. With the thought of Pineville's one street in my mind, I have looked down on the glittering, changing lights and murmured to myself, "It's the lonesomest street in the world!"

Even though Pineville was dull, it wasn't lonesome.



And I felt myself growing more embarrassed all the time.

Street

In the World

Everybody knew everybody else there. On Broadway it's lonesome because nobody knew me—and nobody cares! I am just one more stranger in a city full of strangers.

A hundred times in this very room I've looked at Lew Crisswell's picture on my bureau, and those steady eyes have seemed to say, "Why did you go, Maisie? Why did you?"

WELL there were several reasons why I left Pineville. But the main one was that I hadn't a chance there. I was young, pretty, ambitious. My parents were dead, so nothing held me to the little town. I might have got married, of course. But a girl can't very well fall romantically in love with the sort of village cut-up whose idea of a good time is to hang around the one cigar store and make funny remarks about her whenever she passes by.

The one exception was Lew Crisswell. He was a

man at least! I might have stayed, if Lew had proposed. But he didn't. He just hinted that if next year's crops turned out well, if he got the mortgage on the farm paid off, then he might . . . But he never got any farther than that.

So I came to New York and started where so many girls have started—in the chorus.

I might have found some other sort of job, but I knew I was pretty, with dark eyes, white skin, a shapely figure, and a great mass of copper-colored hair. With such qualifications, I hadn't a bit of trouble. Barney Fox, the fat, bald-headed little director, gave me one look and said:

"You'll do! Report tomorrow morning at ten." Not a word about my brains, my experience, or my character. Those things didn't count apparently.

You may be sure I didn't have this charming room then. It costs money to live here, and I started at

twenty-six dollars a week. But I made friends. You can't help doing that on Broadway, or anywhere else for that matter. Minnie Riley took an interest in me from the first. She had the figure—but not the face. That explains why she had never got far.

Her first bit of advice was, "Salary isn't anything but a beginning, girlie. It's what you make outside that gets you the seal-skin coats."

I misunderstood her, and I guess I must have answered pretty sharply.

"I've always gone straight!" I told her. "Being in the chorus isn't going to change me. You may as well understand that right at the start!"

She only laughed. "I admire your spunk, girlie. But you got me wrong. I don't mean that. Some of the best little gold-diggers I know are as straight as a string. It's all in knowing how to go about it. You let me introduce you to a few of my friends, and I'll show you what I mean."

So that night after the show we went to supper with a couple of Minnie's friends. One was a little black-eyed man named Leon Grainger. He talked of nothing but horses. There were a few rounds of drinks, and then Minnie nudged me.

"Ask him what horse is going to win the two-year-old trot tomorrow," she whispered. "He knows—and he'll tell you. He likes you."

I did. Magenta was the horse he named, and the next afternoon Minnie and I went to the Aqueduct. With fear and trembling I put fifty dollars, almost all my savings, on Magenta. I pretty nearly had heart-failure as the horses raced around the track. But Magenta won—and I had two hundred dollars besides my original fifty.

"That's what I mean," said Minnie, who had also won. "It isn't just horse-racing; you can use your brains and your good looks in a dozen ways. Stock-market tips are the best, but you've got to be sure the man knows what he's talking about. It takes judgment to pick an insider, you know."

AFTER all, the system was simple, when you understood it. Broadway is the playground of America's successful men. They come here to be amused—and they find it lonesome. Mostly they are family men, with wives and children back home. They get some friend to introduce them to a chorus-girl or two—and are willing to pay for a good supper. After that they're usually good-humored enough to tell you that Steel is going up, or that Amalgamated Zinc is due for a slump. It doesn't cost them anything.

Well, by just using my wits, I soon found myself able

to take this nice little place in Upper Broadway, with the view I've just described.

Wrong? But I couldn't see anything wrong about it. As Minnie said, "If you see them trying to get fresh, you can just freeze up like an icicle." I took pride in being able to say that I hadn't done a thing I needed to be ashamed of. "All you've got to do," Minnie would go on to explain, "is kid them along. You needn't promise them a thing—just jolly them!"

It worked like a charm. But sometimes I couldn't help saying to myself, "After all, it's cheating. I pretend I like them—till they tell me something that means easy money for me, then I drop them. Am I really as honest as I think?"

Back in Pineville, Lew Crisswell was waiting, working, saving, to marry some nice girl. I had a letter from him once in awhile, but he didn't hint any more about marrying me if things turned out right. He seemed to have forgotten about that.

My life was a gay, bright one. It was so easy to make friends.

I knew that whenever there was talk of an after-theatre supper, or a dance in a cabaret, someone would be sure to insist that I come along. But they were friends of a day—no more.

At times I'd look at Lew's picture, and the tears would well up into my eyes. It seemed to me that I had given up something very rare and very fine for a glittering worthless trifle. The jewel was Lew's love, which I might have had. And the glittering trifle was Broadway—bright, indeed, but hollow and worthless and empty.

Of course, I met some men who were more than passing acquaintances. Barney Fox was one. Barney was fat and middle-aged, with big jowls and mean little eyes. But he liked me. One time, after several gin-rickeys, he got almost tearful about me.

"You're the best little sport I know, Maisie," he said. "You don't know how I love you! I know I'm old and fat, but you've only to say the word—"

I was pretty blue, myself, that night. Barney wasn't my idea of a romantic lover, but I liked him, and he had always been square. So I didn't laugh. It might not be so impossible, perhaps.

So I said thoughtfully, "What do you mean, Barney? Are you asking me to marry you?"

He got red at that, and his eyes fell before mine.

"I wish to Heaven I could, girlie! But I've got a wife out West somewhere. We've separated, and—"

Then I *did* laugh, cruelly. "You've got me wrong, old dear," I said. "I'm straight. But even if I wasn't—you wouldn't tempt me!" I was furious.

But back in my own room I knew that it wasn't Barney's fault. My heart was filled with shame. I



"You'll come tomorrow, won't you?" he actually begged.

wasn't a good girl, really! I was a cheater. I led people on, and as Minnie said, "jollied" them—and then laughed at them. Someone has given a name to that sort of girl. He called them "salamanders." A salamander is something that can go into the fire and not be harmed by it. A girl who is a "salamander" is one who plays with men, and then after she has made all the profit she can from them, laughs at them.

I thought things out for a long time that night. I put out the lights in my room, and sat at the window, looking down on the bright street. After midnight the crowds thinned out. At three there was only a stray taxi, and maybe a few slinking figures, and a policeman standing on the corner.

I saw the dawn come, cool and gray and sad.

"No more," I said to myself softly. "I'm through! I'll play the game straight, or not at all. Then if Lew ever should come and ask me, I'll be able to look him in the eyes and say 'yes'—without having a heartache behind it."

There were a few milk-carts clattering along the street when I finally went to bed. My heart was light, as if a load had been lifted off. I looked at Lew's picture, and it seemed to smile at me.

"It wouldn't be the loneliest street," I thought, "if Lew were here."

That next day when I told Minnie Riley that I had decided to cut out the "gold digging" for good and all, she started at me scornfully.

"All I have to say is—you're a damned little fool!" she snapped.

I didn't mind even that. The whole world somehow seemed brighter now that I had made up my mind to be absolutely on the square, and not use my beauty and my charm to gain men's confidence. It was all right in the chorus—beauty and charm had their place there. But outside of my work I was going to keep it all for Lew—if he ever came.

If he ever came. Why, I wasn't even sure he would!

That afternoon at rehearsal Barney Fox came to me and said, "Maisie, I want you to have supper with me tonight. There's a friend of mine I want you to meet from Chicago. He's—well, God never made a finer gentleman! And let me whisper something in your ear, if you want any tips on the grain-market, he's right on the inside track."

I smiled to myself, but I promised to meet his friend. Not even Lew could expect me to cut myself off from innocent pleasures.

Then Barney added, in a lower voice, "The more I think of it, the more I'm sorry for what I said, Maisie. I respect you, and I'm proud of you—and I'm your friend."

I was glad he said that. Friends, after all, are better than anything in the world—except love.

I kissed Lew's picture before I started for the theatre that night. It seemed to me that he was near, very near, somehow. I couldn't get the idea out of my head as I

hurried off. I don't know whether to believe in premonitions or not, but I do know that during the show a note was brought back to my dressing-room. It was from Lew.

"Just got in. Can I see you after the show? Lew."

My heart leaped with happiness. I hurried to Barney Fox, who was talking to a quiet, very good-looking young man with clear brown eyes.

"Sorry, Mr. Fox," I told him breathlessly, "but I'm afraid I can't come to supper. An old friend of mine from my home town is here, and I want to talk to him!"

"Shucks!" said Barney. "Bring him along. Maisie, this is Mr. Hall—Mr. Clifford Hall, from Chicago. Miss Maisie Bruce."

WHAT is it that speaks from soul to soul sometimes when strangers first meet? As I looked into Mr. Hall's eyes, it seemed to me that he was the sort of man I had been waiting for all my life. My heart beat strangely, and Lew—everything—seemed to leave my mind.

"I hope you'll bring your friend along, Miss Bruce," said this new young man quietly.

As I hurried off to my dressing room I knew I should have been thinking of Lew. But all that I could see was that pleasant face with its clear eyes. I can't pretend to explain why it was, but Lew Crisswell hardly seemed important now at all. It was as if a miracle had happened and Lew wasn't the least bit concerned in it.

Of course I was ashamed of myself, for I had been looking forward to Lew's coming for a year or more. I simply *had* to be glad to see him.

"Well, well, Maisie! By George!" It was Lew! He had caught both my hands, and he was looking into my eyes. I wondered if he were going to kiss me, and somehow I hoped he wouldn't try. But he did—awkwardly, and half-embarrassed. I hardly noticed the touch of his lips on my cheek. The Lew I had known wouldn't have done that!

But *was* this the Lew I had known? He didn't seem as big, or as fine, or as genuine as I remembered him. His clothes didn't fit him, and he had shaved badly, and he wore a bright, ugly, ridiculous tie.

I explained to him in a few words about the supper. He agreed almost eagerly. We went together and found Barney, and Mr. Hall, and Minnie.

"Your friend's an awful rube,"

Minnie whispered candidly. "But I know how it is—with these home-town folks. You got to be nice to 'em."

At the cabaret where we went, I kept asking myself, "Is this Lew, the man I've been dreaming of all this time? If it is, what has happened to him—or to *me*?"

I didn't know then, but the change wasn't in Lew but in myself. Back in Pineville, he had seemed fine and



"Yes, thank you so much," I said in my nicest voice.



He stared at me. "Maisie, I didn't mean nothin'." . . . But I only said quietly, "This way out, Lew."

splendid, because the only other men I knew were the cigar-store loafers. In New York, for over a year I had been meeting bright, clever, intelligent people, and I had grown used to their company.

"You're a little snob, Maisie," I told myself severely. Lew's from the country, and maybe he isn't as well-dressed or as well-groomed as these other men—"

But that wasn't it. Being well-dressed had nothing to do with it. Lew laughed louder and he grew more hilarious than anyone else. He drank the wine that was served thirstily, and bragged, and slapped Barney Fox on the back, and I felt myself growing more and more embarrassed all the time. Oh, if I had only not brought him there!

MR. HALL didn't talk much, but I saw his clear eyes fixed on me with an expression I couldn't read.

"Anyhow, I brought Lew," I told myself doggedly, "and I've got to be nice to him."

But I didn't want to; I wanted to talk to Clifford Hall. It seemed to me that he was the first man I had ever met who was too good to lose. Yet I was determined at all costs to be loyal to Lew. When I saw Minnie talking to Clifford Hall, looking into his eyes with that "come hither" look of hers I knew so well, I knew I was losing what chance I had ever had.

After awhile I said, "I'm afraid we'll have to be going—Mr. Criswell and I. There are so many things we want to talk over."

"Tha's right," stammered Lew. "Ol' frien's, Maisie 'n' I—got to get acquainted again. Good-night, folks!"

Again I saw Clifford Hall's fine, clear eyes on mine, and I felt sure he was despising both Lew and me. Well, let him! Yet I was sorry—for I felt that if we had met at any other time, we might have been good friends.

As I said good-night, Minnie whispered in my ear, "Gee, Maisie, I've got a tip on wheat that may mean a lot! Mr. Hall's going to invest a little money for me—I asked him to. If you want to put in a few hundred I'll tell him."

"No," I said coldly, "I'm not doing that sort of thing any more. I don't believe in it."

"Oh, you're hicks at heart—you and that friend of yours!" she sneered.

"Pretty gay crowd, Maisie," Lew chuckled as we reached the open air. "You chorus-people certainly go the pace, don't you? Let's get a taxi."

WE DROVE to my place in silence. Lew clumsily tried to put his arm around me, but I drew away. At the elevator of the apartment house he said, "Ain't you goin' to invite me up, an old friend like me?"

"Yes, if you want to come," I said coldly. "For a few minutes."

A moment later we stood in my room. Far below, Broadway was roaring. It was midnight. Lew looked around, then he grinned.

"Costs some money to live here! [Turn to page 80]

"At the End of a Winding Road

A Tent Awaits You"



"Do not marry the young man who waits outside—or any other whose veins do not carry the blood of Romany."

It Was a Strange Story the Gypsy Told—of Darkness, and Love, and a Mysterious Ride.

SOME night, *Señorita*, you will go down a winding road with your heart on fire at the thought of a gypsy's tent! You will leave your white people for a dare-devil of Romany!" exclaimed the old gypsy woman. Her voice seemed to catch some sudden excitement from the hidden things her dark beady eyes read in my palm.

I felt like laughing at the red-shawled crone whose brass earrings made a tinkling sound in the mysterious dimness of the charity fair's fortune-telling booth. She was only trying to give me a thrill. Strangely enough, however, I did not laugh. The impulse to do so died very suddenly—very inexplicably.

Unexpectedly I caught my breath and winced as she grasped my surrendered hand with sharp, bony fingers—

fingers that shot a sensation of electricity through me. Her eyes met mine and held them in unpleasant fascination.

"Do not laugh, *Señorita*," she warned, reading my thoughts as her eyes continued to hypnotize me. "I practice no foolish trickery. The truth is on my lips. You are not of your friends who wait outside. You do not belong to them. You will go away down strange paths while gypsy music plays.

"*Señorita*, tell me," she went on intently, "have you never felt like running away from your fine clothes and your beautiful home here in Mobile? Is it not so that often music and songs without names are like temptations in your heart? Tell me, *Señorita*!" she cried. Her intensity frightened me even as it thrilled me.

"Yes," I answered, remembering the restless moods that sometimes kindled inexplicable fires in my blood. They were fires that made me want to run away from my world of lazy glitter and idle chatter.

"You did not have to tell me this. Neither did I need to read these lines in your soft hand to know that I am right. Your eyes, like the deep night seas of my Spain—your lips that are red without rouge—your cheeks that are roses of Romany—and your skin, *Señorita*, like sun-browned porcelain such as they sell in the shops of Seville! Ah, these things tell me that the wanderlust is in your veins—that yours is the gypsy heart! There is a tent waiting for you at the end of winding roads!"

HER voice died down with these words. The pressure of her fingers lessened against my hand. I drew back across the table upon which I had been leaning to catch the inexplicable things the gypsy woman said.

Somewhat shaken, I made a motion to get up and leave. But the old woman bade me stay, by an imperious gesture of her thin hand.

"I have not told *Señorita's* fortune as yet. I have only told her something about herself she has always known. Now let me read those lines. Let me tell her what waits around the corner for her," she insisted.

However, I was uneasy in the stuffy booth with the gypsy. It seemed as if the fortune teller had cast some kind of an uncanny spell upon me. I did not like the restlessness haunting me like the strains of half-forgotten music. I wanted the poise and self-possession which was rightfully mine out beyond the mysterious dimness of the gypsy woman's booth. I told her she must be wrong about my being destined to live in a tent.

"I am going to be proposed to this very night by a young man outside. And—unconsciously I hesitated before finishing my statement—"I am going to marry him very soon. We will live in one of the finest houses in Mobile. Not in a tent," I said, trying again to smile. "You have made a mistake. Possibly I look like a gypsy because I am dark. My mother was a Mexican lady. That accounts for my coloring," I explained.

The gypsy woman stared at me for a few fleeting moments. Suddenly she began to nod her head as

if satisfied at the thoughts passing through her mind. Her lips began to move slowly:

"I came from Spain. But that does not matter. I am a wanderer—a gypsy! My mother and my father walked strange roads from the sun-red east to bear me

I shall never forget his music! A sense of fright came to my heart as I listened.



in their tent beneath Spanish stars. Nothing matters so long as Romany is in your blood. Gypsies have wandered over Mexico since the days when Indian slaves built marble roads for gold-seekers' caravans. The music of their camps is in your heart, my child.

"Do you want some proof that I know things? That I do not babble like a loose-tongued witch?" she demanded,

turning upon me with a strain of fierceness in her time-worn voice.

"What is your proof?" I asked.

"Your name I will tell. It is Marcheta—your mother's own," she answered in a flash.

I SAT there awed by the truth of her answer. She had called my name. It was the name of my mother—my mother whom I had never seen, for she had died when I was born twenty-one years ago.

"More I will tell you. There is a secret in your father's life. He came here from the plains of Texas when you were a child with a nurse. No one knows or dreams of the mystery he left behind him by the Rio Grande. No one except you. You feel here," she said, touching her breast, "that there is a secret in his heart. *Señorita* Marcheta, it is locked up in a closet of your home you have never entered," she half whispered.

"I must go now," I cried, jumping to my feet nervously.

The old crone's spell was too suggestive of the supernatural—of spirit power, and uncanny things. I wanted to break that spell. I wanted to get back to the fragrant summer night, where there was dance music and no hint of anything save the things that belonged to the world I moved in.

"One thing, *Señorita*. Laugh at these proofs I offer. But for God's sake do not marry the young man who waits outside for you—or any other young man whose veins carry not the blood of Romany."

HER last words were still ringing in my ears as I pulled away the curtain flap of the booth and hurried to Sherman Lardue. He was standing a few feet away, showing signs of impatience.

For a brief moment I studied him. Tall, broad-shouldered; blond, handsome. He was a son of one of old Mobile's best families, and he was in love with me. He had been ever since we met each other. He was going to propose to me this very evening—something about his manner at dinner had convinced me of it.

"Sherman," I called, my voice not behaving as I wanted it to.

"Good Lord, Marcheta, I was beginning to think the old gyp had stolen you for ransom. That's their favorite trick, you know," he

He stood swaying easily on his feet . . . his eyes alight with dream fires.



said, coming closer. Suddenly he stopped in his tracks. In the vari-colored glow of the Japanese lanterns that illuminated the del Lopez lawn, I saw Sherman's eyes narrow with a look of utter surprise.

"Marcheta, what's happened to you? Why, you're pale. You're shaking from head to foot," he cried.

Then he came up to me and grasped me by the arm, in spite of the fact that all of Mobile was watching the little drama we were enacting in front of the fortune teller's booth.

I felt pale, if you understand what I mean. As Sherman Lardue's hands gripped my arms, I knew that I had not shaken off the strange spell the gypsy woman had cast upon me by her words and her dark, beady eyes.

"Take me for a walk, Sherman. There is really nothing the matter. That old gypsy woman told me some silly things that excited me. That's all," I insisted.

And yet as we left, something impelled me to look back at the booth—something that I could not explain.

I looked over my shoulder and into the eyes of the fortune-telling woman whose people had wandered into Spain from the sun-red east.

"Come," I said, thrusting my hand through Sherman's arm.

As we strolled through the crowds of people, I forced myself to forget the haunting words of the gypsy woman. From a dance platform came the stirring strains of a peppy jazz tune. We moved towards it. We bought a pink ticket from the Sally Lee Mason who was selling them, and became a part of the swaying, singing dancers. After the dance was over we joined some of the boys and girls that made up our town set.

SUDDENLY the soft night spaces seemed to throb with a plaintive strain of music—music so poignantly sweet that it hushed our laughter and chatter as if someone had waved a magic wand over us.

I turned at the sound of the music. A slim brown girl and three men, in the bright gaudy clothes of gypsies, were strolling towards us, playing and singing as they came. They remained a picturesque group of wandering serenaders until they were close upon us.

Then I saw the guitar player as a person apart from his companions. He was playing a solo now, and humming a stirring, yet wistful air his strong nimble fingers drew from quivering strings.

Something barbaric about the guitar player's appearance held my glance. He stood swaying easily on his feet like a bronzed young giant with curly black hair, his eyes alight with dream fires that flared stronger, or burned low according to the tempo of his music.

His music!

I shall never forget its effect upon me. A restlessness that brought a sense of fright to my heart came over me. I found myself twisting my hands together, wondering why it was that soft fire was working its way through me. Whatever he was playing was strange to me, and yet all the time I listened I was vainly trying to remember where I had heard such music before.

It was only when the last notes came from his guitar that I realized that the man's eyes were looking into mine. Instinctively I drew back into the shadows before the hint of recognition that was present in the half-smile about his lips. . . . But his eyes followed me.

AN OUTBURST of applause broke the spell of the moment. The hand-clapping lasted long enough for the tall musician to bow gracefully and smile, showing white pearly teeth in striking contrast with the deep tan of his cheeks. In the silence that came again the gypsy turned to his companions, strumming a wild note across his instrument. Once more came the mingling of their voices and music. It was a love song—soft and tender, beating here and there with throbs of passion.

A sensation of waking came to me. It was as if forces long asleep were being roused by the gypsy music and song. To try and steady myself I forced my eyes away from the guitar player and looked at Sherman Lardue standing beside me in his summer sport clothes.

He seemed like a man cut out of white marble compared with the gypsy musician. A man without fire—without color. A person who did not belong to the thoughts, the straying dreams, and the restlessness now upon me. Then I realized that Sherman Lardue had never once kindled an answer in my soul. Swiftly I turned away, my eyes seeking the handsome young giant whose music and fire came from the soul of Romany.

A few moments later a dizziness swept over me as the guitar player walked over and sang right into my eyes. Sherman resented this. I could feel his fingers twitching against my arm as if he were holding himself in. But the man's song was a cup of sweet wine to me.

Sherman pulled me away from the dance platform against my will. But I said nothing. I knew I could not explain to him what was impossible to explain to myself. I knew he would not understand the restless, feverish mood that was growing stronger upon me with each succeeding moment.

AWAY over in a corner of the wide Lopez lawn, where the shadows of the great trees and the big house screened us somewhat from those who were laughing and talking at the bazaars, Sherman Lardue asked me to marry him. And I promised to be his wife—despite the warning of the old fortune teller, despite the memory of a wandering guitar player's face and voice.

And I was frightened. As in the fortune teller's booth, I tried to smile away this sense of fright.

"Sherman Lardue is the man I've expected to marry for months. He is my kind. The only sort of husband who could make me happy," I told myself over and over again.

Later, when we said good-night on my veranda, Sherman swept me into his arms with sudden fierceness.

"I love you, Marcheta, more than anything else in the world. I adore you—adore you," he cried, drawing me

How About Plays?

SCORES of letters have asked **SMART SET** to review new motion pictures and plays. Do YOU think we should institute such a department?

It's up to you. Remember you are guiding our editorial policy.

closer and closer. I remember yielding to his arms. But his passion left me strangely calm and still. The gypsy's music had done a thousand times more to me than Sherman's kisses.

It was with this knowledge in my heart that I went up to my room.

THE silver moonlight loafing through the southern night tempted me to the iron balcony that skirted my room. I had slipped into a rose negligée. For a long time I sat in the balmy air looking beyond the red point of my cigarette. The old-fashioned wall around our garden was completely hidden by the creeping greenery and the yellow spray of fragrant honeysuckle.

Somehow that vine-clad wall [Turn to page 106]



"Since last night," he murmured at last, "there has been only you. Now it is the open road again—alone, save for my memories."

"The Funniest

Told by Your



By CORINNE GRIFFITH

AS I have no memory for jokes, the funniest story to me is the one I have heard most recently. Just now I am much amused over a story told in the "Letters of Archie Butt" which were recently published.

One day while he was President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt decided that he wanted to swim across the Potomac and back without bothering to stop for a bathing suit. He was joined by the French Ambassador, and the two felt like mischievous school-boys as they started out.

Suddenly Colonel Roosevelt noticed that the Ambassador, although stripped of clothing, was still wearing his gloves as he plunged in to swim. And when he asked him about it, the Ambassador replied, "Oh, I thought we might meet some ladies."

* * * *

By RICARDO CORTEZ

A MAN who thought he was a pretty good bridge player—and what poor player doesn't—got into an argument with a friend of his over the game.

"I've played with the greatest bridge players in New York," the first man insisted.

"You have? And they let you live?" the other protested.

"Yes; I've played with Milton Work and Elwell."

"And they didn't say anything about your game?" the incredulous one asked.

"No; they didn't speak during the entire rubber," the self-elected expert went on proudly. "That is, Mr. Elwell made only one remark. It was while I was dealing. I had carelessly flipped over a card so that it landed face up on the table. Mr. Elwell turned to Mr. Work, and said, 'Why the blankety blank blank can't even deal.'"

* * * *

By BESSIE LOVE

A YOUNG man returned home, after calling on a girl, his eyes blacked, his collar awry, and his clothes torn as though he had been pretty thoroughly beaten up.

"Sonny, what is the matter?" his mother asked anxiously as soon as she saw him.



"Betty's father threw me out," the young man replied, trying to appear as nonchalant as though that were an everyday occurrence.

"But why should he do such a terrible thing?"

"Well, while he was out we put a record on the phonograph, and when he came home we were dancing around the parlor."

"Yes, yes," his mother said. "But that was perfectly all right, wasn't it?"

"Yes," her son admitted, rubbing his bruises. "But you see her father is stone deaf."

* * * *

By JULANNE JOHNSTON

A CANNY Scot was in consultation with his lawyer the day before his case came up in court.

"Don't you think it might be a gude idea to send the Judge a box of cigars," he asked, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

The attorney exploded.

"Do that and your case is ruined. My good man, you can't corrupt a Judge under any circumstances, to say nothing of a paltry box of cigars."

The case was heard and the Scot won.

"See, Sandy," the lawyer opined, "you won your case, but think what might have happened if you had sent his honor the cigars."

"I did just that," Sandy eyed the man of law triumphantly.

"You did—why—why—"

"Sure I did, but I put the other mon's card in the box."

* * * *

By RICHARD DIX

PAT boarded a trolley car, paid his fare, took a seat and then reached into his pocket. He drew forth an old corn-cob pipe and put it in his mouth.

The conductor left his position at the rear entrance of the car and stepped up to Pat.

"Hey there," he demanded, "don't yuh see the sign. You can't smoke in this car."



Story I Know"

Favorite Film Stars



By BETTY BLYTHE

MRS. NEWLYWED was very much disturbed. Her housewifely instincts were outraged. Everything was spick and span in her little two-by-four apartment, but rats had invaded her pantry.

"When you are downtown, dear," she requested her husband, "will you run into a drug store and buy me some rat biscuits."

"Why should we go to that expense," Mr. Newlywed retorted with an eye to saving the pennies. "If they won't eat what we have in the house, let them starve."

* * * * *



By HEDDA HOPPER

A LUXURIOUSLY-GOWNED woman, who was obviously trying to live up to the dignity of her new diamonds, watched her husband with some distress as she saw that he was applauding enthusiastically.

"Don't keep on clapping, George," she admonished him. "People will think that you used to be an usher."



By HENRY HULL

THERE is a certain London club that was founded by the Knights of King Arthur's Court, or some equally remote and exclusive group of gentlemen. The membership is limited and candidates are proposed at birth. You know the sort of club I mean.

The following was overheard in the library: old General Sir John Wembley, aged 80, speaking:

"Boy, I say, boy!"

The boy, who had probably just turned seventy, respectfully came over.

"What can I do for you, Sir John?"

Sir John stared a moment in silence at the reclining figure of a fellow member across the room.

"Kindly remove that gentleman over there. He's been dead for three days."



By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

IT MAY not be according to Hoyle to pin the most humorous story that I ever heard on myself, but since George Bernard Shaw is featured with me, perhaps I may be pardoned for this little touch of ego.

When I was in London, I called on Mr. Shaw to ask him if he would join our eminent authors and write scenarios for the Goldwyn Company. The newspapers heard that I was having a session with Mr. Shaw, and every paper in London sent reporters to interview us.

As I came out of the door I nearly stumbled over eight or ten reporters, all of them with pencils poised ready to get a story. A young fellow stepped up to Mr. Shaw:

"Well, did you and Mr. Goldwyn reach an agreement?"

Mr. Shaw replied:

"We are miles apart. Mr. Goldwyn is an artist and I am a business man."



By COLLEEN MOORE

A MAGISTRATE remarked to a man brought up before him for speeding. "The officer tells me that you were going forty miles an hour."

"Yes, sir, your honor," the culprit admitted, "I was. I had just received word from an employment agency that they had found a cook who would agree to come to our house in the suburbs and stay at least a week."

Fortunately the magistrate, too, lived in the suburbs. "Officer," he ordered, "get my car for this man at once. It does sixty an hour easily."

* * * * *

White Powder

[Continued from page 67]

house. We alighted and I paid the driver. "I can't explain now," she said, when I turned to her again. "I'm tired. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night."

As a matter of fact, she looked less tired than I ever remembered her after an evening's work, but I thought this calm might be merely hysterical.

I little knew then the cause of her sudden peace.

As our afternoon meetings were usually set for half-past two, I used the next morning for a trip over to Hoboken to see whether my employer had any orders for me. I shall never forget the thrill of horror when I saw emerging from the doorway of my boss's establishment—Burgess, the cabaret manager! His fair hair and his villainous looking face were unmistakable, and to clinch the resemblance his mouth was swollen from my blow of the night before. I stood, rooted to the ground, as a suspicion, newborn and growing in certainty, gripped me.

Burgess had not seen me. I stood staring after him for some seconds, and then without crossing the street for my business interview, I hastened to the ferry. I could not wait for the afternoon.

Regardless of everything, I took a taxi to Nadine's house and rushed up to her room. The door was fastened with one of those flimsy boarding-house locks; or perhaps the door was not locked. It opened when I pushed hard enough. Wild-eyed, I faced a wild-eyed Nadine, sitting up in her little white iron bed.

Seeing her just awakened, the truth was plain. Around her soft brown eyes were faint lines, which only her morning dose of drug would remove. Her mouth drooped ever so slightly at the corners, her pretty face had a drawn look that wrung my heart. For a moment, we stared at each other, and then:

"Which is it?" I said hoarsely.

She crossed her hands on her bosom, half, it seemed, to hide the flesh under the thin nightgown, and half in supplication. "Heroin," she whispered.

AFTER that it was as though I acted in a daze, yet apparently my brain was clear. The clerk at the Municipal Building seemed to see nothing wrong with me when, holding Nadine's trembling hand tightly in mine, I gave our names, ages, and the rest of the necessary data in applying for a marriage license.

Although for years I hadn't seen the little village in the Poconos where my family had spent summers when I was a boy, yet I got tickets to the station nearest it without hesitation. I remember clearly, too, Nadine telling me her story, punctuated with sobs—how Burgess, the manager of the cabaret, had insinuated the drug into her life.

Imagine, if you can, the force with which the revelation came home to me now, when my poor love turned her tear-filled eyes upon me as she told of the manager's use of the one debauchery into which he had forced her. I felt as though a knife had been thrust into my heart. Dully I heard the facts: Young girl fresh from the country—a job in a cheap cabaret—tired from the gruelling work—kindly medicine given her by Burgess.

But the one great fact that burned into my brain was that I—I—was as guilty as the guiltiest. The final crushing blow came when Nadine pulled out of her handbag a small glass phial and implored me to let her steady her nerves, just "once more."

As I snatched the phial from her and threw it out of the window, I had time to notice that it was of a peculiar triangular shape, with two little nicks moulded into the glass on one edge. Illicit drug dealers cannot put their names and addresses on their bottles; but they label them just the same.

This was my employer's trade-mark!

I WILL try to set down here an account of the agonizing struggles of the next year; but the memory is too recent and hideous to go much into detail. We took the very cottage in which I had spent so many happy days as a child, and there for months I fought with the white devil that had sunk its talons into my wife.

Only one incident can I relate. As ignorant as any addict, I started by trying to cure Nadine by the simple and brutal method of refusing her the drug. One night, her craving was so great that I feared she would actually lose her reason; so with many misgivings I gave her a reduced dose out of a phial I had in my luggage as a sample. Had I known more, I should have known this was equivalent to letting a wild animal taste blood.

The craving had now actually increased to the point of insanity. Nadine, moreover, knew that I had in my possession

enough of the drug to give her days of peace, and to get it, incredible as it may seem, she tried to murder me. In the struggle she fell, striking her head on the edge of the table—and now at last, I did what I should have done at first. I called in a physician.

I had known the doctor when I was a boy. He was a tall, silent, stooping man, with kind, wise eyes. There was stern reproach in them when he looked at me after he had attended to the wound in my wife's head.

"There's more the matter with her than a cut on the head," said the physician.

"I can attend to that," I said quickly, with the hot shame which makes drug addiction one of the hardest scourges to extirpate.

"Nonsense," said the doctor gruffly. "You couldn't deal with typhoid fever, could you? This is just as much a disease as that is."

"I thought—" I began.

"I'll take this over from now on," he said quietly.

And though I couldn't pay him then, he did take it on. I have paid him since in money. I had to get some sort of job to buy our food and other necessities. I started to work in the village garage. With the hideous memory of two worse than wasted years, I worked to such good purpose that when the owner of the garage went West he practically left me a managing partnership in the business.

NADINE is cured—and we are prospering. It seems as though my punishment were over. Yet is it? The other day, when I went to pay the doctor the last of his modest fee, he asked me what my profession had been. Under those wise old eyes, I could only tell the truth, and it was terrible to see their expression harden from kindness to sternness. Yet he said nothing.

"Shall—shall I tell my wife?" I stammered.

"It might be good for *your* soul," he said grimly, "but how about hers? She loves you now. If you told her that, she'd hate you. No, my boy, you can carry that guilty secret to your grave."

It, indeed, is a heavy burden. Though I have tried to lighten the load by telling it here, its weight seems more than I can bear at times. I only know that it will be with me forever.

The Lonesomest Street in the World

[Continued from page 72]

You don't do all this—on your salary."

I shivered with a disgust I couldn't hide. He lurched over toward me, and put his arm around my waist. "You're my girl, Maisie! I came intendin' to ask you to marry me, Maisie. But I'm glad I didn't. I've seen this place and I know the kind of crowd you travel with. But I'm goin' to kiss you! You won't mind that—I'll bet you're used to it!"

I ran to the door, opened it.

"This way out, Lew," I said quietly. He stared at me.

"My God, Maisie, I didn't mean nothin'. I was just—"

"Good night," I said.

He looked into my eyes, and his own dropped. Muttering something, and then without looking at me, he went past me out into the corridor.

After I locked the door, I went to his picture. I caught it up, and smashed it to

the floor, so that the glass shattered. Then I fell on my knees by the window and looked out over the lights of the city that I had come to love without even realizing it.

"To think," I murmured, "that I gave up everything—for that!"

I couldn't cry, but my heart was cold. I knew now that Pineville wouldn't mean anything more to me—ever! That dreary, lonesome street that I had dreamed of so often, it was only because of my faith in Lew that made it seem attractive to my eyes.

Well, I would go back to gold-digging now—in earnest this time.

Tring! It was the telephone.

"Hello!" I answered. "Who is it, please?"

"This is Clifford Hall, Miss Bruce. I'd like very much to have you lunch with me tomorrow. You see, I didn't have a

chance to talk to you tonight—and I wanted to, very much."

"Oh!" I said quickly. "You see, Mr. Crisswell was an old friend."

"I understand! That's one of the things I admired about you! You were so nice to him—even if . . . And—you'll come tomorrow, won't you?"

"Yes, thank you so much," I said in my nicest voice.

And when I went back again to look out over Broadway, my heart was singing a little song of joy. I seemed to see again those clear eyes, and I wondered if after all I couldn't find happiness and all my old dreams.

And I have! Clifford and I are to be married just as soon as he can close up his office in Chicago, and come here.

As I told him, "I love this little flat. And I love Broadway—it's the best little old street in the world."

"Thou Shalt Not Kill"

is the most gruesome commandment handed down to mankind. A man may lie, steal or break any other law and the public will eventually forgive and forget. But let him commit murder and the cry of everybody is to give him the full penalty—*Death!* And what is the common excuse of the murderer? *INSANITY!* Sure, he's crazy. Any man must be crazy to commit murder.

But, how about the fellow who slowly but surely kills his own body by neglect? He's the craziest one of all.

Stop! Think this over! What are you doing with your own body? Surely you don't want to be put in this class. But if you are not doing everything possible to prolong your life and keep your body just as clean and healthy as your Maker intended, you are inviting death. You are slowly but surely killing yourself.

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TODAY IS YOUR DAY

This is your birthday. Today you start a new life. I'm going to make a real live, "rip-snortin'," go-getter out of you. I'm going to expand that chest so it will give your lungs a treat with life-giving oxygen. This will put real vim into your blood and shoot it throughout your entire system. I'm going to broaden your shoulders and strengthen your back. I'm going to put a ripple of muscle up and down your body that will make a big powerful he-man out of you. You will have the arms and legs of a modern Hercules. I'll clear your brain and pep up your entire system. You will be just bubbling over with vitality. You will stretch out your powerful body and shout for bigger and greater things to accomplish. Nothing will be too difficult for you to tackle.

Sounds good, doesn't it? You can bet your Sunday hat it's good. It's wonderful. And it's no idle prattle either. I'm not promising these things. I guarantee them. Do you doubt me? Make me prove it. Come on. Atta boy. Let's go.

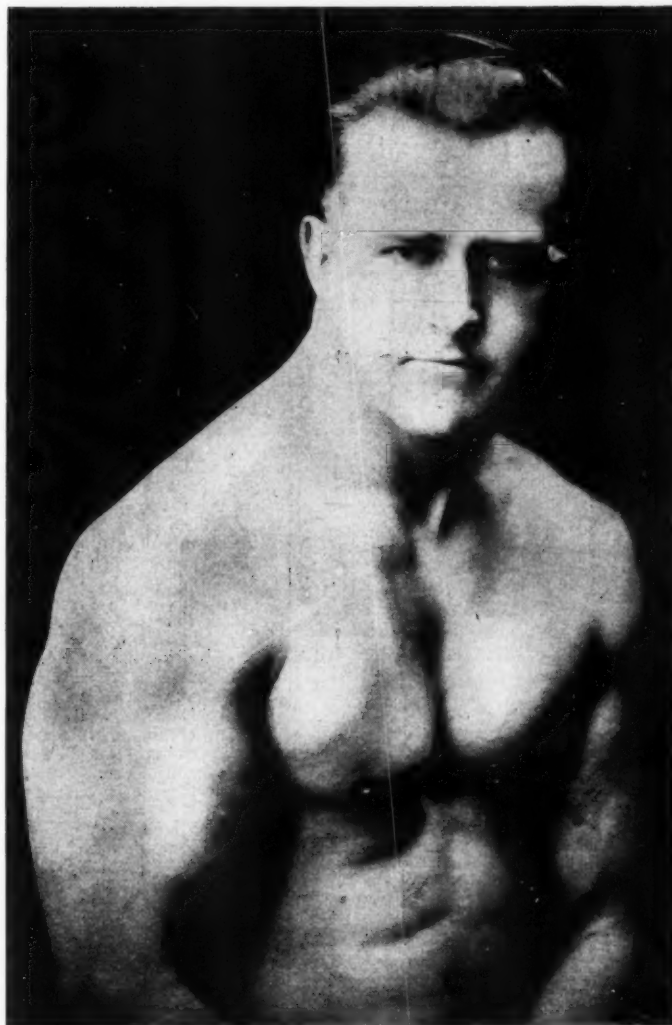
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The Morals of Mabel

[Continued from page 34]

Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes

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"But where are we?" I asked him. "Oh, this is what you might call a hotel." Lessek winked ponderously.

My cheeks flamed and I rose to my feet. "Louie Lessek," I said, "I guess I'm just beginning to understand what kind of a man you are. You lied to me about this appointment with Mr. B—. Now what about all those fine things you told me that he said about me? Were they lies too?"

"I never saw B— in my life," Lessek admitted with a shrug.

It was a bitter blow for me. My conceit of a moment before vanished like smoke in the air, and all my hopes of becoming a star went glimmering.

Lessek advanced toward me and put his arm around me again. "Lemme give you some plain talk, girly," he said. "I've treated you mighty well; you admitted that yourself just a little while ago. I took you out of the chorus, gave you a solo number, and doubled your salary. Why do you suppose I did it? Because you got a good voice? Because you can act? Not on your life. Better singers and actresses than you are begging for jobs every day. I did it because I like you, Mabel. I've wanted you ever since I first seen you, and now . . . I'm going to have you."

After that I don't like to think what happened to me.

Kessel gave me the lead in his next production simply because our contract required it, and when the show flopped, I was promptly released. He had no further use for me.

Six months later I was walking the streets, and Kessel was filling another unsuspecting little chorus girl with lies about her future.

Finally I got a position as an entertainer in Silver's Café, for my experience with Lessek had taught me that I was nothing more than a third-rater, at best. He had left me with no illusions about myself.

THAT was twelve years ago. I am still an entertainer at Silver's Café. My auburn curls have lost some of their lustre, my face requires more make-up than it used to, and the habitués of the place refer to me affectionately as "big Mabel." Much singing above the din of a tin-pan orchestra has made my voice harsh, but I can still do "mammy" songs, and give a fair imitation of Nora Bayes. Moe Silver says I'm a good drawing-card because I look "wholesome"—which is a polite way of saying that I'm overweight. Moe gets polite whenever the pay-checks are late.

Perhaps it's the result of singing these sentimental songs that they sandwich in between the jazz numbers at Silver's, perhaps it's just a sign I'm growing old—but for some reason I think of Arthur Jennifer more and more as time goes on.

He never replied to my final letter breaking our engagement. At first I was glad that he didn't. Then I rather hoped that he would. Finally I gave up hoping altogether, and tried to forget him. But it was no use. The truth is that I love Arthur Jennifer. I always will love him, and I was a fool not to realize it when he loved me. His was the only decent, honest affection that was ever offered to me, and I threw it away.

Still, the way things have turned out, it may have been all for the best. He is now an internationally famous portrait

painter, while the only fame I ever acquired was when I was named as co-respondent in the notorious Larkin divorce case. I probably wouldn't have been much help to him in his work—but yet I'd like to have had a chance to try!

Every time I'd see his name in the papers, which wasn't often, I'd think of what might have been, of what I'd lost by choosing a "career" instead of marriage. And I used to wonder whether my prophecy for him had come true. Had he married a "nice conventional little hausfrau" and lived happily ever after, as I had predicted?

IT WASN'T until last summer that I had a chance to find out. I happened to come across the following paragraph on the society page of a New York paper:

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jennifer of Provincetown, Mass., who have been the guests of Mrs. Rebecca Van Heusen of—Park Avenue for the past week, left yesterday for Jervis Lodge in the White Mountains where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

The rest of the item dealt with Arthur's recent achievements in the field of art, but what caught me between the eyes was that "Mrs." in the first line. It indicated that at least part of my prophecy had been fulfilled. Arthur had married someone. It was a relief to know that he wasn't eating out his heart for me. He had evidently found consolation elsewhere.

Naturally I was curious to know what Mrs. Arthur Jennifer was like, this woman who was in a sense my successor, and who bore the name that I might have borne. Was she sympathetic? Did she understand him as I once understood him? Was he happy with her? These questions and others buzzed in my brain, demanding answers that I could not give.

Because I still loved Arthur Jennifer, I hoped that he was happy; and because he had once loved me, I dared to hope that perhaps he was not happy.

Fagged out by these conflicting emotions, I finally decided upon a definite course of action: I would go to Jervis Lodge for a few days myself. I would see Mrs. Arthur Jennifer—and Arthur. I knew that I could tell by the expression of his face and the sound of his voice whether he had found contentment or whether he still yearned for me.

It occurred to me that perhaps he might cherish resentment toward me for the shabby way in which I had treated him thirteen years before. But even with the possibility of being publicly snubbed by the man I loved best, I determined to risk it. My curiosity would be satisfied, at least, and I would know where I stood.

Business at Silver's Café is light in the summer, and when I suggested to Moe Silver that I take a week's vacation without pay, he assented with alacrity. The next train carried me to Jervis.

THE town of Jervis consists of nothing except a railroad station and the Lodge—a huge, rambling mountain resort in which the idle rich rough it at ten dollars a day. There are fireplaces as big as my bedroom in the Bronx, so that the boys and girls can throw away their cigarettes without aiming. There are billiard rooms, swimming pools, squash courts, golf links, ballrooms, grill rooms, butlers, porters, and saxophone sextettes. It's all as Ritzy as you please, but every time you look out of a window you glimpse a bit of scenery that makes you feel as if you were alone on the top of the world.

[Continued on page 84]

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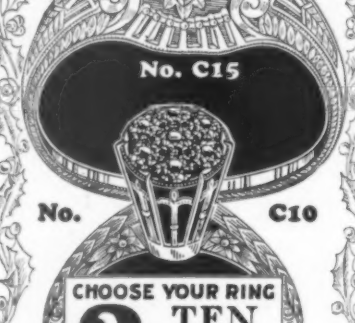


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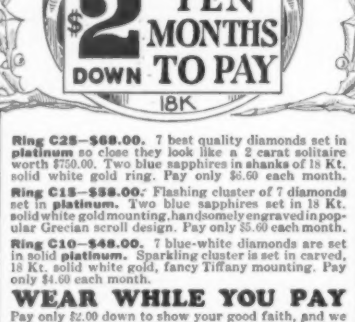
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Your eyes go across those green hills, further and further, until they get lost and you forget that you're sitting in a hotel lobby.

I was at the Lodge two days before I found what I was looking for. Of course, I knew the Jennifers were there; the desk clerk had told me that. But I wanted to see them before they saw me, if possible, so that I'd have an idea what to expect in an actual encounter. If Mrs. Jennifer looked like one of these chilly Boston blue-bloods who dissect you at a glance, I didn't want to meet her at all. And Arthur's attitude toward me was even more of an unknown quantity.

ON THE afternoon of my second day, I was taking a siesta in a secluded corner of the huge veranda, when my attention was drawn to a couple seated in a hammock nearby—an elderly man and a young woman. I recognized the man as a type usually found at resorts such as Jervis Lodge. He was gray-haired, red-jowled, sleek and prosperous-looking.

The woman at his side was young enough to have been his daughter, but I knew from their actions that this was not the case. He had his arm about her and was endeavoring to force a kiss upon her, while she gently but firmly pushed him away.

I would have thought that they were merely honeymooners engaged in a playful little wrangle, but for the words which drifted to my ears.

"No, no, Tony," I heard her say. "You mustn't do that!"

"But I love you," he pleaded, "and you love me, don't you? Of course you do. Say you do, dearest!"

"I—I don't know," she murmured.

"Well, give yourself a chance to find out," he argued, pulling her over against him roughly.

"Oh, Tony, please," I heard her sob, but Tony finally won out. The last I saw of them, she was crying on his shoulder and he was lissing her at the rate of about six per minute.

The significance of this little drama in the hammock didn't dawn upon me until late that evening. I dined alone in the grill room, and after dinner I strolled over to the casino, a building apart from the Lodge where the frivolous ones could dance all night long without disturbing the tired golfers. It was like a roof garden except that it was on top of a mountain instead of on top of a skyscraper. There were little tables scattered about the edge of the dance floor, and liveried waiters skidding through the shrubbery with drinks. Lights were low and prices were high.

Having no one to push me over the parquetry, I sat down at an unoccupied table where I could watch what was going on and yet not be conspicuous.

I began to wonder if perhaps Arthur Jennifer had seen me and was purposely avoiding me. Still, Arthur or no Arthur, I was glad that I had come. It was pleasant to sit where I could look up at the cool, distant stars, and hear the throbbing of the hidden orchestra, the whisper of a hundred sliding feet, the laughter of idle, carefree people.

A light touch upon my arm awakened me from my reverie, and looking up, I beheld Arthur Jennifer standing beside my chair! I knew him at a glance. His thick, dark hair was gray at the temples, the lines of his face were sharper, but otherwise he was the same Arthur Jennifer who had waved farewell to me from a steamer bound for Havre thirteen years ago.

"May I share your table?" He spoke

as casually as if we had met only the day before.

My hand trembled, and I gripped the edge of the table. Then, recovering my composure, I managed to say, "Please do, Arthur."

It was a relief to know that he was not actively hostile toward me, and breathlessly I waited for him to speak further.

"I saw you just as you were coming out of the grill room this evening," he continued, "but before I could reach you, you had disappeared. Tell me, this is Mabel Marony, isn't it?"

"Heavens! Have I aged so?" I demanded, laughing.

"Well," he replied apologetically, "thirteen years are—thirteen years."

"So you have counted the years, Arthur?" I asked gently. That implied so much; convicts count years. A spark of hope kindled within me, hope that perhaps he still wanted me.

"Why not?" he argued. "Of course I counted the years, Mabel. The letter from you marked the turning-point in my life. Let me tell you what happened. When I first received it, I was plunged into the depths of despair; I almost committed suicide. The injustice of it rankled within me. Through the long hours of the night I brooded over your unfaithfulness. I became bitter; I hated you. And finally, in a sort of inspired fury, I turned to my art. I was determined to forget you, and I worked as I had never worked before."

"Have you——" I hesitated "——did you succeed?"

Arthur shrugged. "Well, I captured the Grand Prix at Paris last year."

"Oh, I know that, but did you succeed in forgetting?"

HE GAZED at me intently, and a quizzical smile played about the corners of his mouth. "My broken heart mended itself, if that's what you mean," he said at length. "Of course I thought about you, Mabel. During the last few years I've thought about you frequently—and with gratitude."

"Gratitude?" I echoed, puzzled.

"Yes," he nodded, and leaned closer to me. "It was not until I met Phyllis that I realized how right you were, Mabel. You and I never would have hit it off together permanently. I don't know whether you were acting upon a whim of the moment when you wrote that letter, or whether you really foresaw the turn our destinies would take, but whichever it was, you did the right thing. When I think of the tears I shed over you, and the curses I hurled at the fate which had taken you from me, I am ashamed. It just goes to show that a man doesn't know his own mind until he gets a good hard jolt."

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[Continued on page 86]

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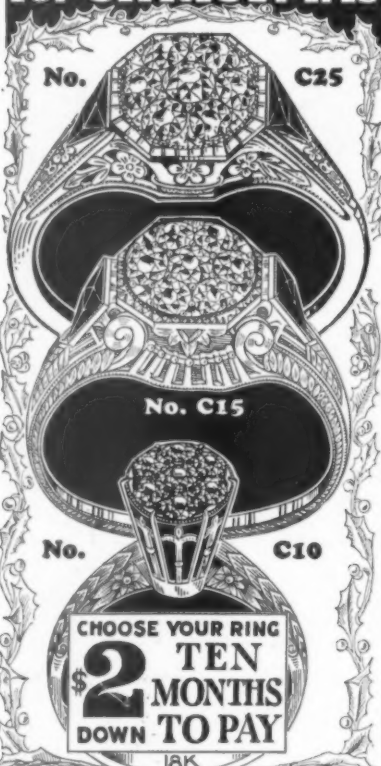
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[Continued from page 82]

Your eyes go across those green hills, further and further, until they get lost and you forget that you're sitting in a hotel lobby.

I was at the Lodge two days before I found what I was looking for. Of course, I knew the Jennifers were there; the desk clerk had told me that. But I wanted to see them before they saw me, if possible, so that I'd have an idea what to expect in an actual encounter. If Mrs. Jennifer looked like one of these chilly Boston blue-bloods who dissect you at a glance, I didn't want to meet her at all. And Arthur's attitude toward me was even more of an unknown quantity.

ON THE afternoon of my second day, I was taking a siesta in a secluded corner of the huge veranda, when my attention was drawn to a couple seated in a hammock nearby—an elderly man and a young woman. I recognized the man as a type usually found at resorts such as Jervis Lodge. He was gray-haired, red-jowled, sleek and prosperous-looking.

The woman at his side was young enough to have been his daughter, but I knew from their actions that this was not the case. He had his arm about her and was endeavoring to force a kiss upon her, while she gently but firmly pushed him away.

I would have thought that they were merely honeymooners engaged in a playful little wrangle, but for the words which drifted to my ears.

"No, no, Tony," I heard her say. "You mustn't do that!"

"But I love you," he pleaded, "and you love me, don't you? Of course you do. Say you do, dearest!"

"I—I don't know," she murmured.

"Well, give yourself a chance to find out," he argued, pulling her over against him roughly.

"Oh, Tony, please," I heard her sob, but Tony finally won out. The last I saw of them, she was crying on his shoulder and he was lissing her at the rate of about six per minute.

The significance of this little drama in the hammock didn't dawn upon me until late that evening. I dined alone in the grill room, and after dinner I strolled over to the casino, a building apart from the Lodge where the frivolous ones could dance all night long without disturbing the tired golfers. It was like a roof garden except that it was on top of a mountain instead of on top of a skyscraper. There were little tables scattered about the edge of the dance floor, and liveried waiters skidding through the shrubbery with drinks. Lights were low and prices were high.

Having no one to push me over the parquet, I sat down at an unoccupied table where I could watch what was going on and yet not be conspicuous.

I began to wonder if perhaps Arthur Jennifer had seen me and was purposely avoiding me. Still, Arthur or no Arthur, I was glad that I had come. It was pleasant to sit where I could look up at the cool, distant stars, and hear the throbbing of the hidden orchestra, the whisper of a hundred sliding feet, the laughter of idle, carefree people.

A light touch upon my arm awakened me from my reverie, and looking up, I beheld Arthur Jennifer standing beside my chair! I knew him at a glance. His thick, dark hair was gray at the temples, the lines of his face were sharper, but otherwise he was the same Arthur Jennifer who had waved farewell to me from a steamer bound for Havre thirteen years ago.

"May I share your table?" He spoke

as casually as if we had met only the day before.

My hand trembled, and I gripped the edge of the table. Then, recovering my composure, I managed to say, "Please do, Arthur."

It was a relief to know that he was not actively hostile toward me, and breathlessly I waited for him to speak further.

"I saw you just as you were coming out of the grill room this evening," he continued, "but before I could reach you, you had disappeared. Tell me, this is Mabel Marony, isn't it?"

"Heavens! Have I aged so?" I demanded, laughing.

"Well," he replied apologetically, "thirteen years are—thirteen years."

"So you have counted the years, Arthur?" I asked gently. That implied so much; convicts count years. A spark of hope kindled within me, hope that perhaps he still wanted me.

"Why not?" he argued. "Of course I counted the years, Mabel. The letter from you marked the turning-point in my life. Let me tell you what happened. When I first received it, I was plunged into the depths of despair; I almost committed suicide. The injustice of it rankled within me. Through the long hours of the night I brooded over your unfaithfulness. I became bitter; I hated you. And finally, in a sort of inspired fury, I turned to my art. I was determined to forget you, and I worked as I had never worked before."

"Have you——" I hesitated "——did you succeed?"

Arthur shrugged. "Well, I captured the Grand Prix at Paris last year."

"Oh, I know that, but did you succeed in forgetting?"

HE GAZED at me intently, and a quizzical smile played about the corners of his mouth. "My broken heart mended itself, if that's what you mean," he said at length. "Of course I thought about you, Mabel. During the last few years I've thought about you frequently—and with gratitude."

"Gratitude?" I echoed, puzzled.

"Yes," he nodded, and leaned closer to me. "It was not until I met Phyllis that I realized how right you were, Mabel. You and I never would have hit it off together permanently. I don't know whether you were acting upon a whim of the moment when you wrote that letter, or whether you really foresaw the turn our destinies would take, but whichever it was, you did the right thing. When I think of the tears I shed over you, and the curses I hurled at the fate which had taken you from me, I am ashamed. It just goes to show that a man doesn't know his own mind until he gets a good hard jolt."

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[Continued from page 84]

wonderful that I feel as if everybody must know her. We've been married for three years, and I'm just as fond of her now as I was in our honeymoon days. I want you to meet her."

HE HESITATED, and I knew that his eye was taking in my hennaed hair, my brilliant clothes, and my flashing jewelry—stigmas of the shady side of Broadway. Beneath my rouge and powder, I blushed.

"I want you to meet her, Mabel," he repeated with an effort, "but at the same time there are certain things that I would rather she didn't know. You probably realize that since the Larkin divorce case the name 'Mabel Marony' has a significance that is—well, not exactly creditable."

"Arthur," I interrupted passionately, "those were newspaper lies! Mrs. Larkin wanted to buy a divorce, and she used me as—as collateral. I didn't have money enough to hire a lawyer who was as crooked as hers, so I was the goat. I don't care what other people think of me, but I do care what you think of me, Arthur, and before God I swear I never was anything to Jim Larkin. Please, oh, please believe me!"

"Yes, yes," he said soothingly. "But even so, I think it will be better if we don't say anything about the past to Phyllis. In fact, if you don't mind, Mabel, I'll introduce you to her as Miss—Miss Mabel Smith, let's say. That will explain everything and disclose nothing. You understand how I feel about this, don't you, Mabel?"

His words had stung me like a whip. "Oh, yes," I agreed listlessly, "suit yourself."

For a moment I was tempted to run away and take the next train back to New York without ever encountering the wonderful Mrs. Jennifer. But before I could think of a plausible excuse for breaking away, Arthur rose to his feet and stepped forward to meet a couple who were just strolling away from the dance.

INSTANTLY I recognized them as the loving couple I had seen in the hammock that afternoon. To my amazement, the young woman was introduced to me as Mrs. Jennifer. She was scarcely more than a girl. She gave me a cool, slim hand, and gazed down at me with innocent eyes as blue as the summer sky.

"And this is Mr. Varian, Miss Smith—Mr. Tony Varian," continued Arthur, indicating the stout, gray-haired man who had won the battle in the hammock only a few hours before. "We met Mr. Varian while we were visiting the Van Heusens in New York last month, and when we got up here at Jervis Lodge, we ran onto him again. Quite a coincidence, and a lucky one for me because Mr. Varian keeps Phyllis amused while I'm off daubing canvases."

"I see. You were painting today?" I hazarded.

"Sketching up on Tucker Peak all afternoon," replied Arthur. "I didn't get home till after sundown."

"I'm afraid Mr. Varian's getting awfully tired of having to drag me around all the time," laughed Phyllis.

"I should say I am!" Varian chuckled. "But that's one of the penalties for being a bachelor." He and Phyllis exchanged a meaning glance, and her color deepened.

Arthur reached out, taking her hand in his. "I'll relieve you of your responsibility for a while," he smiled, turning to Varian. "Phyllis, may I have the next dance?"

As the Jennifers slipped into the weav-

ing throng of dancers, Varian gazed after them hungrily. His eyes were all for Phyllis, and followed her at every turn. To a casual observer he would have appeared to be the jealous husband, and Arthur the interloper.

"They dance well together," I remarked, merely to make conversation.

"Hmph!" snorted Varian. "I wouldn't call Jennifer any Ted Shawn. Too tall. Phyllis dances better with someone nearer her own size."

I assumed that he was referring to himself, for he was short and stocky. His double chin rested flabbily on the points of his collar, and horizontal creases extended from every button on his vest. He was evidently a man who was devoted to good living. I shivered as I saw his eyes following Phyllis. Somehow it all reminded me of Louie Lessek and the girl I used to be.

Conscious of my scrutiny, Varian turned his attention upon me, as one who hits back in self-defense. His stare was prolonged and intense.

AH," he said finally, his eyes narrowing, "I place you now. Bib Mabel—Silver's Café. I thought that 'Miss Smith' didn't quite fit you. What are you doing in a respectable dump like this?"

I saw that it was no use trying to bluff him about my identity. "None of your business," I replied.

"All right," he agreed cheerfully. "If these hotels started making morality tests, I guess we'd all be kicked out. But listen, what I'd like to know is how you happen to know Arthur Jennifer. I thought he was about as straight-laced as they make 'em, and yet he had the nerve to say that you were an old friend of his, right before his wife, too."

"Well, we are old friends," I asserted defiantly.

"Oh, I don't doubt it," Varian deprecated. "I noticed, however, that jolly old Jennifer was quite careful not to use your real name. That shows he's hiding something or other."

"If he's hiding anything, it's my shame, not his," I retorted.

Varian grinned. "You couldn't tell that to Phyllis and get away with it."

"I don't intend to tell her anything."

"No?" Varian lighted a cigar and exhaled a gusty cloud of smoke. "Well, I do."

I felt like a person who, coasting downhill, suddenly finds that his brakes won't hold. "But why," I demanded, "why drag up the past? Even if there was something to tell, which there isn't, telling it wouldn't make anyone any happier now. I might only make trouble between Arthur and his wife."

"Trouble," remarked Varian softly, "is often a useful commodity."

I frowned. "That sounds like a nifty,"

I demanded, "but I don't get it."

"Good! The less intelligence, the more emotion; the more emotion, the better the effect. How long have you known Jennifer?"

His manner puzzled me. "Look here, Mr. Varian," I said, "whatever there was between Arthur Jennifer and myself is our own affair. I see no reason why I should be cross-questioned by you. What's your game?"

HE GLANCED over his shoulder at the Jennifers who were dancing in a far corner of the casino, and then leaned closer to me. "Just this," he confided. "I know you're still soft on Jennifer. I can tell it by the way you look at him."

[Continued on page 88]



"But Your Highness doesn't even know who I am."
 "Too true," sighed the Prince;
 "I only know I have foundered
 in the waves of your hair!"



Jacqueline Harwood

---that night she danced with the Prince

The Most Thrilling Moment of my Life by Jacqueline Harwood

When I first got to Paris, some months ago, I was the most excited girl you ever saw. How eagerly I anticipated the many delights of this capital of youth and gaiety—the hundreds of interesting places to visit; the inspiring monuments and marvelous cathedrals; the fascinating shops, lovely mannequins, the races, the wonderful art galleries—to say nothing of the myriad receptions, balls and other court affairs to which I had *entree* through my friends among the inner circle of the American colony!

During the next few weeks my life was one lovely dream, but there was one great disappointment in store for me. Frankly, I didn't seem to meet with my usual success at these social affairs.

Naturally I was mortified when I realized this, and I set about to find the reason. Finally in desperation I begged my trusted friend, May Norton, to tell me what was wrong.

At first she hesitated. Then when she realized I was in earnest she tried to help me.

"What feature do you think is most important to a girl's beauty, Jacqueline?" she began tactfully.

"I'm not sure if I know," I replied.

"Well, if you'll notice you'll see that all the real popular girls here have very thick hair and keep it beautifully marcelled. The men of France are very critical about a woman's hair, and—"

She didn't need to finish her sentence. That was where the trouble lay — my tousled, scraggly hair! How unattractive it looked that moment, as I turned a troubled glance into the mirror!

May tells her secret

"But what can I do," I asked anxiously. "I have had marcelled galore. My hair looks fine for a while, but soon it's straight and scraggly again."

"That's just the trouble," May replied, "you've been having it marcelled too much. It has taken all the life out of your hair. You know, every operator does it differently and puts the waves in a different place. That's what makes your hair so unruly."

May hesitated a moment and then walked over to her dresser. Opening the lower drawer, she pulled out a queer little elastic contraption and a bottle of liquid.

"I used to have the same trouble you're having," she continued, "until I learned about this curling cap. I

got it just before I left home—and since then I've never had any more trouble with my hair."

It took but a moment for her to explain how this simple curling device worked; how it put in the waves without applying heat and, by always getting them in exactly the same place, *trained* the hair to stay marcelled.

In a second May had a towel about my shoulders and was giving me an actual demonstration of her new discovery. I could hardly wait the fifteen minutes it took for the curling fluid to dry. Finally when May removed the cap and told me to look in the mirror, what a delightful surprise it was! Instead of the unruly, scraggly locks I was accustomed to seeing, there was the loveliest marcel I had ever had!

On with the dance!

The next night was to be held *la Grande Bal Masque*, which it was rumored Prince Dimitri was to attend in cognito. Before dressing that evening, May let me try her curling cap again. This time my marcel was even more beautiful, so I went to the ball with pulse beating fast and hope running high.

About midway of the evening I noticed a pair of burning eyes focused on me. They belonged to a tall, graceful young man whose handsome face was only partly hidden by a tiny mask. His regal bearing told me here was the Prince.

The rest seems like a dream to me.

I remember being held in the strongest arms I've ever felt. I remember floating through the most beautiful waltz I've ever heard. I remember a stroll through the conservatory, where a melodious voice murmured "sweet nothings" in my ear. I remember many other dances with the fascinating Prince — and hundreds of envious eyes that followed every step.

I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. It was my night. Yes—thanks to May Norton and an ingenious American inventor—that was my night!

You may be sure I was never a "wall flower" after that. Immediately I ordered a curling outfit for myself, and as



To put on the Curling Cap, simply extend the elastic head-band with the hands and bring it over the hair. Then with the fingers or an orange stick, you puff out the hair in little "waves" and let them dry in this position

(Patents pending)



After you have adjusted the Curling Cap you can read or finish dressing while the Curling Liquid is drying. It takes only 15 minutes—and then you will have the loveliest marcel you've ever saw!

I continued to use the remarkable Curling Liquid and Curling Cap my hair constantly became thicker, glossier and more wavy. I felt it would be no more than fair for me to write the inventor about my wonderful experience and thank him for what he had done for me. I felt that I would be doing a fine thing, too, for thousands of other girls who have the same trouble with their hair that I had. To them I cannot recommend this Curling Cap and Liquid too highly.

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Thousands of girls and women will have Miss Harwood to thank for this opportunity, for at her suggestion, we are going to give them a chance to convince themselves of the remarkable results they can get with McGowan's Curling Cap and Curling Liquid, without risking a cent. Ninety-eight women out of a hundred who try this Curling Cap are most enthusiastic about it and can't say enough in its favor. They are the best advertisements we could have, so naturally we are anxious to get the McGowan Curling Outfit into their hands as quickly as possible.

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And I think Phyllis suspects it, too, although she doesn't know who you are—yet. I believe that with very little effort you could provide Phyllis with grounds for divorce."

"But why?"

"So that she can marry me. Listen, I'm crazy about that little girl, and when I want a thing, I generally get it. It's a crime for Phyllis to be tied up to an old stick-in-the-mud like Jennifer. Why, she never really enjoyed life till she met me. I've got her almost persuaded to leave him; if he had an affair with you now, it would turn the trick."

I hesitated.

"There's a thousand dollars in it for you if you manage it," he urged. "A thousand dollars—beside getting the man you want."

At that moment the Jennifers passed near our table, drifting to the strains of a Viennese waltz. The light of pure happiness shone in Arthur's eyes as he gazed down at Phyllis. I hadn't the heart to spoil that picture. "I won't do it," I declared finally.

"You're a fool," snapped Varian. "I'm going to get Phyllis Jennifer, and if you won't help me I'll go it alone, but I'm going to get her, understand? And the first thing I'll do is to tell her who you are—and what you are. If I know Phyllis, that will be enough to make her break with Jennifer. I'll tell her tonight."

Like a flash I realized that I was about to become the rock upon which the frail domestic craft of the Jennifers might be hopelessly wrecked—I, who desired the happiness of Arthur Jennifer more than anything else in the world.

"Wait!" I cried. "Surely there is a better way for you to accomplish your purpose."

"Ah," exclaimed Varian triumphantly, "so you've decided to help me, after all!" I was desperate. "Yes, I'll help you."

I lied. "I've got a scheme that beats filling her with second-hand gossip. You know the old saying that 'actions speak louder than words'? Well, we'll give her the proof before her very eyes."

"But how will you do it?" Varian's voice was hoarse with eagerness.

"I'll . . . hush, here they come!"

The orchestra had stopped, and the Jennifers were returning to our table. "Come to my room—room 304—at midnight tonight," I whispered, "and I'll explain it all to you."

"Right," murmured Varian.

It was my intention merely to have a frank talk with him and attempt to dissuade him from his designs upon Phyllis Jennifer. But after she and Arthur rejoined us and sea-ed themselves at the table, another plan occurred to me.

AT ELEVEN o'clock Mr. Varian, with a feigned yawn and an almost imperceptible wink at me, announced his intention of going to bed. When he had left us, I said to Phyllis, "Mrs. Jennifer, I have something up in my room which I know will interest you."

Phyllis looked at me suspiciously. "What is it?" she asked.

"Oh, that's a secret," I returned, "but if you'll come up with me now, I'll show it to you."

I relied upon that universal feminine failing, curiosity, to win my point. Phyllis hesitated, and looked questioningly at Arthur. I decided to throw out another hint. "It's a sort of charm."

"A charm for what?" she asked.

"A charm for keeping love alive between husband and wife," I ventured.

"I say," laughed Arthur, "that sounds interesting. Can I have a look at it, too?"

[Continued from page 86]

"No, indeed," I retorted. "Perhaps you may see it later, but not now. Are you coming, Mrs. Jennifer?"

Phyllis rose, smiling. "It's silly, I know," she confessed, "but you have aroused my curiosity so much that I'm afraid I shan't be able to sleep tonight unless I find out what that charm is, Miss Smith."

"All right," threatened Arthur ruefully, "but if you're not back here in half an hour, you'll find me asleep."

IT WAS quarter to twelve when Phyllis and I reached my room. I switched on the light and drew from a bureau drawer the little silver locket which Arthur Jennifer had given me long ago.

"This is the charm," I said as I handed it to her. "I thought perhaps you might be interested."

She flicked the cover open and leaned toward the light. "Why!" she exclaimed, "that's a picture of Arthur. How did you ever happen to get it?"

"Oh," I said with affected carelessness, "he gave it to me once. He used to be kind of fond of me when I was a youngster. I thought that possibly you'd like to have it now—to keep."

Sacrificing one's dearest possession is not an easy thing to do, and yet I was disappointed when Phyllis shook her head and handed the locket back to me. "Thank you," she said briefly, "but—I'd rather not."

"But you're entitled to it," I argued, "and you really ought to have something to remember him by."

"To remember him by?" she echoed wonderingly.

"Yes, after you decide to leave him."

"Oh!" Phyllis bit her lip. "So you know?"

"Only what I saw yesterday afternoon and what I heard tonight, but that's enough," I assured her. "Someday when you don't have Arthur anymore, you may be glad you have the locket. Tell me," I continued, placing my hands on her shoulders and looking her full in the eye, "do you love Tony Varian very, very much?"

Phyllis dropped her eyes. "I—I think so," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Then keep the locket, by all means," I declared. "You'll need it more than I ever will."

As I was speaking, a gentle rap sounded on the door.

"What's that?" whispered Phyllis, startled.

"I don't know," I answered, "but as a favor to me, please slip into the bathroom and wait, Mrs. Jennifer. It might be someone you wouldn't care to meet."

Swiftly she obeyed me, and I noticed with satisfaction that she took the locket with her.

MY VISITOR was Tony Varian. Punctual to the minute. He greeted me affably when I opened the door, and as he spoke, I thought I heard a stifled gasp behind the bathroom door.

"Sit down, Tony, and make yourself at home," I said familiarly.

"Thanks, Mabel." He seated himself on the lounge and watched me intently as I rummaged in my suitcase. "What have you got there?"

I produced a square black bottle, salvaged from the very private stock of Moe Silver. "Thought you might like a little refreshment," I explained.

"You sure are a thoughtful old girl," exclaimed Varian, patting me on the shoulder. "I was dying for a real drink."

"Help yourself, Tony. The place is [Continued on page 90]

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[Continued from page 88]

yours." I sat down close beside him and waited while he took a long drink.

When he came up for air, he turned his fishy eyes upon me with an ingratiating leer, and nudged me with his elbow. "What's the proposition you were talking about tonight, Mabel? You said you had it all figured out."

"Well, it's like this, Tony," I began. "If you want to get the dope on Arthur Jennifer so that Phyllis can divorce him, you'll have to frame him, that's all. Arthur Jennifer is as straight as a string. There never was anything between him and me except a boy-and-girl love affair, and I doubt whether he ever more than looked at another woman until he met Phyllis. There aren't any scandals in his past life that you can drag into court, and there won't be any in his present life unless we get busy and manufacture some, for you can see with half an eye that he's dead stuck on Phyllis."

"But she likes me better than she likes him," interrupted Varian boastfully.

"That kind of argument wouldn't go far in a divorce court, though," I reminded him. "You've got to dig up some real evidence—and when I say real, you understand I don't necessarily mean real."

"I get you," remarked Varian, winking ponderously. "In short, we'll frame him, and your picture will be in the frame."

"You're bright!" I laughed, slapping him on the knee. "You deserve another drink on that one."

VARIAN needed no urging, and the bottle was half empty before he turned to me and said, "Let's make all our plans right now, Mabel. I want to get Phyllis away from Jennifer before she changes her mind. What'll we do first?" "Well, I'll ask Arthur to come up here to my room," I explained, "and I'll sit down on the lounge beside him, just like we are now. I'll talk to him about old times, and get him to feeling sort of sentimental. While I'm talking I'll slip my arm around behind him—like this, see?—and get real close to him." I demonstrated upon Varian in my most seductive manner.

"That's the stuff!" he chuckled. "And then what?"

"Then, before he realizes what's happening, I'll put my other arm around his neck—and do this . . ."

I closed my eyes and pressed my lips against Varian's. Feigning a passionate intensity, I remained thus for a long, quivering minute. I felt his hands groping toward me, drawing me closer to him.

"Say!" he said breathlessly, "there's pep in the old girl yet. Do that again!"

Overcoming a shudder of repugnance, I kissed him again. If I do say so myself,

none of the movie vamps had anything on me in that scene; it was realistic acting, but to the last gasp it was nothing more than acting. Through it all, I was wondering about the girl behind the closed door of the bathroom. How much had she heard? What was she thinking?

As we were in the midst of our embrace, the door opened and Phyllis emerged.

Varian sprang away from me at the click of the latch. Rising unsteadily to his feet, he confronted Phyllis in dumb amazement.

She ignored him, and turned to me. Her eyes were reddened by weeping, but her voice was steady. "I don't know why you did all this," she said to me, "but I can guess. Believe me, Miss Smith, I'm grateful to you for showing me the sort of person Mr. Varian really is."

"You're welcome, my dear," I replied, as I arranged my disheveled hair, "and since you've seen me at my worst, I may as well tell you that my name isn't Smith. I'm Mabel Marony, and I'm a bad lot."

Phyllis took my hand. "I'm glad—glad—" she murmured softly.

The hall door slammed, and looking around, we found that Tony Varian had disappeared. "I'm afraid you've spoiled Tony's party," I remarked. "He's gone home mad."

"I never want to see him again!" she declared. "And here is your locket, Miss Marony. The—the charm worked."

"But don't you want to keep it?"

"To remember him by?" Phyllis laughed through her tears. "No, I shan't need it. It's a nice little picture, but," she finished proudly, "I have the man himself!"

"Then run along to him, and God bless you," I said, taking the locket. "I—I think I'm going to cry."

TO SAY that anybody "lived happily after" is a pretty broad statement to make in this troublesome old world, but I think it is safe to say that the Jennifers are finding more than their share of joy together now. Phyllis writes to me regularly—you see, we have our little secret—and her letters brighten my days and give me a glimpse of peaceful home life that forms a pleasant contrast to the riotous nights at Silver's Cafe.

Last month she invited me to visit them at their home in Provincetown. I longed to go, but I declined the invitation with thanks, for I realized that the world of the Jennifers and the world of Mabel Marony lie far, far apart.

The silver locket and the sketch of the twisted tree are now like trophies from a distant land, and I treasure them accordingly. But I know enough to stay where I belong.

I Meet My Rival

[Continued from page 20]

twenty-one. Maybe the daughter will be smart enough to hide her bad temper, but the mother won't take the trouble. That's why I said to all my sons, *'Watch the mother, boy, and you'll know what the daughter will be.'*

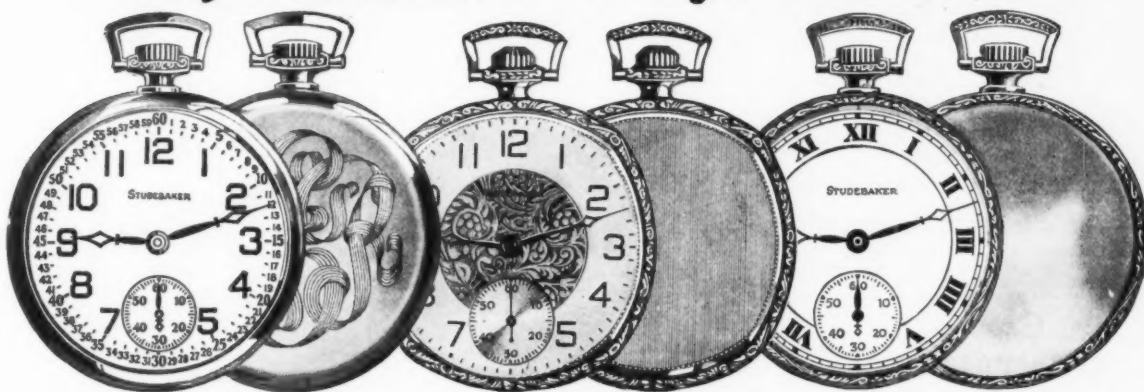
Now I had seen Mrs. Wetherby the day before and had formed my own conclusions. But wishing to verify my impression, I stopped dancing and went to the card room where Mrs. Wetherby made one of a four at bridge. She was short, just the height of her daughter, and had the compressed, anxious look of the small-boned woman of forty-five who wants to reduce but can't resist starches and sugar.

She was playing bridge with a soulful attention to rules that already had made her dreaded as a partner. Even if Billy had not told me the story about the check, I would have guessed at once that she was a ten-minute egg; and there was an uncanny resemblance between her and her daughter.

Perhaps you won't believe that a beautiful, lovely young girl can look like a fat, bad-tempered woman of nearly fifty. But I give you my word of honor that it was just as I have said. Helen looked like her mother; Mrs. Wetherby looked like Helen. There you have it, just as I had it. But by putting two and two together

[Continued on page 92]

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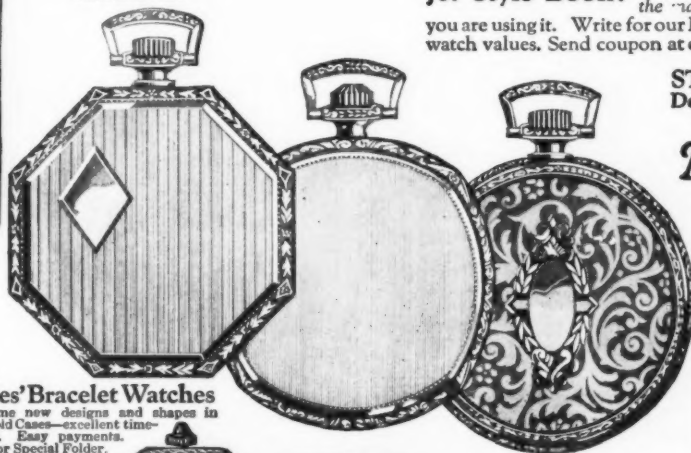
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[Continued from page 90]

I reached the conclusion that not only were they alike physically, but also they were alike temperamentally—with the accent on the temper, please.

I LEFT the card room and sought a breath of fresh air on the Club veranda. It was a clear night, sparkling with stars that winked back at me as I lifted my eyes heavenward. I thought of poor Aunt Vinegar Turnbull who had scared off every man who had been in love with her because she wouldn't take the trouble to hide the fact she had a temper. I wondered if her story wouldn't have been the same if she had tried to hide her temper, but had been surprised into showing herself in her true colors by some unforeseen accident.

Then I sighed, hopefully, just as a big car drew up before the Clubhouse with a crunching of dry gravel under balloon tires. I breathed quickly and glanced around to see if anyone was watching. Seeing no one, I tripped lightly down to the roadway, which was as dry as a board, and stepped from the roadway to a strip of sod beside the veranda.

I ducked under the screen of hydrangea bushes, and presently emerged wiping my wet fingers on my handkerchief.

The dance was over and couples already were thronging the veranda and arguing who should bring the cars around from the parking space at the rear. I waited on the bottom step until I saw Dave Reynolds and Helen Wetherby approaching.

"Billy Rodgers has gone for my car," I told Dave as he and Helen came to a step beside me. "Gee! but it's been one peach of a dance, hasn't it?"

"It has that!" Dave agreed with unabashed fervor.

I gave him a quick glance that filled me with sudden joy. He hadn't proposed yet, no doubt having waited until driving Helen home from the dance. I knew this for certain, for I had seen Dave hesitate on the spring-board at the Club swimming pool too many times to be mistaken. He had a way of shivering with his eyes as well as with his body, as though dreading the plunge into the icy water—yet, at the same time, longing to be in the swim.

His look, as he stood beside me on the Clubhouse step, was just the same as his diving look.

I turned from him to Helen. The little cat certainly knew how to dress—I've got to admit it, whether I want to or not—and apparently never wore the same dress twice running. She was simply clothes crazy, and no mistake, and tonight was wearing a straight little dress of soft white silk that showed off to full advantage the dazzling perfection of her neck and shoulders.

Helen returned my look with an insolent if veiled challenge. She as much as said: "You poor thing! I've got him, and I'm going to keep him! He's going to propose to me on the way home and I'm going to accept him!"

"What a lovely dress you have on tonight," I retorted sweetly, lifting my hand to my mouth to screen a delicate yawn as I finished speaking.

BILLY RODGERS caught the signal from the seat of my roadster twenty

yards up the road and promptly let in the clutch. The car rolled forward with gathering momentum, slithered over the dry gravel and struck with full force the puddle of muddy water that had been spreading unnoticed in front of the step on which we were standing. A dark brown curtain sprang fan-wise from under the tire and drenched Helen and myself from our necks to our toes.

I jumped back out of range, managing to grasp Dave's arm as though to keep from falling, shouting at the same instant, "Look out where you're driving, Billy," to the grinning Billy Rodgers.

But Helen Wetherby first gave one horrified glance at the ruin of her lovely dress and then went into action.

She let out a screech that must have been heard at the old toll house on the National Pike, two miles distant, and sprang on the running board of the roadster.

"You fool! You fool! Take that! And that! and that!" she shrieked, striking the astonished Billy square in the eye with each repetition of the word 'that'.

Dave shook free from my arm and grabbed her by the shoulders, meaning, no doubt, to soothe the little angel. But he reckoned without Helen's maternal inheritance. Diverted from Billy, she turned her attentions to Dave.

"Let me go!" she shrieked, slapping him right and left until the veranda resounded with the smack of palm against shaven cheek. "Let me go, I say!"

She frothed, actually frothed at the mouth, and Mrs. Wetherby, who had come running at the first screech, caught her roughly by the shoulders.

"Shut up! you little fool!" Mrs. Wetherby exclaimed, clapping a plump hand over her daughter's mouth. But Helen was out for blood and aimed a final kick at poor Dave. It caught him just where the belt buckle showed under his open coat and doubled him up, gasping.

This was my cue and I took it. I caught Dave's arm and supported him for the moment or two it took him to regain breath. Dave's face, when finally he caught my eye, was pitiful. He wore the shamed, shocked look of the modest man who has stumbled into a girl's dressing room by mistake.

"Here, let's get away from this crazy bunch, quick!" he gasped, beseechingly.

WHAT followed proved that Grandma Turnbull had the right dope from the start. Dave was looking for an angel—and I was angelic under trying circumstances. Therefore, Dave instinctively turned to me for consolation—and got it, after a not too lengthy interval. Helen Wetherby called him up next morning and tried to explain her behavior on the score of hysteria due to over-exertion at the dance, but Dave shielded off, just as poor Aunt Vinegar's lovers had shielded off.

The only fly in my ointment is Billy Rodgers. He insists on knowing who turned the faucet for watering the flower beds beside the Clubhouse steps. Billy says that the flowing hose made the puddle, and that the puddle made me into Mrs. Dave Reynolds before the month was over.

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My Buddy's Wife

[Continued from page 44]

of need. But gossips of the neighborhood construed it otherwise. And a scene so insulting and terrible took place between Mary and the old crone who kept the village store, that my pen falters in telling it here.

Mary came home that day with shattered nerves—and called at once for Doctor Summerfield.

The old doctor and I held a hasty consultation. The next day Mary and I were married.

The blaze in the open fireplace danced in faint blue and yellow flames up the wide chimney. Two great logs had fallen to red, glowing embers. Still Mary and I made no move to get up from our chairs on this the first night of our marriage. We remained in silence, staring vacantly at the glowing coals of wood. The clock on the mantelpiece said nine o'clock. What a strange situation for a man and woman newly wedded! Neither of us had not quite recovered from the haste and shock of it.

Outside the wind swirled the snow against the windowpanes, like countless white wraith figures. Several times Mary had shuddered involuntarily as she watched the snow beating against the panes. Now she was shuddering again. I got up from my chair and went over to her.

"Mary," I began, taking her limp hands in mine, "you proved yourself the bravest, sweetest girl in the world today. I—I can't tell you in words how wonderful you are. I won't try. Surely you understand that your every wish will always be mine?"

"Yes, Jimmy," she answered, slowly looking up at me, her sad wishfulness tempting me to tell her how much I loved her. But the temptation died before it grew too strong. I remembered who she was—Bill's sweetheart wife.

"I'm going now over to the barn."

"To the barn?" she repeated, perplexity in her voice.

"Yes, we both need rest. Tomorrow I have much harness mending to do."

THERE is no need, Jimmy, for you to go to the barn to sleep any more. Don't think I haven't realized the cold and discomfort you've put up with over there to stay by and help me," she said.

"It was nothing, Mary," I assured her hurriedly. Knowing in my heart that it would have been sweet to have suffered all the cold and privations in the world for her sake.

"Of course you would say that," she replied, patting my hands. "But I know different. I want you to stay here, Jimmy. You have the right now. You are my husband before the world—"

"Mary!" I cried, jerking my hands away quickly. "Stop. I am your husband only in name. Do not think I don't understand. I know what's in your heart. I've always known since I came. I've known just as surely as I know what's in my own," I said, coming as close as I dared to confessing my love.

"You are so good, Jimmy," was all she answered for the moment. As I towered above her, Mary got up from the chair, her eyes upraised to mine. "You just said my wishes would be yours. I want you to stay here in the house—there is poor mother Mullaney's room all ready and waiting for you," she ended.

I could only squeeze her hands and say: "Thank you, Mary. I'll use the room."

You go on to your own now. I'll wait behind and put out the fire and the lights."

"Good night, Jimmy," she murmured, moving away.

A month of snow, sleet and ice drifted bleakly by.

Life went on much the same at the farm for Mary and I. The gossips were appeased—and so had forgotten us.

March blustered its way into our lives, filling the air with false promises of spring now and then. Eagerly I waited for the time to come when I might work in the fields and come home tired out at night. It would be easier to sleep then, I thought, and drown my fruitless longing for Mary.

ONE night when the wind was high outside, I tossed in bed feverish and restless.

Finally I got up for a cigarette, thinking a smoke might quiet me.

For a long time I stood at my window smoking and studying the starlit night spaces beyond. How white the stars shined down! How blue was the sky overhead! My glance swept the fields thawing for the spring. Now the old barn was in my line of vision. I looked at it, remembering the cold nights spent there—remembering how I had watched Mary's light go out.

Suddenly I started forward, my free hand clutching at the windowsill. A tiny point of light was moving through the barn! For several moments I stood there irresolute. Undoubtedly some person was prowling in the barn. Would it be best to rush right down, or wait and see what happened? In my nervous restless mood, the first seemed the most expedient.

Pulling on a pair of trousers and shoes, I jumped into a coat. On the way past the bureau I hastily picked up my Army automatic.

Peering around the corner of the house I saw that the light in the barn had disappeared. There was a short stretch of starlit night between me and the barn. I dashed across this space and slid into the shadows, ready to use my gun and flashlight at a moment's notice.

The sound of Ned stamping about restlessly in his stall came to me. That was a sure sign of somebody being in the place. I waited tensely for steps to tell me where the intruder was. They came shortly—padded footfalls moving over the hay-covered floors with a soft neighing—a glad friendly sort of sound in the deep dark. Hoofs pranced excitedly against the floor.

A man's voice reached me like a whispered sound.

I flashed my light, revealing a man in army clothes about to pet an excited horse. Only for a second did the yellow shaft of light give me such a picture. The next moment it clattered to the floor and went out while I stood there in the dark trying to gain control of my voice, while all of my senses said that I had just looked upon the living dead!

"Bill—Bill—" I cried at last, my voice hardly above a whisper for all of its sudden hoarseness.

"Jimmy," came back the cry of a human voice I had thought stilled forever.

SOMEHOW we found each other in the shadows, and for long moments our arms remained around each other, proving our realness, something our hearing

seemed incapable of doing. At last I could contain myself no longer.

"For God's sake, Bill, tell me how—why—everything," I begged.

"There's very little to tell, Buddy. I was badly wounded shortly after leaving you. I lost my gas mask somewhere in No Man's Land. The gas put me out. A German patrol picked me up. I was shoved aboard one of the last trains that ever left the Metz section. God knows where they took us. Down to some d—n hell-hole where we were kept with no chance to communicate with the outside world until the Red Cross found us two months after the Armistice. I've been almost two months getting home—"

"Come on, Bill. You're tired and cold. You can tell me all in the house," I cut in.

But Bill Mullaney gripped my arm in a vise of steel and held me in my tracks.

"No, Jimmy, I'll finish here. Of course I found out I'd been reported killed in action. I thought it would be great to surprise the folks. Somehow they straightened up my back pay and the allotment money that never was sent the folks. I got it and took the train home. A strange feeling came over me when I got off at L— in the dark. Up until that time I'd kept to my surprise plan. But something told me I better ask about Ma—and Mary—before starting on the four-mile hike.

"The station agent didn't recognize me. I said I'd been Bill's friend over there. Course he told me 'bout poor Ma." Bill's voice was husky now and near to breaking, but he went on. "And he—said Mary an' you'd married—"

"Bill, for God's sake let me explain," I cried, cut to the quick by the break in his voice.

I'M GLAD it was you, Jimmy. She couldn't have got any better. I've got to finish, Buddy. Please let me," he demanded, hanging on to me. I made no further effort to interrupt and he went on, each word driving a new dagger in my heart, for I knew how he was suffering.

"I wanted to turn around and go away. But, Jimmy, I'd traveled so far and long to see her, till I just couldn't leave without one last look. I crept back here in the dark. I saw you having supper. I watched the lights go out."

"Jimmy! forgive me for what I'm saying," cause I'm goin' right back to the dead where I came from. But when I saw my goldenrod girl standing there in the parlor, I came near runnin' over and declarin' myself! Had it been any other man, Buddy, I'd done just such a thing. So I came into the barn here to get warm a minute or two before hiking off to the dead again," he ended, his last few words little more than stifled sobs.

"Bill Mullaney, I've got something to tell you now. And I want you to listen," I said, suddenly grasping his arms with all my might. I could feel him swaying back and forth—and trembling from head to foot as I told him about Mary and me—about our marriage, about her love for him that had never died.

"Boy, she's always looking off into spaces seeing you—wanting you harder than you ever wanted her in France. It'll be the happiest moment in her life when she sees you again, Bill. And please, Buddy, believe me, it'll be the happiest I ever hope to have when you're both in each others' arms again," I said, meaning every word. I had learned that to the man who loves with all his might there is happiness in the happiness of the woman loved.

"Mary's never stopped caring?" he asked, begging like all lovers for eternal reassurance.

"Never, Bill," I answered, leading him out of the darkness.

THAT night we slept together in my room, thinking it best not to shock the girl who slumbered nearby, unconscious of the great happiness Fate had brought home to her from the grim land of War. Once towards morning I awakened from a dream with a woman's name on my lips. Almost at the same moment, as if an echo, the name of Mary fell from Bill's sleeping lips.

Morning came, golden with its sunshine. Bill and I, awake, heard Mary stirring around downstairs. I went down first and found the table set for our breakfast. Mary was still busy when I called Bill softly, a great lump lodging in my throat. He came on tip-toes. I pointed to my place at the table and pushed him through the door towards it.

No, I did not turn my head away at once as she came in—as she swayed forward like a spray of September goldenrod gladly leaning to the sun. For a few throbbing seconds I stood my ground and saw Bill fold her in his great arms. Then I turned and stole away, trying to find my happiness in their big hour.

Later they found me in the barn, getting a few things parceled. Together they begged and pleaded for me to stay; to share things fifty-fifty. But that could not be.

"Our marriage can be annulled simply enough, Mary, for it will not stand now that Bill's come home," I said, holding out my hand for good-by. Mary kissed me time and time again. Bill followed me to the gate still pleading that I stay.

"No, Bill, I must be going. I want to get back to my work," I said, a strange smile on my lips. "No, you can't even drive me to L—. I want to hike it so I can think the more of you and Mary—and your happiness. Yes, I'll write you often, boy. Good-by, old buddy—"By, Mary," I called louder so that she might hear.

Not a word came from either of them. They stood silent, afraid to speak—smiling only, a strange sort of a smile I can't quite describe.

BILL MULLANEY'S come back from the dead," I told Doctor Summerfield an hour later. My news was like a bolt of lightning at first. But at last he understood all.

"And they are very, very happy?" he half-murmured.

"Very," I answered, looking away.

"And you, Jimmy?" he questioned, much like a kind father.

"Happy in their happiness," I managed to say.

"Of course I—I've guessed you cared—" "Of course. I—I thought you did, Doc. She—was the only woman. I'm not the kind to change, Doc. I guess I'll never see goldenrod without knowing I can't change here," I said, tapping my chest.

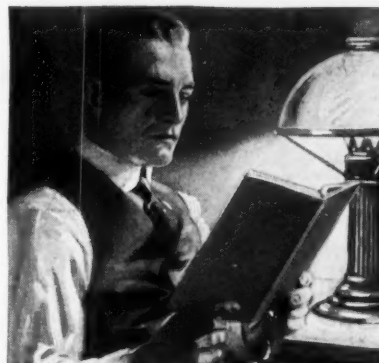
Silence fell between us. It was Doc who broke it, his hands now resting on my shoulders.

"I know what you mean, boy. I loved a girl once upon a time. That's why I'm here in this little place alone. There never was another, Jimmy. She was a Mary, too," he said, his voice faltering.

I gave him my hand, when the train's whistle blew two miles down the track.

Then I broke away, knowing that the trails ahead could never be too wide and long for me to forget that last minute with Doc. A minute of understanding between two men who'd loved without being loved, and who'd go on that way because in all of Life they'd never find any other Mary of their heart.

THE END.



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Mary and the Judge

[Continued from page 48]

herself away, the thrill of the marriage ceremony, the joy of the jolly supper afterwards when everyone sang and laughed and toasted her. A few relatives and friends had been bidden to the affair, and one and all had given Mary Pettes a royal welcome to the family.

Then, somehow, she and Chandler were alone in a quiet, silvery moonlight night—the Doodlebug, absurdly, happily, their world.

Mary North stood quite motionless, quite without sound, her gaze locked with Chandler's. The floor space between them was about twelve feet, but even in that locked glance, Mary's soul was aware of a rapidly widening distance between them—what was it? She couldn't stop to analyze it because she must, *must* make herself understand what Chandler was telling her.

Chandler was looking anxious and a bit sullen. He had approached this interview in a mood half cajolery and flippancy—the bridegroom's tender kiss, the young husband's jocularity.

WELL, Mary mine," he had begun when the kiss was well over, "can you stand a little shock? Nothing that *really* counts, darling, just something that will be a damned bother but will all come out in the wash."

And Mary, laughing, utterly reckless of fate, had flung herself down on the window-seat of her bedroom and invited him to tell her the worst. It was a bedroom in the North mansion where they had returned from a honeymoon of blissful weeks.

Mary sat looking at Chandler in a silence that was disturbed only by the faint boom of the great Pacific whose beating waves cast long reverberations across the dunes, over the garden wall, and up through the open casement at Mary's elbow.

"You mean," she whispered, "you mean that—you're married—you have been married to someone else? You still are?"

He crushed a fresh cigarette to ashes, scowled. His hand trembled as he struck another light.

"Not really, Mary. You don't understand, dear. Just in the eyes of the law, I didn't tell you about this other marriage because—oh, well, I thought it was out of my life, all in the past. It had made Mother awfully sore, she didn't like Eloise—and—what was the use?"

"Tell me once more, Chan. And please tell me slowly."

"Well, we got a divorce in Eureka County. I thought that was the end of that. And really, Mary, I hoped to God it was. That woman—I won't talk about her to you. She was the limit. And then today Weddington calls me up—he's our family lawyer and he was out of town when you and I were married, and knew nothing about it till his return yesterday—and he says the final decree hasn't been granted, and that makes our marriage illegal. And the trouble is, Eloise would like to get her knife into me, you know—I'm in danger of bigamy proceedings."

The sullen look in his eyes deepened, his mouth hardened. Then, after another shattering silence, "You could save me from that, Mary—if you cared enough for me."

"Tell me, please." She was a loving little thing and she saw her new world in danger. Somehow she forced back into the realms of the unspoken all the

doubts, the jealousy and sharp agonies that were knocking at her heart. "I—I'll give my life for you if you need it."

THE man looked up swiftly and at what he saw in those dark eyes his face lightened. He could even smile. With a stride he had crossed the floor space between them and with a passionate embrace that other distance seemed to melt away.

"Mary darling, I love you better than anything in life. And you can save me from anything that really matters. You see, you are under age, and you could ask to have our marriage annulled."

"Oh, Chandler, not that!"

"Silly goose, I mean only for a little while. Don't you see, if you will let me have old Weddington hurry things up quietly, we could have this marriage annulled and wait till my divorce becomes final. You know, till the California law is satisfied. And then, little one, we could just be married all over again. Like another honeymoon?"

"And that is all it would mean?"

"Absolutely."

"How long would it be?"

"Till when?"

"Till we could remarry? Be together again?"

"Why, as to that," he held her away from him and laughed down into those great dark eyes, "as to that, Mary dear, is it a mere marriage ceremony, just the words the minister says, that makes our love for each other real and sacred?"

She shook her head. No training back of those gray convent walls had fitted Mary for this moment in her life. All that mattered was that her new world was not shattering round her. Her god was uttering proclamations, she would follow them.

"Then, don't you see?" he went on, "We could slip away and spend the time we are waiting to get married at some of the places we didn't see on our first honeymoon."

"But, Chandler—"

"Oh, no 'but Chandler,'" he mimicked, and gaiety was returning to his voice, jauntiness to his manner. There was no resistance in her soul against him. It had been an easy victory.

THEY chose a mountain for the second honeymoon. High above the world it towered, its sides blanketed with snow, its piny sentinels bending under the rush of winds. There was a romantic inn, over which a laconic clerk and a Chinese cook presided. At this time of year the resort boasted but few guests. Except at week-ends, Chandler and Mary North—no, Mary Pettes now—had the exclusive use of the deeply cushioned couch before the enormous fireplace.

They had delightful evenings there, but in the daytime the splendid, glittering snow world called them outside. They were just two young things alone in a gorgeous, jolly old world.

Then, silently across the snows, disaster came stalking them. At first Mary didn't know it was disaster. She thought it was just a lovely, heavenly, incomparably beautiful crown to their happiness. She didn't know then how Chandler would feel.

It came to her one brilliant morning when the clouds had rolled away leaving a California sky of fleckless blue.

"Oh God," she whispered, her face pressed close to a tree trunk, "how can I thank You? I've never done anything

half good enough to have such riches, such a life—nothing, that is, but just love Chan. And now I'm going to have a baby. My own baby."

CHANDLER felt differently from Mary when she told him the great news. For the first time since he had known little Mary Pettes, he felt repulsed and angry. And Mary did the wrong thing when she saw he didn't like it. She cried. There are men who must hurt a woman if she cries. Chandler was one of them.

As his anger mounted he gave free rein to his feelings. Family? Responsibilities? Be tied down to a squalling nursery, to a situation that would always be intruding itself between him and what he wanted to do? He treated the matter with thoroughness. It was a pitiless scene, one from which Mary emerged a mature woman—and a defeated one.

Almost at once they left the mountain top, the place that had such a short time ago been Paradise; now it had turned queerly into a bleak, wind-torn solitude that offered neither solace nor shelter. They left for San Francisco, and Chandler's eyes were sullen, his mouth grim. In the stage, and later on the train, Mary sat far away from him, her eyes staring out into a future through which she did not know the way.

Followed weeks—or was it years? Mary never knew afterwards—in San Francisco. Fevered, wasted weeks. Most of them she passed in a sanatorium slowly recovering from medical care that had not achieved Chandler's hope. When he realized that Mary was to have the child, and that with all his money he could not buy off fate, he turned on Mary with finality.

"You needn't think I'll marry you again," he told her. "I don't want a family. Lord, no man would who is as young as I am and with so much fun left in the world!"

Wraith-like, Mary sat up in bed. Her face was the color of her white gown. Her black hair hanging down, framed it and made it seem whiter than driven snow. Her great black eyes burned wildly.

"Chandler, Chandler darling, please don't talk like that. Why, my baby's coming, Chan. You'll not leave it without a father? You'll have to marry me."

He turned and impatiently shook off her trembling, clinging hands and looked her straight in the eyes. It was a brutal, final look. Mary Pettes sat rigid as she read it there. Its meaning was unmistakable. She slid to her pillow in a faint.

AFTER that Mary and Chandler lived in worlds apart, enemies. As Mary gradually regained some mental poise, she was surprised to find herself apparently in Mrs. North's custody. Chandler had left her in the sanatorium and had taken his troubles where he always took them—to his mother.

His mother had listened with compressed lips, with a strange little glittering light in her eyes. Chandler's baby—her grandchild. Mrs. North's chin quivered ever so slightly, then squared for action.

"Leave it to me, dearest, won't you?" she asked him finally.

"I always do, don't I, Mater? But I won't remarry Mary, no matter what you say."

"I shan't make you if it would bring you unhappiness, dear. But—after all, the child belongs to our family. Just leave things to me." To herself she said, "I am going to have that child."

Happily Mary did not know this part of the story just then. She found comfort in Mrs. North, who surrounded her with every necessity, every possible

arrangement for her welfare and that of the coming child's.

It wasn't until after the baby was several weeks old that Mary came face to face with the passionate determination that was ruling Mrs. North.

Mary was up and dressed in a pretty pink negligée in her room in the sanatorium; her son was asleep in his bassinet at her side. Mary was feeling quite strong now, but years and years older than she had ever felt before. There was the most wonderful thrill over having her baby; already her tender, clinging heart was twining itself around that cuddlesome little form. But always, somehow, just beneath her new joy was a dull, throbbing ache. Would the old glad days ever come back and bring Chan with them?

Then entered Mrs. North, and without a glance toward the sleeping baby she drew a chair beside Mary's and began to speak.

MARY, we might as well talk now. You are strong enough to be up and about."

Mary nodded. She was watching Mrs. North carefully and a cold hand seemed to be clutching at her heart.

"I have spent a lot of money on you," Mrs. North's cold voice went on, "all that I can afford and more than I should have spent. The best thing for you to do is to go back to the convent. I can arrange it, I'm sure."

"The convent? But—Chandler? And the baby? Would they take the baby there?"

"Certainly not. But, Mary, don't you see that you cannot take care of the baby? It must have clothes and food, an education. Why, it costs a fortune to bring a child up properly, Mary. And you have nothing, you cannot even feed and clothe yourself. I am through supporting you. Can you understand what that means? You are helpless, my dear, quite helpless."

Mary, stricken, stared at her.

"I could—could—"

"Yes?" asked Mrs. North, and her tone dripped poison in its cold antagonism.

"You could do what?"

"But they might not let me take the baby to the convent!"

"They would not," Mrs. North snapped.

"I am going to take the baby."

The room whirled about in circles. Even the ceiling and floor seemed to meet with a convulsive crash in the tense silence that followed. Then suddenly, piercingly, mother-defiance leapt forth.

"So help me God, you're not!"

THE great Mrs. North started and stared. This was a new Mary. She had sprung from her chair and was standing above the other woman in a flaming passion. It was the same flame that had consumed Mrs. North's life, the passion of maternal possession. Mary's eyes blazed with strange fire. Mrs. North rose too.

"I will buy it from you, Mary. You can't support it, you know."

She paused to let this register, but Mary's resistance was born now and growing rapidly. There was no diminution of fire in her eyes or wrath in her bearing.

Mrs. North smiled coldly. "You may love your baby, Mary—you say you do. Surely you will not refuse to place its welfare and happiness before your own."

Another pause while the cruel, cold eyes probed the blazing ones. But the fire in Mary's eyes did not die. She could not speak because her heart was beating with a rage she feared might overwhelm her. At length came Mrs. North's voice again, gentle this time,



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almost caressing in its feline cruelty. "You see, you are not good enough to have the baby, Mary. A woman who would live with a man she wasn't married to—"

"O-oh!"

It wasn't exactly a sound that escaped from Mary's panting lips. It was just a long-drawn, shuddering sigh, yet with it seemed to slip the last tattered remnants of Mary's youth. Into her face came a look of rage and into her mind came the perception of profound truth. She had to try several times before she could command her breathing sufficiently to give utterance to it. At last she cried:

"If I was good enough to have my baby I am good enough to keep him!"

The two women stood eyeing each other, deadly antagonists.

The infant stirred in its bassinet. Mary caught it up, pressed it against her breast till it cried. Not even Mrs. North dared further defiance.

"Go!" Mary cried, pointing to the door.

Alone, she sobbed aloud.

"Oh God, truly, truly if I was good enough to have my baby I'm good enough to keep it. And I didn't mean to be bad. Why, God, it wasn't bad. Please give me back Chandler. And don't try to take my baby from me."

She tightened her grasp on the baby till its cry rang out sharply. A nurse rushing in saw Mary with face upturned, tears sliding down her cheeks, broken supplications on her lips. She was trying to find a new God, some other Deity than Chandler, but she couldn't find Him yet. When the nurse touched her gently on the arm, she screamed and would have dropped the baby, but for the other woman's quickness. And then Mary began to rave.

It was while she was still in a delirium that Mrs. North kindly took the baby away so that his crying should not disturb "poor Mary." Days later, returning to sanity, Mary found he was gone. For several hours she spoke no word, then, summoning the nurse, she said:

"Call a taxi and get me dressed. I am going to see a lawyer."

IT WAS thus that litigation began, and that Mary's path twisted toward the bench whereon Judge Bascombe administered law and justice.

Just two years later I met Mary. She had come to Los Angeles to file a hundred thousand dollar breach of promise suit against Chandler North, millionaire clubman of Santa Monica. The city editor told me about it as I was getting on my hat.

"Kelso tipped us off to it," he said. "He is her lawyer. And, you know, he's none too safe. Better be careful what you say. It's a pretty sensational yarn he told me, and the Norths are very prominent people in this part of the state."

I promised to take enough care to avoid a libel suit and dashed out, for it was late and there was barely time to catch the last edition.

I found Mary in a tiny hall-bedroom of a dubious hotel on Main Street. There was room only for a bed and one chair. A half-clothed child of remarkable beauty crawled about the room, while Mary and her roommate, a young woman who did a gymnastic turn at a cheap playhouse, were attempting a little light house-keeping.

My first impression was, "How beautiful she is, and how wistful. No brains at all, of course."

The girls invited me to sit down and cleared away a litter of things on the chair. They perched on the bed. It was then that I heard Mary's part of the story. I didn't have time to get more than the

highlights, just a bare skeleton of a story that ended with Mary's getting her baby away from Mrs. North and starting out to earn a living.

THAT'S where the rub came in. She couldn't do it. Once in awhile she got engagements with a chorus. Her father had been appealed to and occasionally had helped. But he was across the continent and was always broke himself. Mary hardly knew how she had managed to feed and clothe the baby and herself for the past two years.

Then there was a young fellow, Jimmy by name, who wanted to marry her and who had lent her a little money. Why didn't she marry him, I asked, and gain security? No, she was fighting for something more than security now—fighting for the baby's name. If she could prove to Chandler, in a court of law, that he was wrong and she was right she thought perhaps he would marry her again. And as she said it I suddenly saw, in the depths of those black eyes, that she was fighting another fight, too—that she still loved him and was fighting for her love.

I handled the story with care. Somehow Mary, brainless as she was, had registered honesty with me—but I had to be careful.

"Judge Bascombe's court," the city editor had directed me. "He's so good that I'd hate to take Chandler North's chances. Bascombe will never stand for broken marriage vows. Well, hop to it, and give it to us with a wallop."

It was in the court-room that Mary's path and the Judge's tied up and became one for a few brief weeks. I saw him take a long, long look at her when court first opened, while he was disposing some other cases to be set.

The Judge is worthy of a personal description from an artistic point of view, and because—oh, well, because of his place in the sun. He's mounting higher and higher all the time, and he's famous enough now to make everyone entitled to see him at his best—which, they say, is the court-room.

Tall, well built, dressed invariably in gray. Clear cut features; a kindly, beneficent man with hazel eyes that look at you serenely. Should one demand a little warmer, humaner depths to those eyes? Isn't it enough that they are always gentle and righteous in expression? Can't the over-critical be content with a fastidiousness that sets Judge Bascombe aside from the rough-and-tumble crowd and marks him for the gentleman he is?

It was certainly an impressive setting. At one end of the long table sat Mary, dressed in black. Counsel for the plaintiff sat to the left of her, then Mrs. North, fairly regal. Counsel for the defense was next to her. That was Weddington, the family lawyer of the Norths' for years, his little wizened face set hard, showing about as much compunction or pity as a cement bed.

NEXT to him and at my right—for the press strung along and round the other side of the counsel's table—sat the redoubtable Chandler, his plump hands shaking (he had put on flesh during those two years, Mary told me) until he took to steadying them by drawing again and again little marine scenes on a pad of paper. He continued to do this through all those long weeks of trial, save when he was on the stand.

I had already begun to believe in Mary and to champion her cause. Of course, my job was to "sob sister" her along through the trial, as well as to cover the news end of the story.

There is little or no need to go into the story of the trial. It only revealed, out

of the mouths of innumerable witnesses, the story I have told you. It is useless to try to paint with printers' ink the despairing and hopeless love in Mary's eyes those days whenever they turned toward Chandler. They were always turning there. But he never looked at her. If once during that long period of trial Chandler North took one full look at the girl he had stolen from a convent, I didn't see it, and I was watching him like a hawk—reportorial business, not because I had any love for him. It's unusual, too, for a reporter not to have a little sympathy for both sides of a case.

THE only new thing vibrating in that court-room, beyond what I've told you here, was the psychology that developed imperceptibly—but suddenly and surely. There were two social castes there. Already one world and another. By the subtle ties of fastidiousness, by the unseen forces that cause the elect to withdraw from the socially dubious, there was one world and another. The world of law and order was there in the person of His Honor—and yes, even in Mrs. North whose bearing bespoke assuredness, and a high place among mankind.

And Mary seemed already to be slipping into the shadows of an outcast world. Even her attorneys, working on a contingent fee, did not share the same status at the bar as that of the counsel for the defense. Of course, such things as these have no bearing on a case. But they make a reporter's fingers itch for the feel of the typewriter keys.

Then, there were two bits of evidence as yet untold. One—just the kind of thing to make a cynical press smile—showed that before the trial Chandler North's fortune had been deeded to his mother out of love and affection. It would take another legal struggle to secure the money if Mary should win it.

The other piece of evidence lay in a desperate effort of the defense to prove that Mary and Jimmy had lived together at one time after Chandler had jilted her. It wasn't definitely proved, but in the searing clarity of Weddington's examinations, and the even clearer implications of his arguments, it did seem possible that Mary had yielded to this necessity in those long, lean days when she and the baby were hungry. The exact date Weddington tried to fix was shortly after he and his clients had offered Mary ten dollars a week for life if she would give them the baby and promise never to enter their lives again. But this attempt of Weddington's seemed to be a minor slant to the case at that time.

The trial wore on, each day bringing its fresh revelations and sensations. It assumed proportions where the press began to bring out extras about it. Then it came to an end. The jury was instructed, and the court adjourned while those twelve men filed from the room.

I walked down the hill from the courthouse with Mary and the boy. Yes, he had been present in the court-room and I had noted the constant, surreptitious glances cast at him by his grandmother and father—glances gleaming with desire.

AT THE door of the newspaper office, Mary and I kissed each other good-by and I went into the office feeling pretty good. A jury is like an election—you never can tell for sure—but to me the case looked as good as won.

And that meant Mary's place in the world of respectability with her child by her side. Even though she still cherished hope of winning Chandler back—a hope I knew to be as dead as a corpse—she would be well off if she got a verdict. She could live quite nicely on less than the

amount she had asked. Half of it would insure her and the boy from starvation. And she was young. She could begin again.

The jury brought in a verdict for Mary. It awarded her forty thousand dollars, a little less than half of what she had sued for. But enough.

In the city room, we all held a jubilee. With every bit of evidence we had all become more and more "for" Mary. The managing editor suggested that I call her up and take Mary and the boy to lunch "on the office" to get a concluding interview.

But I felt so elated I spurned the "on the office" idea and staged a little party of my own.

After luncheon, Mary and I took the youngster to a toy shop and bought him some of the things he'd wanted and never had. And, sketchily, we began a plan of what she would do to establish a home for herself and him, how she would rehabilitate her life.

THEN, three days later, Judge Bascombe set aside the jury's verdict and gave a decision in favor of Weddington's rich clients.

I wasn't with Mary when the news came down from the court-house. But I know what that news did to me. And at first I refused to believe it.

"But why? Why? Why?" I demanded of the city editor.

"His Honor said that while the evidence had apparently not satisfied the jury, it had satisfied him that there had been intimate relations between Mary and Jimmy Crane—during those starving days of hers, I suppose. I believe the letter of the law provides that in cases where infidelity can be proven between the promise of marriage and the time set for it, there is no breach of promise."

"And Mary?" I breathed.

But he only shook his head. There seemed to be no answer for that.

And the end of the story? There isn't any, exactly. Mary tried so hard to be good enough to keep the baby. She borrowed money in small dabs from several of us for a while, then put the child to board and joined a chorus headed for the Orient. It was a starvation job. And over there she lost it. Of course she had to eat. It wasn't more than a year before she had to admit defeat and waive her right to the baby she had lived and struggled for.

A well-to-do, nice couple wanted to adopt it, and, upon my checking them up and writing Mary that they had no connection with the Norths, she gave her consent to the adoption.

Chandler has returned to the shelter of his mother's home and I dare say his fortune has been restored to him. Or perhaps not, for he married shortly after the trial. Perhaps they continue to safeguard those millions against some further encroachment.

And the Judge?

HE HAS been going further up the ladder of fame and fortune right along, a well deserved success. There is no jurist in our state more widely recognized as an authority on law. Mary Pettes has slipped back into the gray, engulfing shadows of the underworld beyond the ken of the righteous.

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Suddenly Rich

[Continued from page 61]

pink color intrigued me—or crab meat Dewey.

And imagine my surprise to find that good old ham and eggs, and even sausages with scrambled eggs, held as dignified a position, if not as aristocratic, on the supper bill of fare as a squab.

However, these problems were no laughing matters in those days. Further problems would await me when I got home, and walked into the beautiful house my husband had brought me to. Jefferies, the English butler who had lived with him for years and whom I was sure was nothing less than a United States Senator when I first saw him, frightened me almost to death.

"Your orders for the morning, madam?" he would ask in his beautiful English voice. Those pesky orders—would I ever get away from them? But Jefferies understood. How kind and gentle he was in his unobtrusive suggestions and his many subtle moves to keep me from making glaring mistakes before the rest of the servants.

For instance, at first I was so green that when friends came to dine I invariably placed husband and wife together—which, I thought, was natural. One evening as I was putting around the place cards, Jefferies respectfully said:

"May I suggest to madam that it might be more entertaining if the company were more scattered?"

I knew that was a tip, and I seized upon it. Dear old Jefferies, no wonder my children spend most of their time in the pantry and loved the governess' day off when Jefferies takes them to the zoo.

THEN came along blessed Pauline. One day on my yacht, I found myself confessing to her.

"Oh, Mrs. Cory, I feel as if I could talk to you," I began. "I am so unhappy. Here I am, I have this yacht with a crew of thirty. I have a town house and that big place on Long Island. I'm swamped in the New York smartest society and I don't know what it is all about. What shall I do?"

Help me? She made me. Everytime I got into a jam I telephoned Pauline. "Mrs. So and So called on me. Shall I call her up?" I wanted to know.

"No, dear. Just wait about two weeks, then call. Leave your card and two of Ed's. Turn down the upper left hand corner and send them in by the chauffeur. You don't have to get out of the car. That is all that is necessary. Mrs. So and So will know that you called in person."

Once she gave me a little book on etiquette, and then when she knew me better she made this suggestion:

"Now, Rose, this summer you will be quiet. You'll be in the country. Don't you think it would be nice for you to have a congenial companion? I know an awfully nice girl who was in my class at Wellesley. You might even study together in the mornings."

Miss Johnson came to me that summer, and by October I had stopped saying "He gave the tickets to Mary and I." I knew I was on the right ground when I said, "He gave the tickets to Mary and me."

If every girl, who is uncomfortable and ill at ease because she is not sure of herself, will just get a little school-grammar and study it, her life will take on an entirely different color. I know. By October I had taken a great step. I made no more little mistakes in English.

And I was learning to wear my clothes by that time, too. I wasn't going in for such wild colors or bizarre models.

When I was first married and turned loose at the best dressmakers, I couldn't resist the temptation to "look like a picture." I soon learned from Pauline that that wasn't smart. To look smart one must be simple and chic—not pictorial.

Of course, I knew that low-necked evening-dresses were for evening. But I was prone to be too elaborate and look as if I were going to a soiree at five o'clock in the afternoon. I soon found out about simple afternoon dresses from an intelligent saleswoman. They are always ready to help a greenhorn. They know.

"This is charming to slip on after your bath for breakfast," said one good soul who still serves me.

It looked like a party dress to me—a lovely salmon-colored chiffon with ecru lace and Nattier blue ribbons.

"Flesh-colored mules would be effective with this," she added, as she slipped it over my head.

I ordered it. The day after it came home, instead of dressing in a little cloth dress such as I had always worn in the morning when I worked and hustled out of the house swallowing my last bite of toast, I put on this fascinating thing—which I discovered was called a pignoir.

It was lovely. Please don't think I am conceited when I say I looked what is described in novels as "ravishing."

When Ed came in I lay on my chaise longue with one pink mule hanging from my foot. He stopped still in the doorway.

"That is a pretty negligée you have on, Rose," he said. "You look beautiful in it, dear. How about getting some tea-gowns to wear when we are dining alone?"

So I ran to the dressmakers and ordered tea-gowns. They weren't very different from negligées, and I loved them. When I visited Pauline I saw that she wore tea-gowns—I was getting on.

At first I wanted to hang on all the jewelry Ed had given me. I guess I must have looked like Tiffany's and Cartier's combined. Then I noticed that Pauline didn't do that. One day I looked at her and then looked at myself.

I had on everything but the cash-register. Pauline wore one ring, a diamond wrist-watch and a string of pearls.

From that time on I watched women whom I met. The more elegant ones wore little jewelry, and I copied them. When I went out I didn't leave my jewel-box like Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

My manners were improving, too. I now rose to my feet when introduced to people and didn't give them the limp ends of my fingers. I gave them my whole hand and a good grip and looked them right straight in the eye—and smiled.

And when introducing people I didn't say, "Mr. Brown, meet Miss Smith."

Poor Mother had done that, but Mother had never had a chance. I had a chance. It soon became natural for me to say:

"Miss Smith, may I present Mr. Brown?"

I noticed that Pauline always mentioned the lady's name first. After all, that is polite—ladies should come first. And good manners are simply being polite and being polite is being kind. That's an awfully good rule to remember.

WHEN my second baby was born and I was able to sit up, one morning on my breakfast tray was a large legal-looking envelope.

It was in Edward's hand-writing:

"To my darling—the most wonderful wife in the world."

It was the deed to our town house. I choked—why didn't I love him as I should and wanted to? He had done everything for me.

Why, on the first month of our marriage he had given me a hundred thousand dollars in bonds, so that I could cut off the coupons and take care of my mother and little sister without being embarrassed. And he had done it without even mentioning my family, for he said:

"This is for you to do with exactly as you like, dear. You don't have to report to me on it at all. I want you to feel independent."

Every month my very liberal allowance was placed to my credit in the bank.

He loved me. He worshipped me. And he was proud of me. As I improved in my education—for every day I was studying earnestly with Miss Johnson, English literature, art, history and everything I had missed at school—he was as delighted as if he were winning a great case.

When our guests would leave at night, on our way upstairs he would put his arm around me and say, "I'm very proud of you, Rose. You handled that party to perfection. You are a splendid hostess."

Oh! if I could only love him. Why, he had been a half-back on the Yale team himself, I discovered afterwards, and one day I found his fraternity pin in his jewel-box. I put it on my blouse and pretended I was eighteen.

THEN it came. It was on our tenth wedding anniversary.

"Don't let's have anyone in for dinner, dear. I just want to be with you. We'll let the children stay up," Ed said.

It was our tin wedding, and Jefferies had made the table beautiful with bridal roses. We had tin plates and tin cups, which brought forth shouts of laughter from the boys and the baby banged her tin cup vigorously as she set it down.

"It makes music," she cooed.

Music! Suddenly music came into my soul. I "heard the stars sing"—there sitting at my own table where I had sat for ten years. For there with my three children around me and Ed looking at me with eyes shining with love, I fell in love with him—suddenly, instantly swept off my feet into an abyss of smothering love. I was madly in love with my husband with whom I had lived for ten years.

My breath came quickly, and I could feel my heart thumping against the white satin dress—like a bride's. He had asked me to wear it and had sent me some orange blossoms which I had tucked in my gown.

I was a bride—a real bride with all the thrills I might have had if I had married my imaginary half-back at eighteen. Romance—this was more than moonlit walks. It was the romance that comes only when a woman is thirty.

We left the table and went into the drawing-room. In a little while the children called, "Bien, Mademoiselle," as their governess came smiling to the doorway and summoned them to bed.

I do believe the servants felt what had come into our home that night. Jefferies bowed very low as he came to ask if there was anything else, and when he left us he looked as happy as if he had won the Derby.

I got up—and my husband took me in his arms. For the first time he was my lover. I melted in his arms, my face burned against his neck.

When he leaned down and kissed me, for the first time I gave him my soul. As we went upstairs, I could hardly keep the tears of happiness from streaming down my cheeks.

He knew. It was not our wedding anniversary—it was our wedding day.



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With Our Free Course of Instruction You Can
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Just think of it! In 3 days, without any musical ability—without knowing one note from another—you can quickly play such songs as "Long, Long Trail," "Till We Meet Again"—all the old and new-time favorites—the day Saw arrives. Yes, indeed, within 3 days you will be playing all the popular songs, hymns and classical music you and your friends love. The sweet, mellow, pleasing tones from our Musical Saws you have heard in Vaudeville, over the Radio and on Phonograph Records. Now over 10,000 men, women, boys and girls are playing our Musical Saws at parties, dances, lodges, dance entertainments, everywhere. Over 100 famous dance orchestras are using our Saws.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Smart Set, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1924. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

I, R. E. Berlin, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Smart Set and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Magazine Company, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Magus Magazine Company, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Sole Stockholder, George Utassey, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. 3. That the known bond-holders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. E. Berlin, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1924. William J. Spel, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 3717. Certificate filed in New York Co. No. 1049, Reg. No. 5832. (My Commission expires March 30, 1925.) [Seal.]

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Suddenly Rich

[Continued from page 61]

pink color intrigued me—or crab meat Dewey.

And imagine my surprise to find that good old ham and eggs, and even sausages with scrambled eggs, held as dignified a position, if not as aristocratic, on the supper bill of fare as a squab.

However, these problems were no laughing matters in those days. Further problems would await me when I got home, and walked into the beautiful house my husband had brought me to. Jefferies, the English butler who had lived with him for years and whom I was sure was nothing less than a United States Senator when I first saw him, frightened me almost to death.

"Your orders for the morning, madam?" he would ask in his beautiful English voice. Those pesky orders—would I ever get away from them? But Jefferies understood. How kind and gentle he was in his unoffensive suggestions and his many subtle moves to keep me from making glaring mistakes before the rest of the servants.

For instance, at first I was so green that when friends came to dine I invariably placed husband and wife together—which, I thought, was natural. One evening as I was putting around the place cards, Jefferies respectfully said:

"May I suggest to madam that it might be more entertaining if the company were more scattered?"

I knew that was a tip, and I seized upon it. Dear old Jefferies, no wonder my children spend most of their time in the pantry and loved the governess' day off when Jefferies takes them to the zoo.

THEN came along blessed Pauline. One day on my yacht, I found myself confessing to her.

"Oh, Mrs. Cory, I feel as if I could talk to you," I began. "I am so unhappy. Here I am, I have this yacht with a crew of thirty. I have a town house and that big place on Long Island. I'm swamped in the New York smartest society and I don't know what it is all about. What shall I do?"

Help me? She made me. Everytime I got into a jam I telephoned Pauline. "Mrs. So and So called on me. Shall I call her up?" I wanted to know.

"No, dear. Just wait about two weeks, then call. Leave your card and two of Ed's. Turn down the upper left hand corner and send them in by the chauffeur. You don't have to get out of the car. That is all that is necessary. Mrs. So and So will know that you called in person."

Once she gave me a little book on etiquette, and then when she knew me better she made this suggestion:

"Now, Rose, this summer you will be quiet. You'll be in the country. Don't you think it would be nice for you to have a congenial companion? I know an awfully nice girl who was in my class at Wellesley. You might even study together in the mornings."

Miss Johnson came to me that summer, and by October I had stopped saying "He gave the tickets to Mary and I." I knew I was on the right ground when I said, "He gave the tickets to Mary and me."

If every girl, who is uncomfortable and ill at ease because she is not sure of herself, will just get a little school-grammar and study it, her life will take on an entirely different color. I know. By October I had taken a great step. I made no more little mistakes in English.

And I was learning to wear my clothes by that time, too. I wasn't going in for such wild colors or bizarre models.

When I was first married and turned loose at the best dressmakers, I couldn't resist the temptation to "look like a picture." I soon learned from Pauline that that wasn't smart. To look smart one must be simple and chic—not pictorial.

Of course, I knew that low-necked evening-dresses were for evening. But I was prone to be too elaborate and look as if I were going to a soiree at five o'clock in the afternoon. I soon found out about simple afternoon dresses from an intelligent saleswoman. They are always ready to help a greenhorn. They know.

"This is charming to slip on after your bath for breakfast," said one good soul who still serves me.

It looked like a party dress to me—a lovely salmon-colored chiffon with écu lace and Nattier blue ribbons.

"Flesh-colored mules would be effective with this," she added, as she slipped it over my head.

I ordered it. The day after it came home, instead of dressing in a little cloth dress such as I had always worn in the morning when I worked and hustled out of the house swallowing my last bite of toast, I put on this fascinating thing—which I discovered was called a pignoir.

It was lovely. Please don't think I am conceited when I say I looked what is described in novels as "ravishing."

When Ed came in I lay on my chaise longue with one pink mule hanging from my foot. He stopped still in the doorway.

"That is a pretty negligée you have on, Rose," he said. "You look beautiful in it, dear. How about getting some tea-gowns to wear when we are dining alone?"

So I ran to the dressmakers and ordered tea-gowns. They weren't very different from negligées, and I loved them. When I visited Pauline I saw that she wore tea-gowns—I was getting on.

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Oh! if I could only love him. Why, he had been a half-back on the Yale team himself, I discovered afterwards, and one day I found his fraternity pin in his jewel-box. I put it on my blouse and pretended I was eighteen.

THEN it came. It was on our tenth wedding anniversary.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Smart Set, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1924. State of New York, County of New York.

I, Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Smart Set and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Magazine Company, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Editor, F. Orlin Tremaine, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. 2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Magus Magazine Company, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C.; Sole Stockholder, George Utassey, 119 West 40th Street, N. Y. C. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.) R. E. Berlin, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1924. William J. Sperl, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 3717. Certificate filed in New York Co. No. 1049, Reg. No. 5832. (My Commission expires March 30, 1925.) [Seal.]

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May I Come to You?

[Continued from page 24]

rooms. Already I was getting near the end of what money I'd left myself, and must begin rustling to earn some more.

I had coffee and a roll in a rather bare but nice restaurant, and then went out for a look around Reno before time for the business offices to open.

It seemed to me I'd stormed through every empty, sleeping street in that burg, in less than half an hour. Of course, I hadn't really. Later I learned there's a pleasant part by the Truckee River, with a lot of fine houses on Newland Heights and other "attractive residence districts," as the real estate agents would say. Then there's Wingfield Park on an island, full of shade trees which might have solaced my soul a bit.

Later, I got to know the beauties of the place, its glorious surroundings and the noble river that cuts the town in two. But that morning, if I'd owned Reno, I'd have sold it for ten cents, with myself thrown in for a nickel more.

As soon as the shops and offices began to open their eyes, I went to call on the man to whom an engineer friend had given me a letter. Flat went my hopes, at the first minute! The man had retired from the business and gone to Europe. I had a brief and not encouraging interview with the man who'd been his junior partner and was now boss of the show. He had nothing to offer and nothing to suggest. The best he could do was to give me the names of two or three other firms; but things were pretty dull in Reno just then, except in the divorce court. At that he chuckled!

I spent three days trying to find something that my mother, if she'd been alive, would probably have described as "worthy of a gentleman." During the three longest, weariest days of my life I learned a few hard, statistical facts.

For instance, the most insignificant shopkeeper in Reno can get a college graduate for a clerk at his own price. Even a budding millionaire would rather sell slate pencils than twiddle his thumbs for six dreary months, unable to stir out of the town for more than twenty-three hours at a time. (You see, you had to stay in the county limits and never be absent for twenty-four hours at a stretch).

Perhaps you wouldn't believe the things that even rich young men are driven to do in the way of work at Reno, just for the sake of passing time!

Well, I went the rounds of employment agencies, like any workman out of a job.

THERE are several of those agencies in a street called Sierra Street—and "Sierra" Street sounded a darned bleak name to me, as I wandered along staring at the "Wanted" lists in huge letters of white chalk on blackboards outside the agency doors. I sauntered gloomily along, casting my eyes over the blackboards. On two, only cooks and donkey engine men were wanted. But the next called also for "mill hands," buckers and "fallers."

At this place, I walked into a gray, low-ceilinged room with more blackboards on the walls, and a number of slouching, grouchy-looking men staring at the chalked-on "Want" ads. About halfway down the room was a sort of counter, behind which the agent and his assistants stood.

When I could get a turn at the counter, I enquired what about these fallers and mill hands? I said I'd been around lumber camps in the Adirondacks and picked up an idea of what the work would be,

though I'd never had any experience. "You're a big, hefty, strong feller at that," remarked the man. "I guess you've been a soldier."

"Just demobed," I replied.

He then asked two or three questions, and advised me to try the mill hand job for sixty cents an hour at Crystal-town.

"Crystaltown's only twelve miles away, if you want an evening's fun you can jump on board the stage for Reno and get back about midnight. That'll give you six hours sleep."

I decided to take the job. I packed, paid at my hotel, and took the train for Crystaltown.

It was a beautiful little journey, up a very stiff grade, to where our destination lay at the foot of hills big enough to call mountains. As for Crystaltown, named after Mount Crystal, it was a "town" only by courtesy. There was the box factory and sawmill, with a lot of good-smelling wood, sawed and unsawed, surrounding it. There were a few small frame houses and two or three bigger ones—of which Mrs. Molly Myron's boarding establishment was among the best. There was a school-house, too, largely attended by the children of mill employees. I found out later. A post office; a general store—and that was about all.

When I had been to the office of the mill owners and was "taken on," I went around to the boarding-house.

ALADY, with a pompadour, and a considerable amount of flesh, appeared at the doorway.

"Mrs. Myron?" I asked.

"I am," she answered in a hard-boiled voice, as she ambled nearer, screwing up near-sighted eyes in a plump pink face. She realized that, at worst, I didn't seem to be a hold-up man.

I told her what had brought me to Crystaltown, and that I had been recommended to her house. Could she take me?

"Sleep or eat?" was her next abbreviated question.

"Both, if possible," I said.

The lady's double chin went up defensively. It was square as well as double, and had the air of knowing how to take care of itself no matter what happened. She was a big woman, almost as tall as I, and weighed quite as much.

"What do y' mean, 'if possible?'" she challenged.

"I meant, if it was possible for you to have me," I explained.

Mrs. Myron smiled—and immediately we were friends.

"I get some fresh ginks here," she said, "so I have to keep a chip on my shoulder. I have one room left. With board it'll be nine a week."

I figured up my finances in my head: sixty cents an hour, ten hours a day. I could afford it and save money for clothes and something towards my divorce expenses.

"All right, thank you, that suits me," I said. "I've left my baggage at the station. I'll bring it over."

Mrs. Myron eyed me as I spoke. "You don't look or talk like most of the chaps that come here to work," she remarked at last.

I grinned. "Perhaps I'll look more like 'em when I've been here as long as they have."

She grinned too. "I bet you won't!" she said. "I bet you're the kind shaves twice a day, no matter what."

"Have to," I answered. "If I didn't I'd frighten the women and children."

"The other guys do frighten 'em, but they don't care a damn," said Mrs. Myron.

"Say, listen," she went on, "I think I'll put you at that little table in the corner—see?—with the school teacher. Just her an' you. I guess you'll like it better than the big table with a lot of tough skates that don't wash before they eat. What do you think?"

"All depends on the school teacher."

"You mean, is she a looker? Well, she's been younger'n she is at present, but she ain't no slouch, and think she's the 'main squeeze.' What that woman don't know ain't writ in books, I guess, an' she uses a real nice perfume. Name's Miss Woollen."

"I'll have to try and live up to her," I said. "If she won't object, of course I'll be glad to sit at her table."

"Oh, she won't object, no fear!" chuckled Mrs. Myron. "She's nuts on men, the right kind. She reads at meals when she's alone. I guess she'll prefer you to a magazine."

BY THE time I'd settled the small matter of my baggage and come back to "Molly's," as I heard the house irreverently called, my room was ready. It was about ten-foot by eight in size, and looked towards the lumber yard. But I saw from Mrs. Myron's manner, as with a flourish she opened the door, that the most extravagant compliments wouldn't be considered too good for it.

When I presented myself downstairs promptly at the six o'clock meal, I was more grateful than ever for Mrs. Myron's "hunch" about putting me at the small table in the corner with the school teacher. I had shaved and changed my clothes after the heat of the day, but the other boarders (all men with the exception of Miss Woollen, who hadn't appeared on the scene when I came down) took their seats at the table without even brushing their rumpled hair or washing their hands.

The meal was called supper, not dinner, for dinner was at noon. Mrs. Myron, helped by a tousled, tow-haired girl, brought in big dishes of "minute steak," fried onions and cut-up potatoes. There were hot biscuits, too, which you would probably describe as "buns," and the men settled to work without much talk.

I, being a newcomer, was very properly helped last. I had just taken my share of steak, when a slight stir at the big table made a good stage entrance for a large lady. She acknowledged bows with gracious nods, and Mrs. Myron—who had brought my steak with her own hands—introduced me to Miss Woollen.

"Say, school teacher, this is Cap'n Kirkwood. Say, cap, meet Miss Woollen."

I rose and drew out a chair for the lady, who was perhaps not always treated so ceremoniously by the male boarders at "Molly's." She inclined her head pleasantly, and it was a handsome head—but to my disappointment, white-haired.

When Mrs. Myron had said she "had been younger," I'd imagined that the school teacher might be in her late thirties or early forties, at worst. But she must have been fifty, and though she had been quite a beauty in her time, not much was left of her good looks except a fine bearing, a pair of bright dark eyes under effective black brows, and strong white teeth.

AS THE meal progressed she talked about herself quite freely. Once she sunk her voice so as not to be

heard by Mrs. Myron or Emma, when she said that Crystaltown year in and year out was more than she could stand.

"I have a little friend, a Miss Brown from Sacramento," she said, "who has just come to Reno to do some important work, though she's quite young—used to be a pupil of mine at home. She and I are taking a small apartment together. I can only spend the week-ends there, but even that will be a nice change for me after too much of this place."

"Rachel runs out here in the middle of the week once in a while these days, to tell me how she gets along putting the flat into shape. I'm not feeling very strong myself, so I just stay on here, while Rachie does the work. But she doesn't care. She's a very good-natured little thing, and is going to play house-keeper for us both. I must introduce you next time she comes."

Somehow I felt a bit sorry for "Rachie," who was being allowed to do all the work.

Then I thought no more about her during two strenuous weeks of being a lumberjack for ten full hours a day. I suppose this was because Miss Woollen, at supper, found enough food for conversation without alluding again to her friend in Reno. But the apartment there had taken shape towards the end of the second week, for the school teacher was absent from Saturday to Monday.

SOMEHOW I missed her meal-time chatter. If she had been younger, it might have occurred to me that the lady wished to be missed, and had gone away without warning in order to produce an effect. But as she was just about old enough to be my mother, I didn't credit her with any such vampish impulses. I merely said to myself that I'd be glad when she came back; and on Monday before supper-time, as I sat on the front porch, I saw her marching up from the Reno train just in.

She was holding a red sunshade, that threw a becoming light over her face, and a step or two behind walked a girl, a slender figure in a riding khaki suit. I didn't recognize her garb as riding suit till she got fairly close to the house—so obscured was she by Miss Woollen's abundant curves. It was almost like a three-quarter eclipse of the moon!

I glimpsed the khaki, matched by a smart Stetson hat, pulled over a fluff of bobbed brown hair. I saw nothing of the face, for it was bent down in anxiety over a quantity of books which were trying to slip away from under a slim arm. Miss Woollen's books, I would have bet ten bucks!

I jumped up from my chair and bounded down the porch steps to the rescue. While being introduced to Miss Brown, I was salvaging eight volumes from under her arm and four from her hands. As I did this I couldn't help noticing what sensitive, delicate hands they were, though deeply tanned. They had the kind of fingers that, if you loved their owner, you would love to kiss; rather tapering, with pretty little pink nails like a child's, and well kept, though not elaborately manicured as most girls' are.

Yes, it was the hands I got acquainted with first, as I collected the books which certainly would have fallen in another second; then the face.

WHEN I have told you more about this girl you will understand why I like to linger in describing her; this little Rachel Brown.

She looked up at me from under the Stetson with a pair of big eyes that were neither brown nor gray, but a mixture of both. They were peculiar eyes. I have

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never seen others like them: set rather far apart, and sloping slightly downward at their outer corners. Perhaps it was this that gave them an expression of great sweetness and sadness.

They didn't try to be pathetic, as some women's eyes do, if it happens to suit them. They didn't try to do or be anything. The eyes were even smiling up into mine, partly with gratitude, partly with a bright, curious interest as if the girl had heard all about me, and wanted to decide for herself the kind of man I really was.

Her nose was just a nice little nose, and her mouth wasn't remarkable for shape or color, but it had the same look of pathos that was in her eyes. Not a droop like Fanny's beautiful red lips, which could turn to ill temper and madden a man—but a strange, resigned sweetness. She had a short chin with a dimple in it, which partly contradicted the strength of a very square jaw. Her teeth were prettily even, with a pearliness like a child's. Her hair had been cut in what would seem a long bob in these days of boyish shearings, and it was of no particular color, just a soft brown. But it was so fine and wavy that it had a shadowy, cloudlike effect.

THE girl was neither tall nor short, thin nor plump, but in her long riding coat, knickers and high boots she gave an impression of boyish slenderness. Even with that one first look, my heart warmed towards her. I felt, "Here's a brave little thing, lonely and sad and hurt by life somehow. I'd love to help her and make her happier!"

I had an impulse to greet her with, "Hello, gypsy girl!" But of course I didn't yield to it. I said, "How do you do, Miss Brown?" I've often heard Miss Woollen speak of you.

"So have I heard her speak of you, Captain Kirkwood," the girl replied, and her eyes sent out an amused twinkle as if something she remembered me! her want to laugh. I wondered what it was. But I didn't find out for a number of days.

"Miss Brown is going to stay all night with me and have a ride this evening and again early in the morning," explained Miss Woollen. "Mr. Hulbert, Senior, does me the favor of lending her a very nice horse now and then, when she runs out here like this. He is quite a good friend of mine, you know."

I had never particularly criticized Miss Woollen before. But suddenly it occurred to me that she was a person who liked to take credit herself and make others take the trouble! I thought that if I were Mr. Hulbert (my boss at the mill), I would be better pleased to lend Miss Brown one for her own sake than for Miss Woollen's.

The girl sat at "our" table for dinner of course, and though she didn't talk a great deal—the elder lady didn't give her half a chance—somehow her presence made the meal seem quite a feast. What she did say was in a soft, low voice, with a fetching little drawl, and a quaint way of pronouncing certain words which (Miss Woollen made her blush by explaining) characterized a part of Nevada where "Rachie" had been born.

I wondered if sometime I'd be allowed to ride with her. Suddenly, an idea jumped into my head. Why shouldn't I get a horse this evening and ride alone? If I happened to come across the gypsy girl and she let me go a few paces beside her, all the better. If not, no harm would be done, so far as I could see.

WHEN her hat was off, I saw in spite of the parted hair, feathering down to her eyebrows, that Miss Brown had an

unusually high forehead. This made her seem somewhat more of the intelligent young woman and less of the gypsy than she had been out of doors. But I still thought of her as a gypsy, and a line from a love song floated through my mind: "Little gypsy sweetheart, slumber on!"

I could hardly keep myself from humming the air under my breath when we had all risen from the table at last.

I didn't wait to see Miss Brown's horse brought around, as I heard it was to be by one of John Hulbert's men.

Next morning I saw Miss Brown at breakfast. She came in as I was bolting a second cup of coffee, before going to work at the stroke of seven. I should have liked to linger for a few minutes, but it couldn't be done. All I had time to say was, "I hope you had a good ride?"

"Fine," she answered. "Did you?"

"So you saw me?"

"Yes, but Miss Woollen didn't. She's a little near-sighted. And you galloped off in such a hurry I thought I'd better not say anything to her. It might have hurt her feelings."

"Why should it?" I wanted to know. But Miss Brown only smiled her half-wistful, half-mischievous smile. I had to cut away then. But I went regretting that she was going back to Reno before the midday meal we called dinner.

THAT night at supper Miss Woollen hadn't much to say about Miss Brown, but a good deal about the new apartment. It was very nice and cosy, she said, and to my joy invited me to dine with her and her friend the next Saturday evening.

"Rachie and I will see what we can cook up for you that's nice."

Of course I accepted and made Miss Woollen tell me what entertainment she and Miss Brown would let me take them to after dinner. There was a pretty good play in town and I bought three tickets for that.

The apartment was on the second floor of a new brick "Colonial" house in a pleasant street near a park. When I arrived Miss Woollen received me, looking smart and handsome in semi-evening dress. I had never seen her in such grandeur, but I should have been more impressed by her cool stateliness if I hadn't heard that "Rachie" was cooking the chicken.

"I've just finished the salad and mayonnaise dressing, I hope you'll enjoy," announced Miss Woollen. I muttered something polite while I was thinking, "Hm! It's like you to choose the salad making on a hot day!"

The gypsy girl was in a simple little day dress, and I got a glimpse of her rushing from kitchenette to bedroom to throw off a big apron and powder her poor little fire-flushed face. She wasn't quite as piquant in everyday clothes as she had been in her khaki riding costume—mostly because the latter just suited her style. Anyhow I decided she looked adorable.

AFTER dinner "Rachie" served us a coffee in the living-room. There was a small piano, and I asked my two hostesses if they played or sang. Miss Woollen and I had talked a good deal about music and she had shown off her knowledge of opera and opera singers, but she had said nothing about her own accomplishments.

"Oh, I play a little," she replied.

"Rachie" said nothing.

"What about Miss Brown?" I went on.

"You must get her to answer that question," said Miss Woollen with a slight stiffening of the neck.

"Can she, a woman of that age, be jealous of the girl?" I wondered. To me, it hardly seemed possible. Miss Woollen

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had know Rachel Brown for years and had been her teacher in school at Sacramento. They ought to be almost like mother and daughter.

The gypsy girl blushed through her tan. "I don't think Miss Woolfen likes my voice much, but some people do," she said.

Then and there I determined to hear her sing, sometime when Miss Woolfen wasn't present to be a wet blanket.

And before very long, I did, too—though as it happened I had to bring it about myself.

[To be continued]

I'm 35

[Continued from page 52]

Then his face drops. "Two hours over, two hours back. That's cold. We'll make it another time!" Gosh, it's such a slick way out!

When the summer rush is over I'll be laid off with half a dozen other models. And I'll have to start in again and comb the agencies and the producers' offices. I hate the thought of it! That hopeless looking and tramping around—the turn-downs—"Nothing today!" I can hear it everywhere, ringing in my ears.

A whole chorus is saying it, "Nothing today!"

I try so hard not to get discouraged, but when I look in the mirror it almost finishes me. It's my hair that's worst of all—all dry and rosey looking. The luster is all gone. And there are crowfeet around my eyes and hard lines that pull down the corners of my mouth. I just hate to look at my face! Of course my ankles are still nice and I'm listed as a "trim sixteen." Oh hell, I wonder if henna would do any good?

WHEN I came to work this morning I passed a Coney Island bus waiting for passengers. There was an old woman sitting in it. I didn't pay much attention at first. But when I took a second look I recognized Mabel O'Leary. Beautiful Mabel Merrivale she was on the stage. Ten years ago she was the best looking chorus girl in New York—a raving beauty. She could have any job. The "Johns" were crazy about her and she had six millionaire beaux on the string. But she wouldn't settle down and be domestic. Not Mabel. She had ambitions and from the chorus she worked up to small parts.

When I first met her six years ago she was playing a bit in a mystery melodrama. Her hair was dyed then, but now she's let it go gray. That's why I hardly recognized her sitting all huddled up and miserable looking in that Coney Island bus.

Of course I knew she wasn't really going to take a ride. She's working as a "shill" for a dollar a day. She gets in the bus every morning and sits there to attract other passengers. When the bus is full and ready to start, she gets out and climbs into another bus and sits and waits and waits—all day for a dollar.

That's why I'm frightened. Mabel working as a "shill." I can't get it out of my mind. I've saved so little money in the last five years that I hate to look ahead into the future, because someday when all the chorus jobs are gone I might have to work as a "shill" too.

God forbid.
I read in the paper that carbon monoxide gas has no odor. When you breathe it in, you just go to sleep like a baby.

But no, I'll go on playing the game to the very end. I'm not a quitter.

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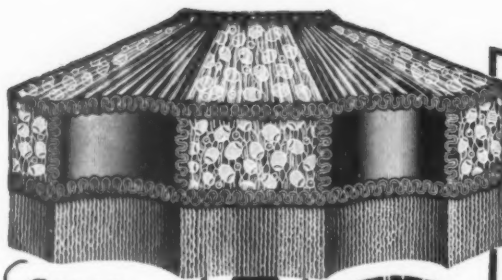
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A Tent Awaits You

[Continued from page 77]

made me think of myself as someone hemmed in. I shifted uneasily in my wicker chair at this thought. Then came the memory of the guitar player's music at the fête. I closed my eyes to the low roof tops of old Mobile—to the sleeping magnolia trees—and to the silvered dancing waters of the Bay a mile away. I wanted to remember every one of those poignant notes.

Suddenly I opened my eyes and started forward in the chair. Was I dreaming? Could music be so clear—so real in a dream?

For a moment only I leaned out beyond the iron railing of the balcony. Then I knew that the night spaces around me were being softly filled with gypsy music such as I had heard with a throbbing heart at the lawn fête. It was drifting up to me from beyond the old wall of green and yellow honeysuckle—guitar music mingling with a deep throated voice that hummed strange words through the mystery of the night.

At last when the very stars seemed to be falling from the heavens, his playing stopped. Somehow I realized he had played "good-night." Swiftly I plucked a long stemmed red rose from the vine that twisted its way over my iron-railed balcony, and threw it over the wall. A sound of steps told me he was moving to pick up my gift.

"Señorita's rose shall never fade in my memories. It shall be like the vision of her face," he said beyond the wall, his voice rich with the flavor of Spanish accent.

"Good-night," I cried softly, sorry that he was going away. I was fighting a mad impulse to go down and speak with him before losing him, perhaps, forever.

AT THE breakfast table next morning I remembered what the old gypsy palmist had said about the secret in my father's heart that I alone sensed. She had been right. My father often made me feel that he carried a mystery in his heart. Then I recalled that the gypsy woman said something about a closet in his room.

Impulsively I jumped up from the table and ran upstairs to father's great room. One closet door was open. I looked in. Rows of clothes, hanging from a rod, and a couple of wide-brimmed Panama hats were all that greeted my eyes.

I went to the other closet that was shut fast. I found it locked. There was no key in the door, and with a feeling of guilt I rummaged through bureau and high-boy drawers. At last I found a ring of keys. One fitted the closet door. The musty smell of things kept for years and years struck my nostrils the moment I pulled the door back.

Crimson scarfs streaked with rainbow colors—yellow, lace-fringed shawls—gaudy garments strung with beads of every hue hung before my eyes.

As my hand moved upwards, it brushed against the shawls and garments, and from somewhere in the dark mustiness of the closet came the tinkling sound that swept me back to the night before in the gypsy's tent—the sound of brass earrings coming together. Startled for the moment I pushed away the veil of clothes. Several pairs of brass earrings, jarred by the scarfs and things, were swinging from a hook.

I took a pair with the feeling that I was a thief. Then from the top shelf I pulled down a box of yellowed papers. For almost an hour I pored over those papers of twenty-one years ago, papers

that told the secret in my father's life. He had run away with a beautiful gypsy girl who had wandered from Mexico with her people. His romance had caused a great sensation. Then there were papers of a later date, almost a year later. They told of my mother's death, and of the disappearance of my father from Texas.

"So our real name was Corrent—not Dawson, as Father calls himself now," I murmured, shaken by my discovery. Later I put everything away as I had found it. But I kept the pair of brass earrings I had taken down from the hook.

THAT evening I sent Sherman Lardue home before eleven—against his wishes.

In my bedroom I undressed with feverish fingers. Then I began to dress again. Not in clothes for the street, but in soft silks and laces for the boudoir. The last thing I did before going out on my moonlit balcony was to put on the brass earrings. Why? Because I wanted to—because they made something that seemed dreamy and far-away more realistic. One glance in my triple mirrors told me that they were like a touch of magic. They made me into a girl of Romany—a girl of the gypsy trail.

Soon the strains of soft music were floating upwards through the velvet night, and over the honeysuckle wall. Now they were slow—now fast. But the music was not enough now. I wanted to feel the touch of a strong hand—wanted this man to talk to me, tell me what it was about him and his music that burned away all thoughts of Sherman Lardue and the luxurious home that surrounded me.

Just as I was about to turn and go inside, the gypsy man's music stopped abruptly. Halting suddenly, I cast a glance towards the wall. A gasp escaped me as I saw him pull himself up over the vine-tangled wall, and drop into the garden below with barely a sound.

Fearing that he might be seen approaching the house, I motioned him to go back. But he paid no heed to me. And the sight of him scaling the rough stone wall struck me dumb. Soon he was right below me. "Señorita," his voice drifted softly up to me.

AN AGONY of fright assailed me, as I looked at him standing there in the white moonlight, my red rose still stuck behind his ear.

"You must go," I whispered down to him. "It would be terrible if you were found."

"I understand," he interrupted in a low voice. "I will go. I came to say good-by."

"Since last night," he murmured, "there has been only you. Now it is the open road again—alone, save for my memories." His eyes looked deep into mine as he spoke.

Before I quite knew how it happened he had climbed over the iron railing. And he was declaring his love to me, his words burning a message to my heart and brain. "Cara mia—cara mia," he whispered over and over again, his warm lips brushing against my burning cheeks.

His name I did not know, but he was my mate—the man who had come out of the strange mysterious night to claim my soul. Every one of my senses, still in tumult, told me this.

"Tomorrow night before the moon rises we break camp—Marcheta, you belong to me. Wanda, the fortune teller, has said there is a tent waiting for you at the end of a winding road. It is my tent. You will come before moonrise tomorrow night. There will be a pony for you—and at the end of the ride my tent," he said under his breath.

A sudden sound in the room behind us came to me. My answer died unspoken

in my throat. There was a knock—my father!

"Back there, quick," I said, pointing to a small recess on the balcony. Father's knock sounded again against the door inside, and a second later I had stepped into the room.

"I thought I heard a noise of some kind," he began. Then his words seemed to choke into his throat as he suddenly leaned forward, peering at me as if he had just seen a ghost.

"My God, Marcheta—those earrings! Where did you get them?"

Before I knew it Father had turned and dashed out of my room, crying out for me to wait, that he would be back immediately. For all of my excitement I had sense enough to make use of the moment.

"Come," I called softly to my gypsy. "You must fly. My father is coming back. He would kill you."

"But tomorrow night before moonrise, Marcheta?" he asked, scaring me out of my wits by remaining to talk.

"Yes," I said, pushing him towards the railing.

"I will wait," he answered, crushing me to him. In that moment I knew that I would go to the ends of the earth with him.

Minutes afterwards, Father came back. His face was very white, and his hands trembled as if the chills of death were upon him.

"My child, you have been in the locked closet," he said, his words spoken in a very uncertain voice.

"Why have you always kept this from me, Father?" I begged as we sat close to each other on my bed.

My question drew a deep searching look from him.

"Because I did not want you to know there was Romany blood in you. It is dangerous, fiery! I have tried to keep you from such knowledge. I have tried to keep the gypsy spell away from you. It is something that forces people to wander wherever their love is—something you cannot control. Something that controls you," he said slowly.

And so I dared not tell him of what the next night held in store for me. I kissed him good-night at the door, vainly wishing I might open my heart to him—fearing what was going to happen when I struck out on the winding roads that would lead me to my gypsy's tent.

THE next day I phoned Sherman, saying I was not well, and not to call. It was my intention to drive my car to the fringe of the gypsy and abandon it.

But my plans went astray at the fall of dusk, when I crept quietly to the garage for my car. Sherman Lardue came walking towards me out of the growing shadows. I drew back in hasty alarm at the unexpected sight of him. I tried to break away from his grasp, but he held me firmly.

"I didn't think you were telling the truth about being sick, Marcheta. So I came here to see for my myself. I don't know what you are up to, but I know this much: You are coming back to the house and stay there with me," he said, forcing me along with him.

Thwarted, my anger reached blood heat, as did my desire to go to the man who waited for me to come to him before moonrise. I raged at Sherman, even tried to break his grip on my arm—but all to no avail.

So I sat a prisoner on my veranda—watching the moon climb against the Alabama skies, while a knife cut into my heart. Roads strange and dim stretched out before my eyes as I sat there in the



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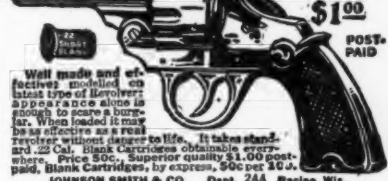
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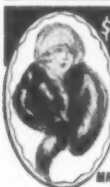


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bitter realization that with the moonrise my man had struck the trail without me. He believed now that I had broken my promise of love.

TWO weeks later a package addressed in unfamiliar handwriting came to me. I opened it in the privacy of my room, sensing somehow that it was from the man I had failed to meet. A red rose, withered and almost fallen to pieces, was in the package.

The sight of it stabbed me. No one will ever know how my broken memories brought tears and sobs in an agony of vain yearning. How the lost love, that lived only a few precious moments on earth, would follow me through eternity.

At the end of the summer I married Sherman Lardue. It seemed the only thing to do. I felt more and more in need of the security life would hold for me as his wife.

Life slipped by as it always does. There were many hours of heartache for me, because I knew that the love of my life had been taken from me. Still I tried to be sensible and realize that I was better off married to Sherman Lardue than following a gypsy trail.

Yet moments came—many of them—when the desire to relive a few wonderful seconds became overpowering.

One evening before the chill of autumn made the nights unpleasant out-of-doors, Sherman phoned that he would be detained at the office until ten o'clock. I had dinner served on the terrace of our place, which was quite some little distance from town.

Dinner over, I tarried awhile on the terrace, watching the night shadows written in the rising moonlight. Suddenly my whole being quivered at the sound of music drifting in from beyond the box hedge that skirted our lawns.

IN A twinkling, my mood changed from calm and coolness to excitement and fever. I sprang up from my chair, my pulses pounding, my whole soul aroused. Like a person moving under a spell, I walked towards the hedge.

"It is Chenda, your gypsy come back," came the words of soft greeting.

At the sound of his voice and the sight of his bronzed face, the trees began to go around in circles; the stars danced against the skies. Swayed by his nearness, I reached out my arms in a gesture of beseechment. He forced his way through the hedge and came to me.

Somehow I managed to explain to him why I had not kept my tryst to follow him down the gypsy trail. He swore softly at himself for having believed me untrue to my word, and pointed to a pony that seemed a prancing shadow across the road. "It is not too late, Marcheta. The road winds on to my tent that waits for you. You do not belong here in a rich house. You know your heart is caged here. Come!" he begged.

I did not even go back for a hat or a coat. He had called in the name of love, and I was answering with all my heart.

The ride to the small gypsy camp was far and rough. But I did not mind, for his arms were around me, and his kisses were promises.

In his tent, reason returned to me for a moment when he left me alone. I knew the step I had taken—was taking. It placed me beyond the pale of the civilization of my father. But I would not care! I was harkening to the law of my Romany nature, given me by my mother. I was following my dreams, my longing for Life. I had made my choice, and I would stand by it because I would love Chenda as I could never love even my husband.

It was the deep of the night and the heaviest silence hung over the camp warning voice.

Chenda was already awake—alert—listening. Wanda, the fortune teller, was speaking:

"It is my dream, Chenda. They are coming now to take your Marcheta back to her rich house."

Kissing me, Chenda followed the old crone out of the tent. He came back shortly.

"*Cara mia*, we must fly. Wanda speaks the truth. Come with me quickly."

But his fleet pony was no match for speeding cars. At last on a side road, the glaring headlights spotted us. Motors roared behind us as Chenda jerked on his bridle reins, plunging us into the brooding dark of the pine woods.

"You stay here with Ghattie," he commanded, giving me the pony's reins. "I will see that they do not take us."

I tried to hold him back—begged him to stay with me or let me go. But Chenda's jaw was set. He stood erect beside me in the shadows for a precious moment.

Then bent down and kissed me, and the next second he was gliding away towards the roads.

I do not know how long I waited in the dark woods, my ears straining to catch the least sound. Finally there were shouts sounding above the hum of motors. I clutched the pony's reins in a frenzy of fear as shots rang out. Once I was sure that Chenda's voice filled the night spaces with agony and pain. Then the woods seemed to be toppling down upon me like dark foreboding giants. I sank to the ground unconscious.

A searchlight was shining on me when my eyes opened.

My husband bent above me, his arms cradling my splitting head. Other men, who seemed familiar, ranged around me beyond the little circle of light cast by the searchlight.

"Don't worry anymore, my darling. He'll never bother you again. The gypsy was shot dead by Herbert Drury as he pulled a knife."

THE blood turned to ice in my veins at my husband's words. With a start I half-raised myself up in his arms, a cry of agony and hurt freezing on my lips.

Sherman drew me closer, saying: "Do you hear, Marcheta darling. You need have no more fear. The gypsy who tried to steal you is dead. Maybe his fate will warn them that stealing American girls doesn't pay in this country."

I gave my husband one swift look. His eyes told me that he believed Chenda had abducted me—Chenda, who was dead, taking my heart with him to the grave my love had dug for him.

I began sobbing. Sherman thought it was hysteria, and gathered me up and carried me tenderly to our car. All that night he sat by my bed telling me not to fear anymore.

"That gypsy will never come to steal you away again, my sweetheart," he kept repeating over and over again.

That was all many years ago. I love my husband and my home sincerely, but at times the restlessness of my gypsy blood comes over me. And then I pine for the music of their camps and the strange trails that lead only to the setting sun.

Somehow I go on living the ways of my father's people—although in my heart the voice of a Romany man will never be stilled.

Our Marriage Seemed a Hopeless Wreck

[Continued from page 63]

It was not long before Phil had the greater part of the oil field business. The banks and the business men regarded him as a young wizard. He was offered positions by rival firms, which resulted in his own company raising his salary. Financial climbing had become his slogan and his mania. He was "let in" on some deals that made some quick money for us; we both were drunk with sudden prosperity and success.

For awhile I considered giving up teaching, but I loved the work, and the association of the young teachers was the greatest pleasure I had. But the tension and hurry of the school-room seemed to be taking the pep all out of me. One morning as I stood at the blackboard explaining a problem, the climax came—all went black before me. I began to tremble and reeled into my chair.

When I waked up at home, a doctor and a nurse were standing by me.

The doctor was relentless in his ultimatum. There would be no more teaching for me. He said that I was a nervous wreck and for weeks had been going on sheer will power alone, that I scarcely had any reserve strength on which to rebuild. He left me a case of queer-looking medicine. After taking a lot of it, with no visible results, I decided to muster what commonsense I had and map out a course of my own.

I selected some calisthenic exercises, and I ordered some books on corrective eating. It was pretty hard to pass up the tempting dishes that still adorned the table, for Phil could have digested sawdust and nails.

A SHORT time after my collapse, I was sitting on the porch trying to absorb some of the brightness and strength from the setting sun. Phil would not be home that night, in fact, he was home less than ever, now that his company was establishing more stores.

As I rose to go in, one of the company's cars driven by Big Ed, a veteran driller and an employee of my husband, rattled up and stopped.

"I want some tools from the kit in the garage Mr. Phil sez fetch," he said.

I followed with a flashlight to the garage. After he had selected the tools needed, he picked out some small bolts, and as he dropped them into his pocket his hand encountered something that brought another ejaculation.

"By George! Here's some of Mr. Phil's mail I've been carryin' around fur two days."

"I will take it and give it to him," I volunteered. I wondered why Phil should have part of his mail directed to the different little towns he worked in, where it might be delayed or lost.

When I went into the house and switched on the light, I saw three envelopes of fine linen, each addressed in unmistakable feminine handwriting.

I tore open the envelopes and read. When I had finished my little world had toppled and fallen—and I was left a bruised, heart-crushed thing with my feet on sinking sand instead of rock. Only the woman whose heart has bled anguish over this supreme disillusionment, whose soul has had the peace of love and faith drained to its dregs, can understand the torture and misery that engulfed me.

How I longed for some friendly advice in my predicament. But a sense of chagrin sealed my lips, which made it all the harder. The thought of surrendering Phil to some other woman was like a stab;

the roots of matrimony run too deep for that. Despite his inattention with this creature, I refused to believe that his old love for me had gone beyond reviving.

I put myself through a merciless inspection. Where had I failed to hold him?

For one thing, I had lost the buoyancy and vivacity that characterized my girlhood. He had admired me for my bubbling health and animation. In my effort to economize and hoard, I had neglected to "doll up" as in our courtship days.

Out of the chaos of confusion, came the determination to refashion myself. With an extravagance that made me wince, I bought becoming new clothes cut on smart and youthful lines. I studied attractive ways of arranging my hair, and of dressing as charmingly as possible; this he noted and commented on with appreciation. I made a business of remembering interesting things I read or heard.

At this stage of affairs, a new grief was added to the load. One evening the sheriff interrupted our dinner with the information that Phil was under arrest for obtaining money through fraud.

Then he told me that for weeks he had been on the rocks. Through his association with rich men he had acquired the habit of gambling, and a few lucky turns had obsessed him with the hope of regaining all his losses, but he only got in deeper.

OUR home was sold, my piano, the furniture, our automobile, and even my engagement ring; everything went into the wholesale sacrifice to raise cash.

When the shadow of the penitentiary had lifted, Phil made a dogged attempt to "come back." But he found that his friends were gone, his position lost. It was of no use—so we moved to a distant city. Then followed a series of moves due to information of Phil's mistake filtering to the ears of his new employers who were afraid to trust him. This disheartened him almost to the point of giving up.

At last he secured a permanent position, and I applied for a place in the schools.

Then one winter day, the flu-pneumonia epidemic picked Phil for a victim. He was brought home, and battled for weeks with pain and danger.

Finally, when he was almost well, he called me to him.

"Betty, I have something to say to you, something to confess, and if you fail to understand or forgive, Heaven help me."

Then he went back over the months of his disloyalty. He told me how his own weakness—together with his association with men who held their marriage bonds lightly—had influenced him to shut his ears to conscience.

With hot tears of relief splashing my face, I buried my head in his arms and said, "I've known it for months, Phil—and oh, how I tried to win you back!"

THAT was two years ago. If this were a fairy-tale, I could end by saying that our love was lifted to heights of bliss surpassing all we had ever dreamed before—that our financial reverses faded as a mist, and that we are now high and dry on the shores of wealth.

But since this is a cross-section of human life, it leaves us toiling at our daily jobs, with the great healer, Time, smoothing over the scar left by broken faith and wounded love. A few years more, and the memory of it will bring no pain.

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The Miserable Rich

[Continued from page 36]

become able if not great American citizens, yet the money of their millionaire parents had rotted them to the core morally. And before twenty it had made of them cold-blooded murderers.

Out of the well-filled diary of long years as newspaper man and fiction writer, there comes another tragedy in which riches and murder, divorce, shame and the madhouse stalked together—that of Harry Kendall Thaw.

In this case I got material which may be of aid to the thoughtful person in solving this riddle of the rich and the miserable. Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw, Harry's mother, was a poor school teacher in Pittsburg when the rich ironmaster saw her one day give her gloves to a poor and freezing child. He married her. This came out in evidence at the first trial of her son for the murder of the great architect, Stanford White—a murder over a Broadway chorus girl, Evelyn Nesbit.

During this trial thousands of people daily haunted the streets about the building eager for a glimpse of one of the rich Thaws or of Evelyn. The place had to be surrounded by police.

Captain Bernard Kelleher was in charge of the blue-coats, a stalwart, handsome, tactful officer. One afternoon, after the day's session, I saw him with his men trying to assist Mrs. Thaw to her carriage. The mob was terrific.

He offered the former school teacher his arm, in order to better protect her from being jostled. She drew back with a look of scorn, treating him as if he were some annoying, over-friendly dog. The common people were not to dare to touch her.

IF MILLIONS made this change in a country school teacher, what could they and what did they do to her children?

Harry has spent the better part of twenty years in various madhouses.

When Harry was twenty-one years old, he was given one million dollars. Other millions were held in trust for him.

Without a trace of character developed, without ever having known a touch of discipline, this spoiled and ruined young man was turned loose on the world with one million dollars for pocket money. He had one idea and it was a false one: that money can buy anything. It bought him nothing but the prettiest chorus girl on Broadway, two murder trials and life among the insane.

Then there is the Stillman case. This same vicious belief of the rich that their lawyers can command the law's subversion was shown in the divorce suit of James H. Stillman, president of the City National Bank, man of many millions.

In the many trials and hearings in this case, he charged his wife with having a child by an Indian guide.

Mrs. Stillman, the former Fifi Potter, with grown children, a position in society, fought back like a tigress and won her case. Stillman resigned from the presidency of the City National Bank.

Of this class of the **unhappy** rich, perhaps no better comment could be made than that made by Stillman's wife.

She said:

"I look on Mr. Stillman as I would on a sick man in a hospital. He has many admirable qualities, but he is abnormal, like so many Wall Street men. For remember that Mr. Stillman is not the only one of his kind.

"The fault seems to lie with the lives they lead down there. The constant struggle for power, power, power—that is the life of some of the men in the Street. The eternal mania for making money. It is this power complex in such men that turns them away from their equals in their moments of rest from business. They turn to their inferiors, because they want nothing to do with persons who consider themselves their equals in anything. So it was that Mr. Stillman turned to that poor Mrs. Leeds."

IN ALL this array of the miserable and unfortunate rich there creeps to me from the background a memory of Helen Gould, now Mrs. Shepard. Her share of the Gould money went in good works. She hunted no title. She never learned about cocktails and cigarettes.

She married a little late in life a sober, intelligent clean-living American business man. When no children of her own came she took two from institutions and adopted them, making them her heirs and the heirs of her husband. And somehow her example gives me renewed faith in the goodness of mankind.

Are the rich happy?

Some of them are. There are American families whose wealth has been accumulated through generations of struggle. They can boast a happy grandchild here or a happy great-grandchild there. And that slender thread of contentment has been fostered only through the common lessons of discipline and self-denial necessary to rich and poor alike. It is said that the younger generation of the rich are noticeably more wholesome than the older. Wealthy parents are coming more to realize that youth is the great training time—that only duty and diligence can bring them equipped to the greater struggle of life.

I am Afraid

[Continued from page 40]

he really forgotten that night when he came across the shadowy lawn and found all my people away and the servants in their own quarters? We made club sandwiches on the tiny electric plate in that attic room. How grown-up and daring I felt, shut up there with this handsome man who made love to me.

Has Guy forgotten?

Wafer slices from the plump breast of the chicken slipped over my gleaming knife, and my trembling hands were icy cold. When I put the knife down, the pattern of the handle was buried in my soft palm—so hard had I gripped it

when my hatred and despair flooded over me.

I am afraid. My very soul is sick with terror and my fear hounds me unbearably. If I do not slip away from life in some casual and apparently accidental way, I am afraid the day will come when I will not be able to beat down this devastating flame of hate. Then the razor-edged knife in my hand will serve my hate.

And then my secret will come creeping out of its dark corner to go running up and down the highways. And Jack, my Jack . . .

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Our Marriage Was an Aid to Success

[Continued from page 62]

coming our way. Max was progressing with his advanced work in Harvard, and my salary plus his compensation made it possible for us to live comfortably in a respectable apartment right near the University. His hours were such that he could do most of the cooking, and every morning he would call me to a nice breakfast, hand me my lunch as I left the house, and when I returned in the evening he always had supper waiting for me.

Max and I worked together. We did our cleaning Saturday afternoon. Frequently he had work in which I could help him. Sunday morning we would play tennis. In truth, we worked together and played together. Life was a dream, full of expectancy.

One day when I returned home I found a doctor there. Yes, I was to have a baby. For a moment it unnerved me, then I recovered and cried for joy. But how should we live, how should we ever be able to stand the immediate expense?

The time came, and the dear old doctor made every arrangement, even to the engagement of the nurse. I wanted to remain at home with Max.

The baby died. Oh, how we had planned for it; oh, how we wanted it to live! But God decided otherwise and we accepted his decree uncomplainingly. It seemed that we were again fatally hit with nothing to show for it. I would not be able to work for several weeks; in fact, my case was so serious that I had to have two nurses part of the time and one for a long time. But we managed. Throughout it all Max remained as calm and cheerful as a person could. It seemed that this sickness simply welded us into one. I still keep the many little baby things which I had made, and at times glance at the trunk with a heavy heart where I keep them, yet with a certain pleasant memory of the happiness that was ours while I was making them.

We were only a few months in paying off all we owed, and pretty soon I got another job and once more we were on our feet.

NOW for a little philosophizing. It was a very wise old Greek who said that getting married is a desperate thing. So it is. Just before the ceremony and for a few weeks, probably months, after this event, you both feel—at any rate you should—that you were made for each other. Then during that readjusting period doubts may arise. Max was thirty-two and I was twenty-six at the time of our wedding. Obviously both of us had formed our individual habits and modes of living. To harmonize them was our first problem.

Again picking up the thread of our life story, Max received his higher degree from Harvard and we were both as proud as any two people could be. After that event it seemed we were really just beginning our real life. He accepted a position in a middle western college and we moved out there. All the fun fitting out our first real home began.

Max and I are partners in the great marriage game, and in the greater game of life. When he makes a move he consults my interests; when I move I consult his. So far we have had a perfect union in as much as it has been in our power to control things.

But we have lived and still live happy lives, and I know of nothing higher or better. It is still "Hubby and I—Partners."

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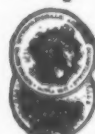
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Can I Trust My Daughter?

[Continued from page 14]

with a laugh that the contents of all the boys' flasks had gone into it, "To put some pep in the evening."

My wife had a talk with our daughter about that, and the girl admitted in tears that she had had only one glass of the mixture herself, but that if we made a fuss about it the crowd wouldn't come to the house any more, but would go to the houses of other girls whose parents were less strict.

And that is just what would have happened. If they hadn't got their punch in one place, they would simply move on to another where they could get it, taking our girl with them unless we forced her to stay at home. It was not the first time, we learned, that she had taken such drinks. All the girls did. If we wouldn't let her go with the crowd, who was she to go with? She hadn't meant to conceal the fact of her drinking. She simply hadn't thought of speaking of it.

NOT long after that a boy came to the house to call who by virtue of both his family and his training I felt glad to welcome. A really nice boy, we thought—one with whom we felt safe. My wife and I retired to an upstairs sitting room, not wishing to embarrass the young couple in the library. I remember that I rather joked about it at the time because it was almost our daughter's first caller, and it made us both feel a bit aged.

I thought the young man stayed rather late, but we would not for the world have done anything to make the youngsters uncomfortable. Finally I heard talking in the hall, followed by the closing of the front door, so I went down to look up for the night. I suppose I came down quietly, although not intentionally so. I opened the front door to call in our dog, who sleeps in the house.

To my surprise I almost fell into my daughter and her young caller, locked in an embrace which would have done justice to the most passionate love-scene in the movies, her arms about his neck and their lips together in a flaming kiss.

For a moment I felt like murdering the young fellow, but both he and my daughter passed it off without great embarrassment. I caught a look of entreaty in her eyes which stopped me from saying more

than, "Child it's time you were in bed." I am not a snooper, but the glasses on the library table told me that the evening had not been an entirely dry one.

MY WIFE and I sat up till four o'clock that morning, talking the thing over, trying to decide what, if anything, to do. When I casually referred to the matter at breakfast the next morning, my daughter laughed the incident off, with an, "Oh, Dad—don't be so hopelessly mid-Victorian. There's no harm in a kiss."

So there you are, and that's that. There's no harm in a cigarette, no harm in a drink, no harm in a kiss. It may be so. But it just happens that another girl of our neighborhood, the child of a well-known lawyer and not three months older than our own girl, spent a month in a maternity hospital a short time ago to recover, if recovery be possible, from the results of that same combination of "a cigarette, a drink, a kiss." Was the fault hers? Was it the boy's? Or was it the parents', who allow such things to be?

I am at a loss to know. After sixteen years spent in devoted care of a child, sixteen years spent in building up a feeling of trust between my daughter and myself, I don't know what to say to her. Prohibition, of any sort, would be worse than useless. I can't cut her off from her friends, and whatever I may forbid in my own house they are certain to do somewhere else, if they wish.

The other day I put my arm about my daughter's shoulder and said, "You know, dear girl, it would kill me to see any harm come to you." And in reply to that, she asked, "Why, Dad, can't you trust me?"

I've been asking myself that question ever since. "Can I trust her?" Not her honesty, not her fineness, but her strength under the abnormal conditions which surround her. In other words, can she trust herself? Can any girl of sixteen, who tries to extract an evening's thrill from playing with the profoundest emotions of human existence?

That is the question which confronts me, and millions of other fathers in this rather mad age.

Suspicious Parents

[Continued from page 15]

then—mother raised such a row that it nearly broke up the family. And I hate rows. She wanted Dad to spank me—think of it—but he wouldn't. As soon as she smelt the liquor she asked me point blank if I'd been drinking, and I told her yes, just one. But she wouldn't believe that and accused me of having had a lot more, which I hadn't. Then she accused me of worse. I don't know whether Father believed me or not—he'd been in bed asleep and was pretty sore at being waked up. But both he and Mother forbade me ever to touch a drop again. A girl, they said, wasn't herself when she had been drinking, and would make some terrible mistake.

Well, after a month of that, I ran away. Any girl would.

Parents are all well enough, in certain ways, but most of them haven't any right to have children, or at least to be permitted to raise them. They don't seem to understand the younger generation any more than I understand "Patagonian."

Now, when I feel like it, I go out with my friends and do as I please. If I want to smoke or take a drink, I can do it without having to lie to anybody. As for being kissed, I may get in a jam some day when the right kind of a sheik comes along, but whatever I do I'm responsible for my acts to myself and nobody else. It's my life and not somebody else's that I'm living.

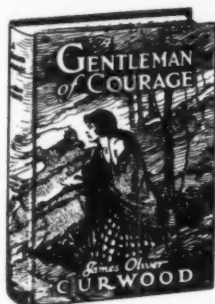
I'd a thousand times rather be having a good time at home than having it away from home. People who do things that are wrong, always get hurt. Maybe I did wrong when I ran away, but here's a funny thing: I don't drink any more than I did when I was at home. I smoke less, because I don't have to sneak a smoke.

I'm lonely here, in spite of being able to go when I please and where I please. I haven't got a soul that I really mean anything to.

So you see what I mean? We flappers may seem intolerant, but aren't our parents just as intolerant?

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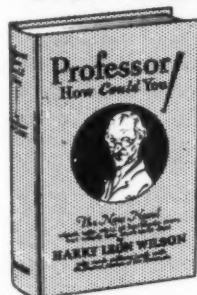
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VOL. 75
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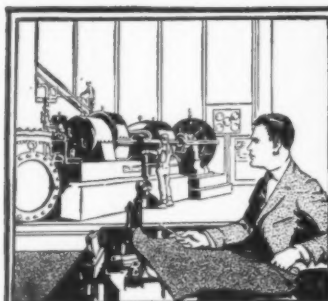
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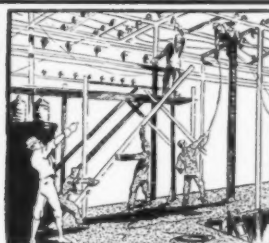
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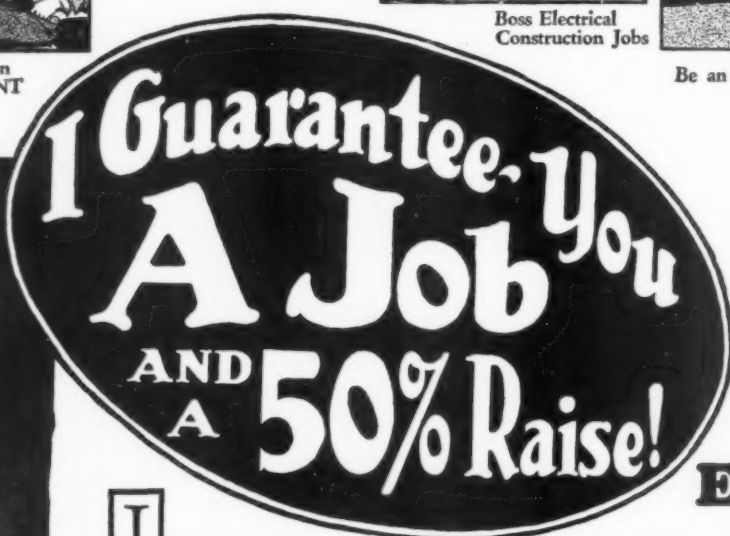
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Prof. Feuchtinger's method is founded on the discovery that the Hyo-Glossus muscle controls the voice; that a strong, beautiful voice, with great range, is due to a well developed Hyo-Glossus—while a weak or a rasping voice is due to underdevelopment of this vital vocal muscle. A post-mortem examination of Caruso's throat showed a superb development of his Hyo-Glossi muscles. But it required years of training under the old method to produce this development.

You can develop your Hyo-Glossus in a much shorter time by Prof. Feuchtinger's wonderful scientific method. You can take this training under the direction of the Professor himself, wherever you may live. And the cost is so low that it is within the reach of every ambitious man or woman.

100% Improvement in Your Voice—Guaranteed

Professor Feuchtinger's method is far simpler, far more rapid, far more certain in results than the tedious, hap hazard methods of ordinary vocal instructors. His unqualified success with thousands of pupils proves the infallibility of his method.

Under his direction, your voice will be made rich, full and vibrant. Its overtones will be greatly multiplied. You will add many notes to its range and have them clear, limpid and alluring. You will have a voice that is rolling and compelling and so strong and magnetic that it will be the marvel of your associates.

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Until you have tried the Feuchtinger system, you cannot know the possibilities of your vocal gifts. Mr. Feuchtinger's method **PRODUCES** as well as **DEVELOPS** the true voice. It corrects all strain and falsetto and makes clear the wonderful fact that any normal person can develop a fine voice if correctly trained. Thousands of delighted graduates

testify to this — many of them great vocal successes who, before coming to Professor Feuchtinger, sang very poorly or not at all. Among Professor Feuchtinger's pupils are grand opera stars, concert singers, speakers, preachers, actors and educators.

FREE!

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Send the coupon below and we will send you **FREE** this valuable work on voice culture. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book, and you assume no obligation whatever by sending for it. You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book. It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Send the coupon **TODAY!**

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Dear Prof. Feuchtinger: Will you please send me copy of your new free book "Enter Your World"? I understand that this is free and there is no obligation on my part. I am interested in

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The Guides have met with my complete satisfaction. Anyone expecting to build a home can well save \$150 or more by using the information given in your books. W. E. Frantz, Box 77, Tuscarawas, Ohio.

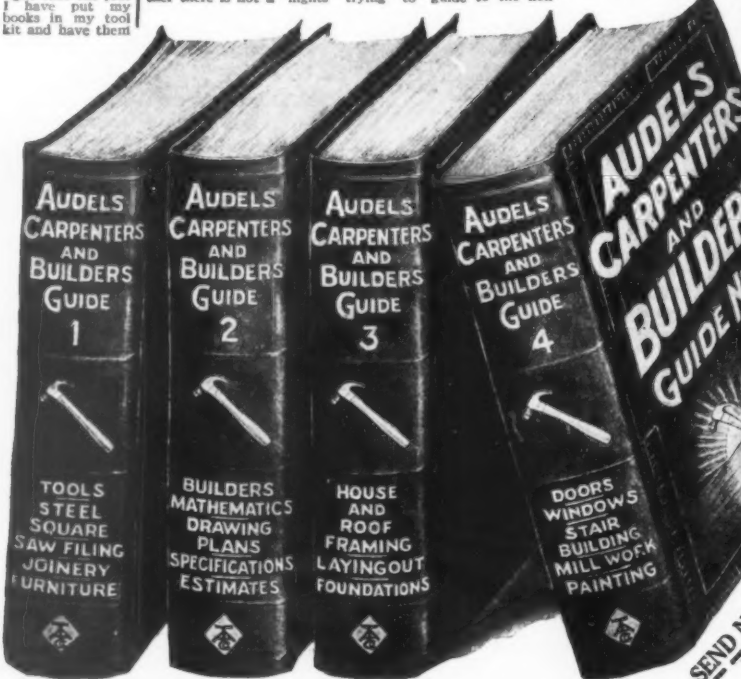
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30 Days Ago They Laughed at Me

I never would have believed that anyone could become popular overnight. And yet—here's what happened.

ONE evening, about a month ago, I went to a dance. Just a jolly, informal sort of dance where everyone knew almost everyone else. I wouldn't have gone to a really big or important dance, because I—well, I wasn't sure of myself.

There was a young woman at this dance I had long wanted to meet. Someone introduced us, and before I knew it I was dancing with her. That is, I was *trying* to dance with her. She was an exquisite dancer, graceful, poised, at ease. Her steps were in perfect harmony with the music.

But I, clumsy boor that I was, found myself following her instead of leading. And I couldn't follow! That was the sad part of it. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. I tried desperately to keep in time with the music. You cannot imagine how uncomfortable I was, how conspicuous I felt.

Suddenly I realized that we were practically the only couple on the floor. The boys had gathered in a little group and were laughing. I knew, in an instant, that they were laughing at me. I glanced at my partner, and saw that she, too, was smiling. She had entered into the fun. Fun! At my expense!

I felt myself blushing furiously, and I hated myself for it. Very well. Let them laugh. Some day I would show them. Some day I would laugh at them as they had laughed at me.

All the way home I told myself over and over again that I would become a perfect dancer, that I would amaze and astonish

them. But how? I couldn't go to a dancing school because of the time and expense. I certainly couldn't afford a dancing instructor. What could I do?

By morning I had forgotten my anger and humiliation and with them the desire to become a perfect dancer. But three weeks later I received another invitation. It was from Jack. He wanted me to come to a small dance at his home, a dance to which, I knew, the same people would come. I wouldn't go, of course. I wouldn't give them the chance to laugh at me again.

But that night Jack called. "Coming to the dance?" he asked. "No!" I retorted.

He grinned, and I knew why. It infuriated me. A daring plan flashed through my mind. Yes, I would come. I would show them this time that they couldn't laugh at me.

"I've changed my mind," I said to Jack. "I'll be there." Jack grinned again—and was gone.

Popular Overnight!

I ran upstairs and found the magazine I had been reading the night before. One clip of the shears, a few words quickly written, a trip to the corner mail-box—and the first part of my plan was carried out. I had sent for Arthur Murray's free dancing lessons.

Somewhat I didn't believe that dancing could be learned by mail. But there was nothing to risk—and think of the joy of being able to astound them all at the dance.

The free lessons arrived just the night before the dance. I was amazed at the ease with which I mastered a fascinating new fox-trot step. I learned how to lead, how to have ease and confidence while dancing, how to follow if my partner leads, how to dance in harmony with the music. It was fun to follow the simple diagrams and instructions. I gained a wonderful new ease and poise. I could hardly wait for Jack's dance.

The following evening I asked the best dancer in the room to dance with me. She hesitated a moment, then rose—smiling. I knew why she smiled. I knew why Jack and the other boys

gathered in a little group. Good! Here was my chance.

It was a fox-trot. I led my partner gracefully around the room, interpreting the dance like a professional, keeping perfect harmony with the music. I saw that she was astonished. I saw that we were the only couple on the floor and that everyone was watching us. I was at ease, thoroughly enjoying myself. When the music stopped there was applause!

It was a triumph. I could see how amazed everyone was. Jack and the boys actually envied me—and only 30 days ago they had laughed at me. No one will ever laugh at my dancing again. I became popular overnight!

You, too, can quickly learn dancing at home, without music and without a partner. More than 200,000 men and women have become accomplished dancers through Arthur Murray's remarkable new method.

Send today for the five free lessons. They will tell you more than anything we could possibly say. These five lessons which tell you the secret of leading, how to follow successfully, how to gain confidence, how to fox-trot and how to waltz—these complete five lessons are yours to keep, without obligation. Arthur Murray wants you to send for them at once, today—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home.

Clip and mail this coupon NOW. Please include 25c to cover the cost of handling, mailing and printing. Arthur Murray, Studio 399, 290 Broadway, New York.

Arthur Murray, Studio 399,
290 Broadway, New York.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send me the FIVE FREE lessons by Arthur Murray. I enclose 25c to pay for the postage, printing, etc. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

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City.....State.....

Who Belongs

to the *Smart Set*?

HAVE you been wondering just what we meant by the title SMART SET? Several people have asked me why we didn't change it and I'm going to answer them all at once and do a little interpreting besides.

It's funny how impressions outlive the ideas which created them. Old Smart Set magazine was supposed to cater to a few chosen ultra-rich who wished to be different from the rest of the world. A more appropriate name for it would have been the FAST set.

But the day of the old Smart Set is gone. We are building a new magazine around a new idea. We are building a new Smart Set to which every one of you is eligible. The ultra-rich no longer hold any special claims to membership!

THE NEW Smart Set, the group for which this magazine of ours is being published, includes all the young folks of the country. Those who are dancing their way to happiness; living bright, clean, vital, useful lives—together with those of the older generation who still retain the ideals of youth—make up the new Smart Set which we are striving to please.

It isn't easy to whisper in everyone's ear just what the change in our policy has meant. We know that you, thousands of you, have read and enjoyed the recent issues. We know that you are pulling for us, helping us to build our new ideals into something big, and powerful, and worthwhile.

We know you are glad to be counted as members of the new Smart Set which has taken the place of the old "400" as the social leaders of the country. And Smart Set magazine, as the official organ of this new smart set of people, is glad to serve you in every way it is possible to serve.

Your letters have been an inspiration to us and we cannot emphasize too strongly just how much we appreciate such coöperation. Your careful criticism has helped us to build new ideals. We have not limited ourselves to any one type of story and I, personally, believe we have made Smart Set more interesting than any other magazine in its field.

THE fact that you have given us such a tremendous boost has made us just a little bit worried. It puts it so squarely up to us to make good, to give you a finer book every month. And we're going to do it. We've got some big surprises coming this year that I know you'll like.

But if we are to do the utmost to accomplish our purpose of working together, you must not leave it to somebody else to write to me. I want to hear from people who have never thought of writing to a magazine before. We have a wonderful team so far, just you and I working together, and your letters have proved themselves worthy of the most careful consideration.

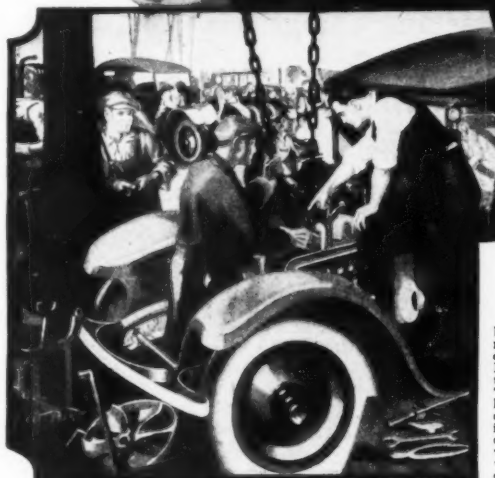
LET me know what stories you like best so we can get more of the same calibre. That's the only way we can be sure that we are giving you the kind of a magazine you will be proud to have lying face up on the parlor table when company comes. That's where Smart Set belongs, and that's where it will be if you will just support it.

Remember we are young and the only way we can grow is by having you pass the word along that here is a clean, honest, sparkling magazine picturing life as it is, but edited in such a way as to command respect. It looks as if we'd have half a million members in the Smart Set soon if we don't falter!

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A YEAR

Start to Make Money Quick Like Morrision

M. J. Morrision, Parkersburg, W. Va., (photo at right), never had a day's experience on cars before starting my training. Read what he says when less than half-way through his "JOB-WAY" course, "What I have already learned is worth over \$500 to me. I have gone into business and I'm making over \$50 a week clear, with wonderful prospects." And what Mr. Morrision and hundreds of others have done I will help you to do!



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You needn't slave away at small wages another minute—mail coupon and I'll tell you how I train you at home in your spare time for positions paying \$75 to \$300 a week. Unlimited opportunities waiting for Cooke-trained Auto Experts. Let me show you how my "JOB-WAY" training has prepared hundreds of men just like yourself for a quick, brilliant success in the Auto business.

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Ten guarantees in my big free Auto Book. No. 1 is "I guarantee to refund every cent of your money if after receiving my training you are not absolutely satisfied." This and nine other wonderful guarantees make my "JOB-WAY" course the training for you! Be sure to get my book and read all 10 guarantees—the most amazing protection offered by any school on earth!

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Where Does the Trouble Start?

Do You Know There Are Mixed Secret Societies In Our High Schools?

THE average American girl and boy are about the finest things in the world. She is charming and beautiful; he is clean and straightforward.

But they are subjected to a thousand diverse influences as they go through school and find their way into the whirlpool of life. Naturally some of these influences are bad, and we of the Smart Set—you and I—want to do

to do startling things, and the parties that result have come to the attention of SMART SET.

In some cases both sexes are said to be members of the same society!

DON'T jump to conclusions. I haven't. But I have made careful inquiries and have assigned a member of SMART SET staff to make a complete investigation.

We will publish the startling report

every-
thing we
can to
correct an
evil when
we find

**This is What the Editor is Thinking About.
He Wants You to Think About it, Too!**

in the
March
issue and
it's up to
you of the
parent-

it. This is not an easy thing to do.

teachers associations and educational world to get behind us.

TO THE American mind a secret has a strange appeal. A secret society is luring if for no other reason than to learn its fascinating rites.

The wider our distribution of copies is, the more powerful our influence will be,

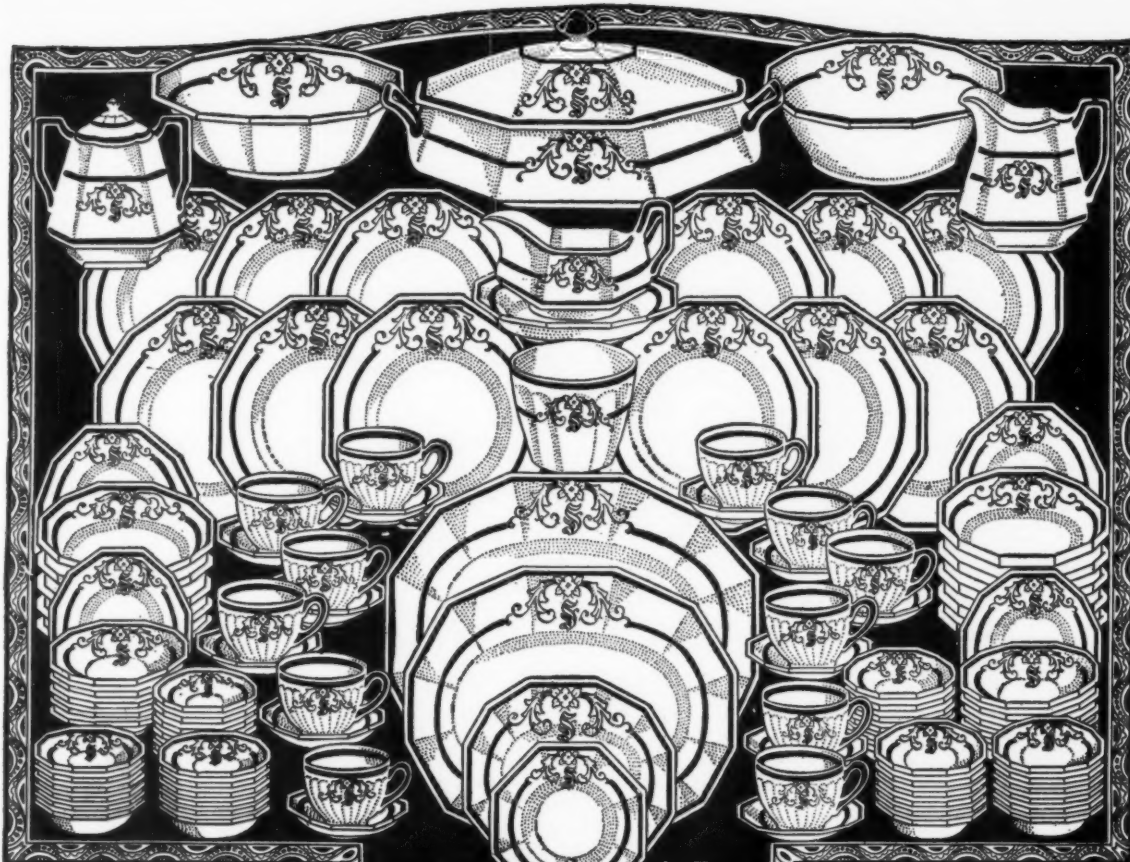
What is more natural, then, that secret societies should appear among boys and girls of high school age?

Being secret, no faculty members are admitted.

THIS is OUR magazine—yours and mine. I am publishing the stories you have asked for. Now if you will get behind us we'll fight our way through—but I can't do it alone.

The members, being immature, seek

F. Orlin Tremaine.



This superb 110-piece set, with initial in 2 places on every piece, decorated in blue and gold, with gold covered handles, consists of:

- 12 Dinner Plates, 9 inches
- 12 Breakfast Plates, 7 in.
- 12 Soup Plates, 7 1/2 inches
- 12 Cereal Dishes, 6 inches
- 12 Fruit Dishes, 6 1/2 in.
- 12 Cups
- 12 Saucers
- 12 Individual Bread and Butter Plates, 6 1/4 in.
- 1 Platter, 13 1/4 inches
- 1 Platter, 11 1/4 inches
- 1 Celery Dish, 8 1/2 inches

Your Own
Initial
in Gold

In Two
Places on
Every Piece

- 1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/2 in.
- 1 Butter Plate, 6 inches
- 1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 in., with lid (2 pieces)
- 1 Deep Bowl, 8 1/2 inches
- 1 Oval Baker, 9 inches
- 1 Small Deep Bowl, 5 in.
- 1 Sauce Boat, 7 1/4 inches
- 1 Creamer
- 1 Sugar Bowl with cover (2 pieces)

NO MONEY DOWN!

No C. O. D.—Nothing to Pay for Dishes on Arrival

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this complete 110-piece Dinner Set, and with it, absolutely FREE, the handsome 7-piece Fish and Game Set. It's easy to get this set from Hartman. Nothing to pay for goods on arrival. No C. O. D. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not satisfied send them back and we will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for the Dinner Set—a little every month. Keep the 7-piece Fish and Game Set as a gift from Hartman. It is FREE. Only by seeing this splendid dinnerware can you appreciate its exquisite beauty and superior quality. Every article in the Dinner Set has a clear, white, lustrous body, decorated with a rich gold band edge, a mazarine blue follow band and two pure gold initials in Old English design, surrounded by graceful gold wreaths. All handles covered with gold. Many expensive imported sets have not such elaborate decorations. Every piece guaranteed perfect.

IMPORTANT

Hartman guarantees that every piece in this set is absolutely first quality—no "seconds." This is a standard or "open" pattern. Replacement pieces may be had of us for 3 years. Each piece wrapped in tissue paper. Excellent packing to prevent breakage. Shipped at once.



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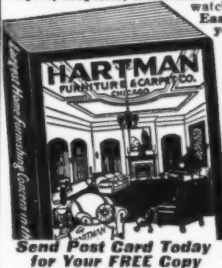
This beautiful 7-piece set of handsome, durable porcelain comes to you absolutely FREE, when you order the 110-piece Dinner Set. Includes one 11 1/2-inch platter and six 7-inch plates, all with assorted tinted borders and attractive colored designs in center. This complete set costs you nothing either now or later.

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110-Piece Colonial Initialed Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

We will ship the Dinner Set complete, and with it the 7-piece Porcelain Fish and Game Set absolutely FREE. Use both sets 30 days on Free Trial. See these beautiful dishes on your table, show them to friends, use them—then make your decision. If not satisfied, send them back and we will pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for the 110-piece Dinner Set—a little every month. Pay nothing at any time for the 7-piece Fish and Game Set. It is free. Send the coupon—now.

Order No. 320GMA27.
110-Piece Dinner Set.
Our Bargain Price, \$33.85.
No Money Down. \$4.00 Monthly.
7-Piece Fish and Game Set is FREE.

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**110-Piece Dinner Set
No. 320GMA27. Price \$33.85,**
and with it the 7-piece Porcelain Set absolutely FREE. I am to pay nothing for goods on arrival—only the small freight charges. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If satisfied, I will send you \$4.00 monthly until full price of Dinner Set, \$33.85, is paid. Will pay nothing at any time for the 7-Piece Porcelain Set. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied after 30 days' free trial, I will ship all goods back and you will pay transportation charges both ways.

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Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

A Little Secret of Shopping

HAVE you one friend who, when she shops, can tell the difference between clerks paid by the store and those paid by some manufacturer to pretend they are regular sales girls?

Perhaps you are one of the few wise shoppers who recognizes the hidden demonstrator. What she does affects you and every other woman who buys toilet articles.

She appears in hundreds and hundreds of stores today; put there in disguise to fool women and girls who do not know this shopping trick.

Did you ever go to a counter and ask for a well-known toilet article and be "steered" away from that to some obscure brand of which you have never heard? In taking it you thought you were acting on the recommendation of the store. In reality the "clerk" is interested only in selling you that article made by the manufacturer who pays her.

In some toilet goods departments every girl is paid by some manufacturer and not by the store. Of course these girls are instructed by the store to sell you what you ask for—but they are instructed by those who pay them to sell you something else.

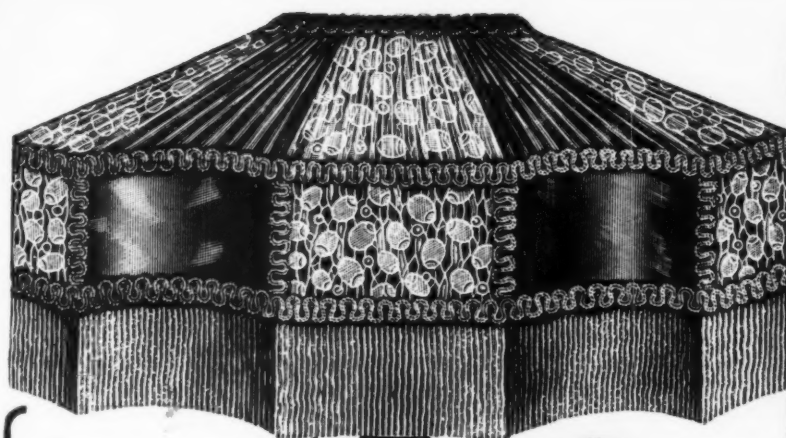
Whose instructions will be followed? What chance have you for a fair opportunity of selection in such a selling conspiracy as this?

The evil of this is in the *hidden* deceit. Very often it is helpful to you and to the store for a manufacturer to have a demonstrator tell about the good that comes from using his article. When such a demonstrator is easily identified by a badge or other mark you can benefit from talking with her. Such an open, frank way of doing business indicates that the goods she represents must have a quality which deserves your looking into.

If you are in doubt, just ask the floor manager, "*Are any of the girls behind this counter demonstrators for manufacturers or do they receive all their pay from this store as regular employees?*"

If you have had experience with the hidden demonstrators we should like you to tell us something about the times you have asked for an article and found yourself coming away with something else.

Smart Set Market Service



Gas or Electric

The Lamp Comes equipped for choice of gas or electricity. Has 2-light Benjamin socket for electricity only, with 8 foot silk cord ready for use; or comes with 6 foot rubber hose, burner, mantle and chimney for gas.

Mahogany Finish

Standard is 64 in. high, 3 in. in diameter. Highly polished French mahogany finish.

The Shade Made in Fifth Avenue design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all, tinsel braid border, with 4 in. Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shipping weight, 27 pounds.

Marshall Silky Fringe Pull-Cords Also pair of Marshall silky fringe cords with 3½ in. silky fringed tassels, giving an added luxurious effect.

7-Piece Cut Glass Set FREE

For gas use, order by No. G8000A.

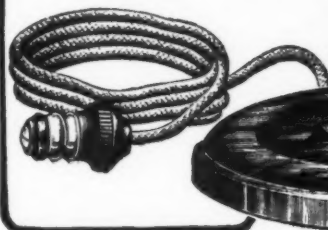
For electricity, order by No. G8001A.

Send only \$1.00 with the coupon, \$2.00 monthly. Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade, \$19.85.

Bargain Catalog Free



etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See coupon.



\$1.00 down

Floor Lamp

With 5th Ave. Silk Shade

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with a handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only \$1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk. *Special now—7-Piece Set of Genuine Cut Glass Sent FREE!*

30 Days Trial—\$2.00 a Month!

When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How useful it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

If you discover that this lamp is a tremendous bargain at the price we ask and you decide to keep it, send only \$2.00 a month until you have paid the total bargain price of \$19.85. Yes, only \$19.85 for this luxurious lamp and silk shade complete. Compare this value with anything you could buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash! Straus & Schram gives you this bargain price and almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.

Sale Price Now

Decide now to see this beautiful floor lamp and silk shade in your home on approval on this price smashing offer. Send coupon with only \$1 now. Satisfaction guaranteed. 7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass FREE to those who order AT ONCE.

Straus & Schram
Dept. 1912
Chicago, Illinois

FREE

7 Pieces Genuine Cut Glass



EXTRA! EXTRA! Special Offer in addition to the amazing lamp bargain shown here:—**Absolutely Free**, this beautiful 7-Piece Set of Genuine Cut Glass, consisting of: Pitcher of 2 quart capacity and 6 tumblers each of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, thin and dainty; *hand cut decorations* consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Will make a handsome display among your glassware. We are giving away **free**, a limited number of these 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Sets just to get new customers and to get them quickly. So read our offer now—and act today, while these beautiful Cut Glass Sets last.

STRAUS & SCHRAM

Dept. 1912 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised Floor Lamp and Silk Shade as checked below with 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the lamp, I will send \$2.00 a month. If not satisfied, I am to return the lamp and shade and 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my \$1.00 plus any transportation charges I paid.

☐ Gas Floor Lamp No. G8000A, \$19.85.

☐ Electric Floor Lamp No. G8001A, \$19.85.

7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set Free with Either Lamp

Name _____

Street, R.F.D., or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ State _____

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark I here ☐

**You don't have
to do this**

THE unsightly "white coat collar"—showered with dandruff—is rapidly going out of style. You really don't need to be troubled this way.

And the way to correct it is a very simple one. Just mark down the following statement as a fact:

Listerine and dandruff do not get along together. Try the Listerine treatment if you doubt it.

Just apply Listerine, the safe antiseptic, to the scalp. Generously; full strength. Massage it in vigorously for several minutes and enjoy that clean, tingling, exhilarating feeling it brings.

After such a treatment you *know* your scalp is antiseptically clean. And a clean scalp usually means a healthy head of hair, free from that nuisance—and danger signal of baldness—dandruff.

You'll thank us for passing this tip along to you. It's a new use for an old friend—Listerine.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE



—the safe
antiseptic

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations — 25 cents.